$1.00 a Year

FEBRUARY 1909

15¢ a Copy

ROD AND GUN

AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

Photo by R. R. Sallows, Goderich, Ont.

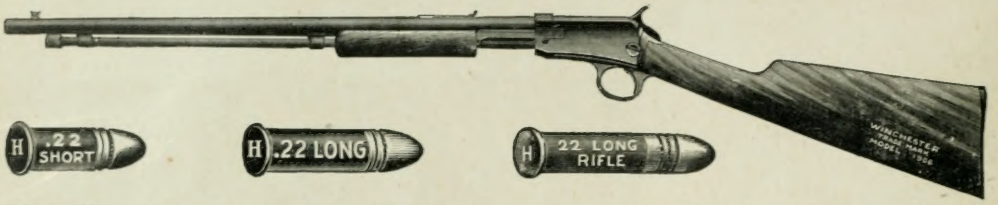
A Steady Aim.

W. J. TAYLOR - PUBLISHER - WOODSTOCK ONT.

WINCHESTER

.22 CALIBER REPEATING RIFLE

The Model 1906 Handling Three Cartridges



This Winchester repeater, which is now made to handle either .22 Short, .22 Long or .22 Long Rifle Rim Fire Cartridges, is the biggest value in a rifle ever offered. It is made with the same skill and care as Winchester rifles of larger caliber, which means that it is accurate, reliable and well finished. It takes down easily and packs in a small compass, making it a handy adjunct to any sportsman's kit. The list price is only $10.50 and it retails for less.

Winchester Guns and Ammunition—the Red **W** *Brand—are sold everywhere.*

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A Handsome Catalogue of FERRO MOTORS

WILL be sent free to those who are thinking of buying an engine or a power boat. It is impossible for anyone to buy a motor intelligently unless he first studies its merits. The merits of the Ferro Motor cannot be set down in the space of this advertisement. Our Catalogue and the 1909 "Treatise" give you the information you want. If you are in the market for an engine get our catalogue at once.

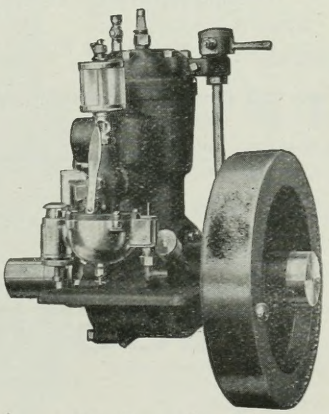
THERE are thousands of Ferro Motors in use all over the world. Twice as many of them were sold last year as any other 2-cycle engine. In all kinds of boats, in all kinds of service under all kinds of conditions, the Ferro gives less trouble, requires less repair, consumes less fuel than any other motor. We want you to know why this is true. Read the Catalogue and get a "Treatise."

The 1909 "Treatise" is the best Guide and Reference Book ever published on Marine Motors. It tells in simple language and with the aid of more than Three Hundred illustrations all about the construction, instillation and operation of marine motors. It is a handsome book, 9x12 inches—much larger than editions of former years. It has been compiled by some of the most practical motor and boat experts in the country. The "Treatise" is full of general information which you should have before you buy an engine. It is so expensive that we ask 25c for it—half the cost and postage. Sent postpaid upon receipt of..... **25c**

5000 Ferro Specials at a Very Low Price

WE have built a special 3 h. p. motor with all modern improvements, which we sell at a very low price. Making such large quantities we are able to bring down the price and keep up the quality. In every detail this is the best motor that money can build. Latest design, best material and workmanship.

Described fully in our catalogue. Write for it.



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FOR TARGET AND SPORTING PURPOSES

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All shipments kept separate until remittance is found satisfactory.

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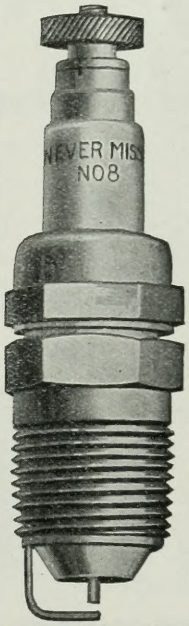

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Real Spark Plug satisfaction and at the price you ought to pay.

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Don't Wait
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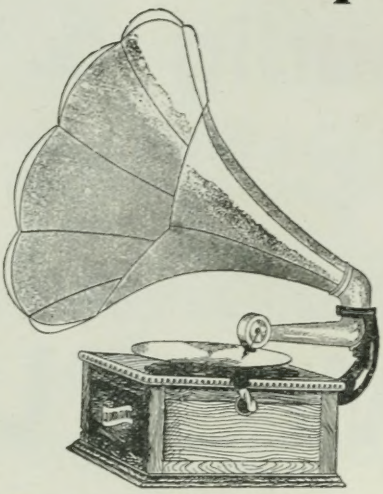

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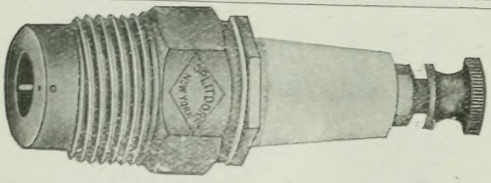

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Get a Genuine

SPLITDORF Common Sense Plug

And give it a thorough trial in your engine. You will be surprised and delighted, especially if you've been having Plug troubles. The Best Plug on the market without exception. Thousands of motorists are using them with complete satisfaction. In all sizes and threads. Price $1 00. *Send for Catalog C.*

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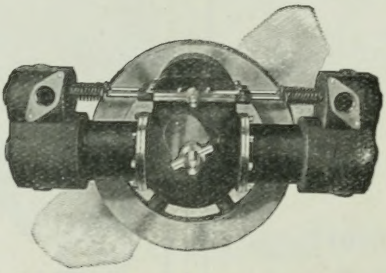
Four Cycle
Double Cylinder



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Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Would you wear a Shoulder Brace if you could find one that just suited you? Place your hands on some one's shoulders with the thumbs on the shoulder blades and press in. Notice how quickly it straightens the figure.

GAMBLE'S Improved Shoulder BRACE

is made with non-rustable steels that **press in** upon the shoulder blades exactly as the thumbs do, and it is **the only brace** that actually **makes** and **keeps** the figure straight and **at the same time allows all possible freedom of action**—such materials as elastic, webbing, etc., conform to the figure and will not give the desired support. The Gamble is a perfect shoulder brace and an excellent suspender. Has stood the test for 14 years.

Your dealer will sell you a Gamble Brace and guarantee satisfaction. He will refund the purchase price in full should you care to return the brace after wearing it one week. Or, we will fill your order direct, under the same guarantee. Prices—for men and women, $2.00, for boys and misses, $1.75, prepaid. Special springs for extreme cases, 50c extra. Give snug (not tight) chest measure over vest.

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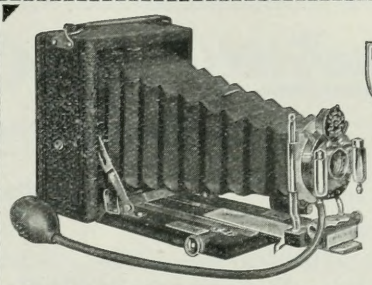

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always represent the highest standard of camera quality. If carefully examined they will win your approbation by their perfection in every detail and the many little features which give them their individuality. Koronas are famous for their lens equipments and they are sold at very reasonable prices fitted with our

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Convertible Anastigmat f. 6. 8.
The perfect American lens.

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New Model 1908

High-Grade Motors at a Reasonable Price

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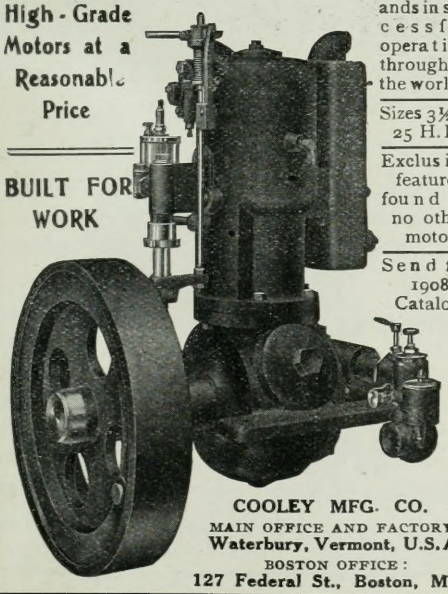

Fourteen years in use. Thousands in successful operation throughout the world

Sizes 3½ to 25 H.P.

Exclusive features found on no other motor

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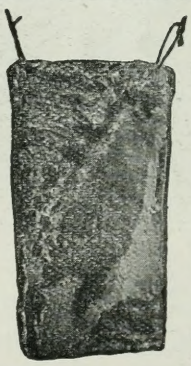

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there is nothing goes quite so well as a bit of good fat bacon. If you have not been used to fat bacon — try it — the doctors say it is good and after you have tried it you will say so too. Ask your grocer to get you

'Star Brand'

English Breakfast

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Made by

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All **Fearman's** goods are Government inspected.

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FOR ALL COMMERCIAL PURPOSES

Launches
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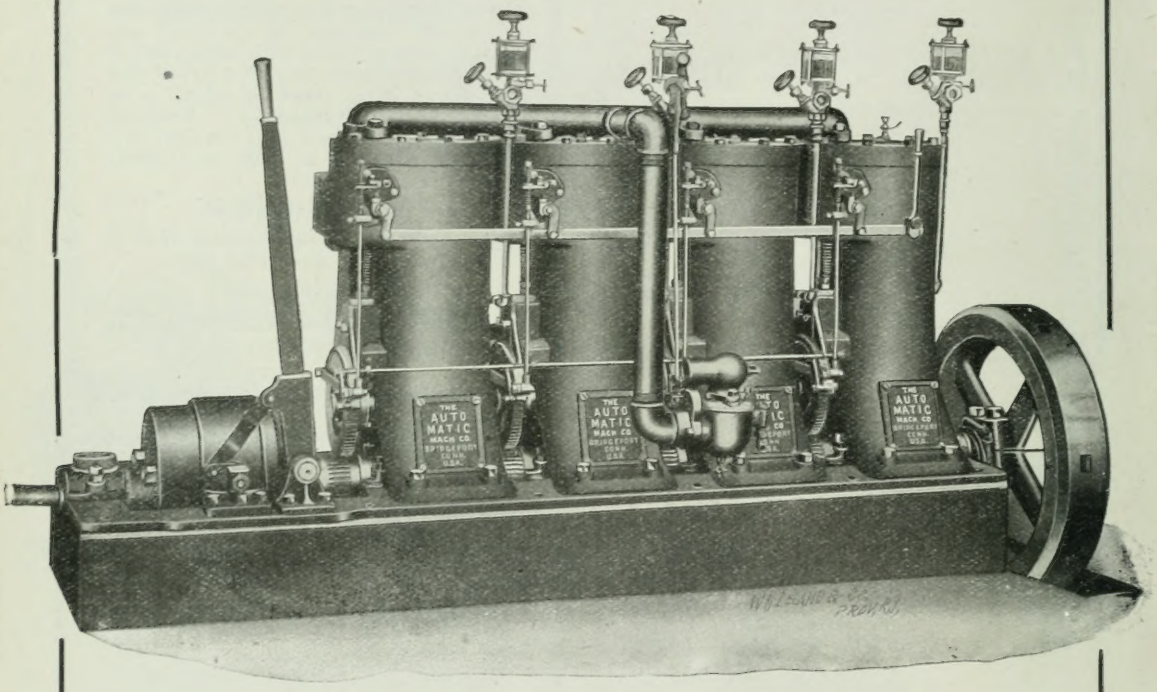

6 Horse Power One Cylinder
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We are ready and willing to estimate on cost of complete outfit, including power for Fishing and Oystering Vessels, Freight, Passenger and Towing Boats up to 200 feet.

Engines to operate with producer gas up to 2,000 horse power.

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Boats and Frames on the Easy Payment System

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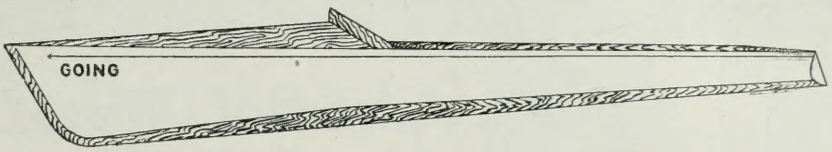

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A revolution in Boat Frames and Boats in any stage of construction. My 25 years' experience is at your disposal. State your requirements and the price you want to pay. I'll meet you.

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COWARD'S BOAT FACTORY, Kingston, Ont.

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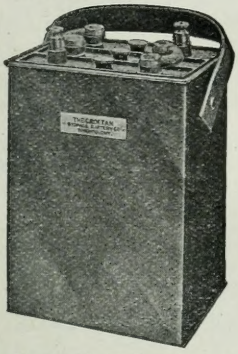

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"Vulcan" { SPARKING BATTERIES
YACHT LIGHTING and
SPARKING SYSTEMS

Are standard equipment on all high grade Automobiles and Motor Boats

Over 300 Outfits in use in Canada.

GUARANTEED FOR TWO YEARS

The CROFTAN STORAGE BATTERY CO. 423-425 West Queen St. TORONTO, CANADA

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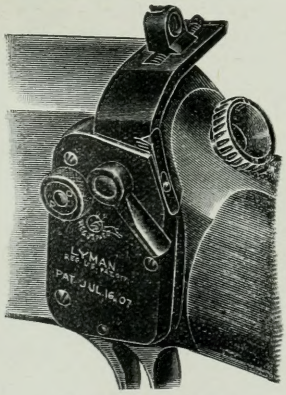
LYMAN RECEIVER SIGHT

Patented July 16, 1907



No. 41. Price $4.50.
At present made for the
Winchester 1905 and 1907 Models and Remington Auto-Loading Rifle.

The graduated scale on slide and method of elevating permit very close adjustment. Aperture is adjusted by means of a screw. Send for Catalogue.

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Glass Eyes

Official Taxidermist to Manitoba Government

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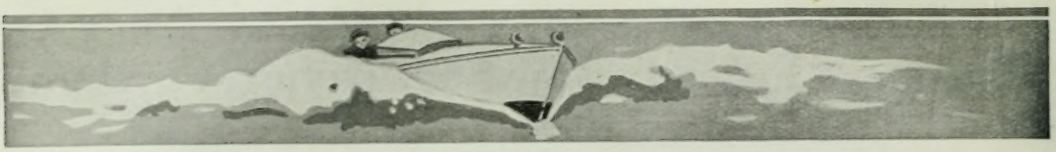

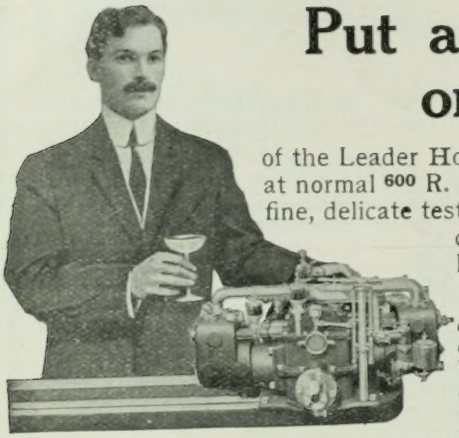

Put a Glass of Water on the Cylinder

of the Leader Horizontal Opposed Marine Engine, while running at normal 600 R. P. M. and not a drop will be spilled. This is a fine, delicate test and not another marine motor on the market could duplicate it. It simply shows that the Leader is the only *non-vibrating* marine engine.

There is a reason for it. The impulse vibration of one cylinder neutralizes that on the other, and practically eliminates vibration of the whole. The cylinders being opposed, take up all vibration between them, and the result is a silent, smooth running engine that can only be duplicated by an electric motor. Automobile manufacturers recognize this principle and use the horizontal opposed type of motor

Do manufacturers of upright engines tell you because their crank shafts are fitted with counterbalance bobs they eliminate vibration? Well, don't you believe it. Ride in a boat with a vertical engine and then in one fitted with the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine, and note the difference. Let their makers say what they will, it is absolutely impossible to prevent considerable vibration in upright engines; vibration means discomfort and boat injury.

Owing to its compactness, the Leader Horizontal Opposed Engine can be installed beneath an athwartship locker in a launch, under the cockpit floor of a cabin cruiser, and under the deck of an auxiliary yacht, thereby not consuming one inch of available passenger room. This increases the passenger-carrying capacity of your boat 25 per cent. or more.

The Leader is by far the cleanest engine on the market, and very convenient because every part is readily accessible. It starts from the switch; after that, all you have to watch is the course ahead.

The Leader was the first successful horizontal opposed 4-cycle engine placed on the market and to-day it is easily three years ahead of it nearest competitor. I personally guarantee every engine that goes out of this shop, because I know that it is perfect in every feature. Running, as we are, more than full capacity, it would perhaps be a little cheaper not to give each one such painstaking care, but I will not permit an engine to leave the testing block until it has proven perfect in every part. Therefore, a guarantee from me with my long experience (22 years), and my personal standing in this field of work, means that you take no risk.

Write to-day for our Catalog No. 15-B, Free for the asking.

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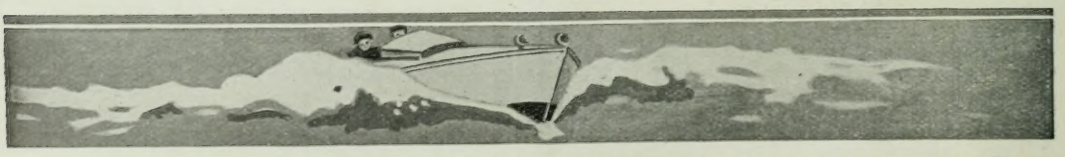
Members National Association Engine and Boat Manufacturers.

Leader Non-Vibrating Motor.



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Leaders in the best class of Nitro Explosives

Grand American Handicap, 1908,
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BALLISTITE WINS

PRELIMINARY HANDICAP	SCORE	95 x 100
AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP	"	222 x 240
HIGH SCORE IN STATE TEAM EVENT	"	97 x 100

EMPIRE WINS

HIGH PROFESSIONAL IN PRELIMINARY HANDICAP	SCORE	95 x 100
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Hamilton Powder Co.

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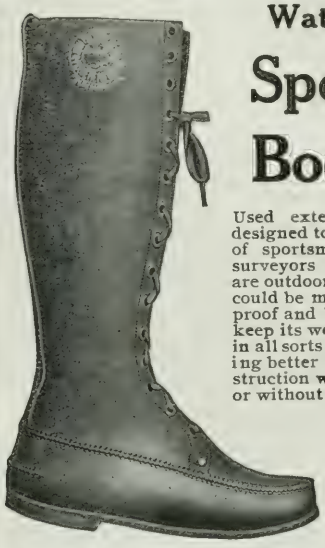
Palmer's Moosehead Brand Waterproof Sporting Boots



Used extensively by and designed to meet the views of sportsmen, prospectors, surveyors and others who are outdoors. No other boot could be made more waterproof and better adapted to keep its wearer comfortable in all sorts of weather. Nothing better for railway construction work. Made with or without sole and heel.

Write for "R" Catalogue showing different styles.

JOHN PALMER CO., Limited

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Largest manufacturers of Oil Tan Waterproof Footwear in the world.

National Coils and National Spark Plugs

DASH TYPE.

Insure Efficiency, Reliability, Economy and Quality

The COIL that holds the world's record for non-stop runs, 4,492 miles on Reo Car. Also on the Pilot Car in the New York to Paris race.

Question: Why was the NATIONAL COIL used?

Answer: RELIABILITY.

We are the Makers of the Reliable National Box Coil.

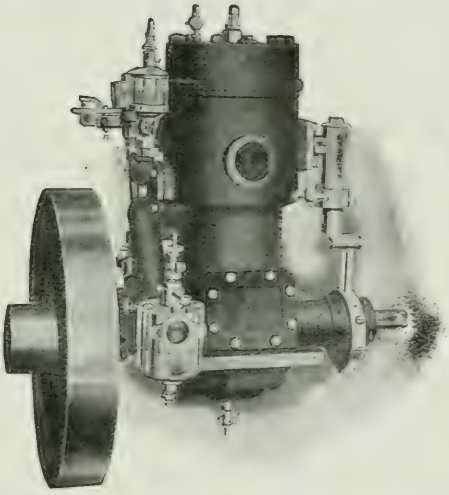
National Coil Co., Incorporated Lansing, Mich., U. S. A.

Hildreth Marine Motors

Powerful, Economical, Durable

THEY ALWAYS MAKE GOOD.

2
to
25
Horse
Power



One
Two
Three and
Four Cylinder

The Hildreth Manufacturing Co.

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Write for Catalogue and Prices

Manufacturers of high grade
Stationary and Marine Gasoline Motors.

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GREAT VICTORY OF

HARDY RODS.

Cane Built and Steel Centre Rods Won ELEVEN out of the Twelve Fly Casting Events at the Great International Fly Casting Tournament, Franco-British Exhibition, leaving ONE for all other English and American Makers.

☞THE ENGLISH FIELD SAYS: "It is to Messrs Hardy of Alnwick we owe our supremacy as rod makers.

Hardy Bros. International Tournament, Crystal Palace, won 16 championships.

Forty-one Gold and other awards.

☞Catalog, with flies in colors, sent free to any address.

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LONDON DEPOT: 61 PALL MALL S. W.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL
DOG REMEDIES.
The result of twenty-five years' experience in the treatment of
SICK DOGS.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN SPORTING GOODS IN CANADA

FREE BOOK ON DOG DISEASES AND HOW TO FEED
On application to

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The name "DIVINE RODS" is a guarantee of Quality, Workmanship and a positive assurance of a fishing trip without disappointments which are due to the breaking of the rod, and many annoyances usually found in cheaper makes.

Our Specialty is Split Bamboo, Bethabarra, Greenhart, Dagama and Lance Wood.

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A Waterproof Matchbox will be sent FREE to anyone sending us One Subscription to Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada. Address,

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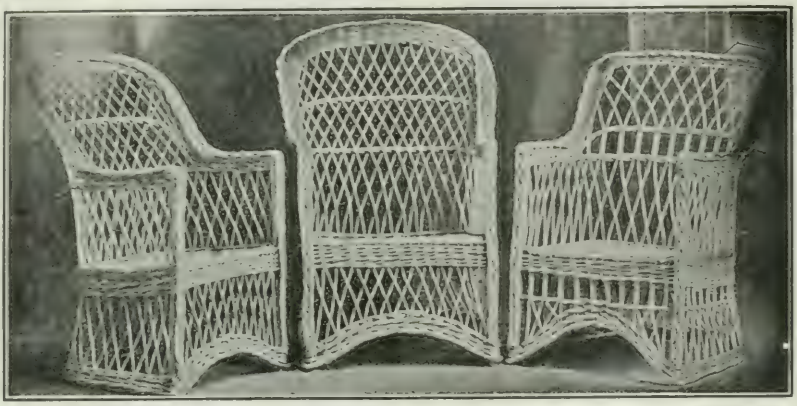

	No. 10 $3.50	No. 14 $5.00	No. 12 $4.00
Size of seat	16x1	19x19	18x17
Height of back from seat	23 in.	26 in.	24 in.
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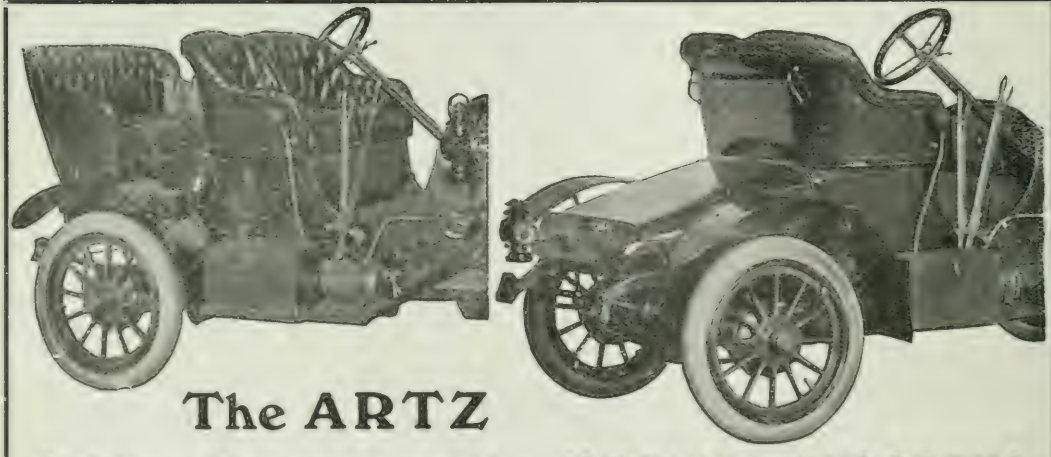

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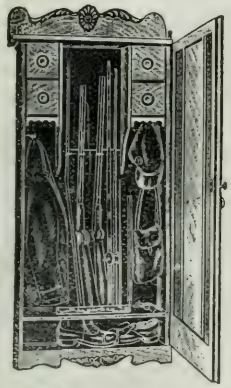

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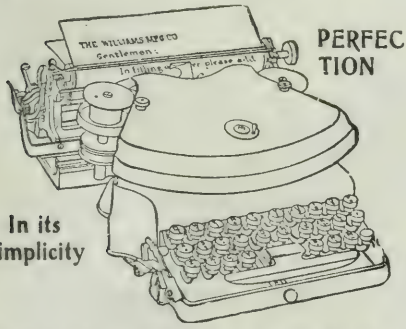

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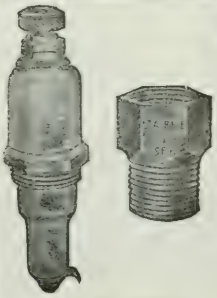

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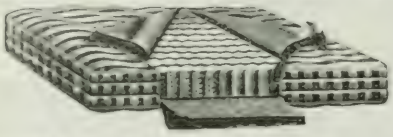

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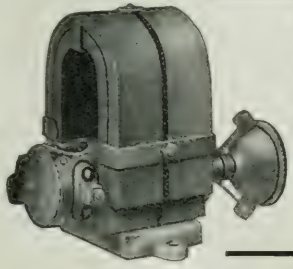

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VOL. X No. 9

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada

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When Sending Change of Address Subscribers are Requested to Give the Old Address as Well as the New.

Communications on all topics pertaining to fishing, shooting, canoeing, yachting, automobiling, the kennel, amateur photography and trapshooting will be welcomed and published if possible. All communications must be accompanied by the name of the writer, not necessarily for publicaiton, however.

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Photo by Miss M. Vaux, Philadelphia.

SERACS ON THE ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER.

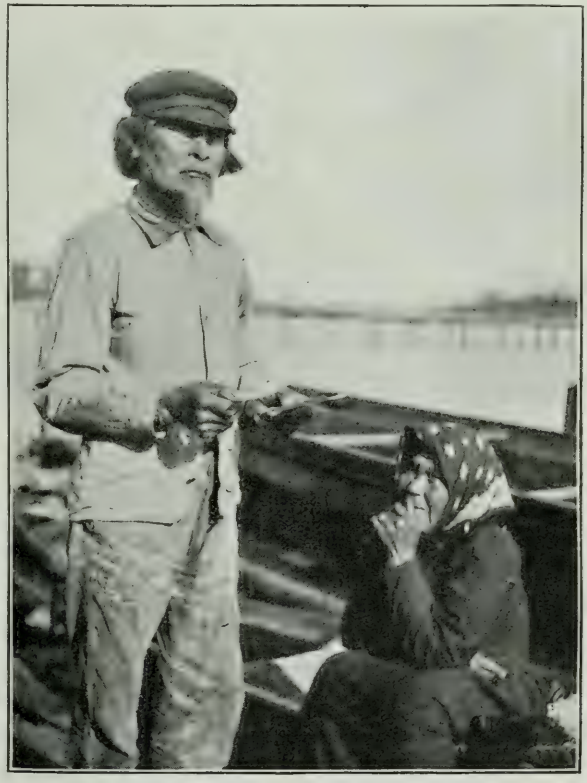
ROD AND GUN
AND MOTOR SPORTS IN CANADA

VOL. 10 FEBRUARY 1909 NO. 9

Chief Canim Tl'kope of the Skagits.

BY BONNYCASTLE DALE.

"IK-TA MICA tum-tum-o-coke illa-he?" the old Chief mumbled between his thin lips. "What's that, he said?" asked Fritz. "Wants to know how I like this country, and that's a good deal for him to say to a stranger, my boy," I answered. My assistant was inquisitive and no wonder. We had travelled many miles to see this renowned old Siwash. He dwells in a little Sound side bay on a log piled embankment. When we rapped at the door a dull, old voice said "Newah" (come) and we stepped into an outside room piled with nets, paddles, hanging salmon of a rich, smoke dried black. The next room, a low ceilinged one, contained the bunk of the Indian, clean looking and comfortable, and in the third, seated at supper, was the ancient canoe builder and his old klutch-man, eating a well cooked piece of veal, the fact that the lately deceased calf had come to his untimely end by trying to swallow a big wad of paper and failing in the attempt, not seeming to take any of the edge from their appetites.



YE OLD CHIEF AND FOURTH KLUTCHMAN.

I showed the old Indian a picture I had taken of Chief Billie of the Swinomish. He recognized it and almost smiled. The time worn face was so wrinkled by wind and rain and sun that mirth had hard work to add a line there to. Fritz here stuck in a sentence of his newly acquired Chinook jargon. The blank look and unlighted eye

of the Chief taught the lad just how proficient he had become in the language.

When the white men came here first in '59 this one time Chief of the Skagit branch of the Siwashes was then an old man, fully fifty. As at that age an Indian shows the marks of time, when he told me in answer to my question as to his age, "Ik-tah-ka-mo-nux" (one hundred) I really think he was fully within the limit. Hardy, fairly well fed and nourished, walking bare-footed with a sure, firm tread, only slightly stooped, yet he shows his great age in eye, voice and tremulous accent. His habits are truly remarkable, not changed an atom by the encroaching whites. Every morning he takes a sun-bath on the little log embankment, attired exactly as he was ushered into this world. He says he does this to cool off. Every night, rain or shine, hot or cold, he wades out into the salt waters of the little bay until he is immersed to his chin, then down he ducks, holding his head so long below water as to to make his white neighhors wonder if he is ever coming up again. I had been telling Fritz that the seal was amphibious and he whispered to me "I bet he's ambiguous." I dared not laugh as the old Indian is easily offended and I wanted to get him outside near two of his canoes and picture him.

The old klutch-man, his wife, the fourth he has had, and strange to say all the others went blind before they died, was weak in the limbs and chirpy in the voice. The only organ that did not speak of age were her bright eyes, but then she's a great many years younger "Sina-mox tah-tlum,"—seventy he said. By giving them some photographs I managed to get them to overcome the deep seated aversion to having their pictures taken. Some say they will have bad luck, others they could not die and rest if their ghost, as they call the photograph, was wandering around, but as my presents were Chief Billie's ghost they seemed satisfied and nodded that they would come out in-

CANOE LOG IN THE ROUGH.

THE CHIEF AT WORK : CANOE NEAR COMPLETION.

A FINISHED "CANIM."

to the sunshine soon. The lad said, "I bet he is going to put on his boots." Here is where he lost, as it is well known here that the only pair the Chief ever had given him, and there was a lot of snow that winter even here, he tried to trade back to the store keeper as he said they made his feet "cole-sick."

Down the sloping plank from the old shack came T'kope, and tottering behind him his ancient klutch-man. There was an uncertain look in her eyes, a shrinking fear; I expected every moment to see her turn and stumble off to her sheltering room, but the picture of Billie was all powerful and finally I got them out near the canoes.

"YONDER, THE FIRST WHITE MAN CAME IN '59," HE TOLD US.

It is remarkable, that this very old man, with such insufficient tools, should be capable of turning out such really good work. The one man canoe is as true to line and curve as if made by a skilled artisan.

It is fifteen feet long, stretched out while yet it was hot from the burning, to twenty six inches beam, with the regular small, flat place all along the bottom and a smooth, even combing running all around, bow and stern sharp and shapely. It took a full two months to shape it from the cedar log, cut out the inside, first with axe, then with fire and then with a—shall we call it an adze, the tool was an end of a file fairly well shaped and edged,—serviceable tool of his own. Many toilsome days were spent ere the paddles urged this not over heavy canim through the waters; yet he sells this size for three dollars.

To build the larger canoe, one fitted for ten men, a cedar four feet through was needed, one as true as an arrow and as free from knots as cedars ever grow. His age makes him often trust to the tides and the winds and the currents of these stormy waters to bring to him the log from which to fashion his craft. At other times Indians ordering canims from him tow their own logs into the little bay. On a craft of this size, with its high prow and graceful stern, it's well gouged out interior and the long clear-cut sweeping curve of the gunnels, a model all though its twenty-four feet, he has been known to spend six months of hard, careful labour—careful as he has to be to estimate closely the thickness of the skin at the later stages of the work. This he does by placing one finger outside, setting against it on the inside a finger of the other hand, never making a mistake by this rude method of calculation, toiling day after day until the rude cedar log is the shapely canim, and then selling it for fifteen dollars.

We pictured one in the making. His material grows poorer as the years go by. It is a common sound all along the coast, a deep booming note, the blasting of runways for timber, then follows the

clearer metallic bite of the axe, the rushing crash as the tree sweeps down and the awful reverberation as it strikes. Every where our trip takes us this destruction of the mighty trees of these dense forests is ever present. No wonder the old canim maker finds it hard to get a log from a nearby tree. But the beachcomber helps him unwittingly, creeping up after nightfall and cutting the chains of the after section of the raft, he allows many valuable logs to trail far behind the puffing tugs. Some of these he catches, more he misses, and finally one wanders into the little bay to the old canim builder and his axe.

The wondrous panorama was spread anew as we paddled off. To the mighty south Rainier was clothed in the pinks of the setting sun, the deeply forested shores of the coves were purple almost to blackness; to the east rose the jagged teeth of the Cascades, salmon pink in their encircling clouds; far off across the straits of Juan de Fuca the sun was just dipping behind the fire edged peaks of the Olympics; while to the north the tiny spiral of smoke trailed spirit—like from the rude shack of the Old Canim Builder.

The Great Moose Race.

BY J. A. MORIARTY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
And the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldy wall;
At every gust the dead leaves fall;
And the day is dark and dreary.

—LONGFELLOW'S "RAINY DAY."

RIDEAU—Rid-eau, "wrinkled water," rough lake, well were you named rough water, Oh Rideau, by the hardy French voyageur who was the first to look upon this noble, but treacherous sheet of water, pronounced by many who know by sad experience, "The dirtiest lake in rough weather between Ottawa and Kingston." The appropriateness of the name came home to me more forcibly that day in November some years ago as I lay and smoked in Old Antoine's tent and heard this story of the Great Moose Race.

All day the rain had been beating down on the dark discolored tent. The wind shook and rattled the dry leaves which still hung to the trees as if hating to leave them to spend the remainder of their existence on the ground. Away to the west the heavy clouds hung dark and threatening. The huge white crested waves raced across the lake from the farthest shore tumbling and foaming as they swept up to it, quieted for a moment and then hurled themselves on the rocks with terrific force—fell back again like a thing disheartened and beaten, and then gathering all their energy rushed forward in one seeming last endeavor to carry their ancient foes from the position which they had occupied so long.

Inside the tent a bright fire glowed and crackled while a thin line of smoke curled up through the opening in the tent and hung above the tree tops. On the ground were strewn the gun, straps, fishing tackle and the few odds and ends usually found in an Indian hunt tent. I lay on a pile of furs and looked out across the waters which seemed to enact over and over some terrible tragedy. On the other side of the fire, squatted, (Indian fashion his legs crossed under

him, his blanket pulled over his shoulders and his gayly painted pipe between his lips) Old Antoine the last of the great Indian tribe who once frequented this region. At that time he was old but active and dreaded at times by the people of the Rideau; now his name is scarcely remembered. Long he sat staring into the glowing coals and not a sound could be heard, save the dashing of the waters on the shore or the dripping of the rain on the tent. Once from a tree a squirrel scolded and far in the woods a wild grouse drummed and then all was quiet. I was thinking of the story which the old chief had told me "The legend of McNally's Bay" and I dreamed for the hundredth time of the years when the red men loved, hated, lived, and died on the ground where Newboro now stands.

I was awakened from my reverie by the voice of my companion.

"Did I ever tell you of the Great Moose Race?"

"No."

For a long time he hung his head, smoked quietly and looked into the fire. I waited patiently for the story I knew would come. To give the story in the words and dialect of my old companion would be impossible, content therefore must the reader be with the tale told in my humble way.

"My father, Big Moose, at one time lived on the point out from the village of Portland. Near him was settled a white man, Jack Doran. Doran had tried many times to make my father and his people leave this point and resorted to many mean devices to drive them away, but had never succeeded. Doran owned a fine team of bay horses the first that were brought to that settlement and naturally he was very proud of them. Oftentimes when he would go to Portland he would drink too much "fire water" and then he would talk very loudly and make great bets that his team could beat any four-footed animal that ever ran a race.

One day when he had been drinking as usual and boasting about his great horses my father went to him and said, "Mr. Doran, I want to make a bet with you I will run a race against your team from here to Newboro on the ice. If your team wins I and my family will leave the point on which we have lived so long and will trouble you no more. If my team wins you will never again try to force us off the land." Mr. Doran laughed at Big Moose well knowing that he had no team but when my father insisted and some of the white men who were present called him some bad names he agreed that the race should be run from Portland to Newboro on the afternoon of Christmas Eve. Next morning Big Moose left home without telling anyone where he was going, nor when he would return. After many days had passed and no tidings came from him it was feared that he was the victim of some accident. Some of the tribe were for going in search of him but as no one knew where he started for it was finally decided to wait a few days hoping that in the meantime some of the trappers who had gone north would return and that he would be with them.

Christmas eve came and yet there were no signs of my father. White settlers who had heard of the strange bet came for many miles to see the race and there was much drinking of whisky at Portland on that day. The Indians from all the country round also came to witness the race and cheer on Big Moose for he was very popular and considered very wise by all who knew him.

After noon, although my father had not yet arrived all assembled at the lake, for, in accordance with the terms of the bet, if either party did not present himself the other had to show his willingness to start, before he could be given the decision.

On the land there was about eight inches of snow but on the lake there was none and its crystal surface sparkled and gleamed like burnished glass in the light of the pleasant winter's day. At the edge of the lake stood the fine team of Doran attached to a short red sled while their owner walked around snapping his whip, boasting as usual, and calling my father vile names because he did not appear. The white men dressed in their heavy frieze coats stood in a crowd near him and showered their praises on the team. The Indians and their squaws in their brightly colored blankets stood apart and spoke little for

they had no hopes of seeing my father and disappointment was written on the countenances of all.

The hour for the start had nearly arrived when there was a commotion in the woods to our rear and all were surprised to see bounding down the hill the strangest team that had ever been harnessed, a team of pure white moose and my father was the driver. The strange team was harnessed in the manner in which oxen were attached at that time. A light yoke was fastened around their necks and this was connected to the pole. A long rope made of deer skin was tied to the antler of one and by means of this my father, who was seated on a roughly constructed sleigh, skillfully guided them down to the shore and announced himself ready for the race.

Doran evidently expected that he would have an easy victory and said very little and the contestants prepared themselves for the race. All then was bustle and excitement. The two men who had been chosen for judges set out to Newboro in a light carry-all drawn by a small white pony which was the only single carriage horse in the settlement at that time. It was agreed that the judges should have a half hour start before the race would commence in order that they would be in Newboro in plenty of time. A few settlers who had oxen also started across the lake in order that they could witness the progress of the race from different points of vantage. Many white men walked and so did a number of Indians who wished to see as much of the race as possible.

A pistol shot rang out. "They are off," some one cried and the race was on. The two teams sprang on to the ice. Doran's team, which were restless with long standing, seemed happy to be free and galloped swiftly across the glassy surface, but the strange team of Big Moose, frightened evidently by the shouts of the people and their strange attachments, seemed to get beyond the control of their Indian driver and were seen running at top speed across the lake in a direction nearly opposite to that taken by their equine rivals.

Here then was a strange race. The leaders running lightly in a western direction towards the Narrows and the moose team rushing wildly towards the Ferry and every minute getting farther and farther from the goal. At last after about twenty minutes of this unprofitable racing Big Moose seemed to get control of his moose racers, brought them around to the wind and sped after the horses now miles in advance.

The hopes of the Indian watchers had fallen but soon it was felt that Big Moose was gaining and if nothing happened might be quite close to Doran at the Narrows.

At the Narrows the waters of the Upper Rideau was not at that time kept back by the locks as the Rideau Canal was not yet built and the water in that vicinity was not considered safe for travelling, so it was necessary to cross by land on a road joining the two lakes about a mile in length. Here it was feared that Big Moose would have trouble with his team as his sleigh had been noticed to be wider than the road and so would not draw easily through the snow. Big Moose also seemed to be aware of this for he urged on his team with loud calls as if endeavoring to get to the road first, hoping then to be able to keep Doran behind him until he reached the ice of the Upper Rideau where he could easily win.

But this was not to be—when nearly one hundred yards from the shore Doran stood up on his sleigh, he yelled loudly to his team and cut them twice with his long whip. With a bound they cleared the intervening space and amid the excited cheers of the white men, his sleigh struck the shore with the sweeping antlers of the moose close behind him. His team travelled on the land road almost as well as on the lake but the moose, hampered as they were by their yoke and the heavy sleigh, floundered slowly through the snow and when they reached the shore of the Upper Rideau the team of Doran were almost out of sight between Webblock and Jackson Island.

But Big Moose hoped even yet to finish ahead of his boastful rival. Speaking kindly to his racers he rested them for a space and then urged them ahead once more. It was wonderful to see them running now, their broad antlers lying back on their shoulders and their noses

pointing straight ahead and emitting clouds of steam from their spreading nostrils, and eight hoofs striking the ice as one.

On sped the foaming bays but faster rushed the white pair of the Indian. Fronting Steadman's point Doran could hear the hoof beats of the moose and before Chamberlain's point was reached they were almost up with him. Indian and white man yelled to their favorites to make but one last effort. Nobly did the four noble beasts respond but the response of the deer was greater and with a wild and glad cry of triumph the Indian passed and raced on for the goal now scarcely a mile distant.

But the race was not yet won, for when about where the piers now stand one of the runners of my father's sleigh cracked, no doubt by the pull at the Narrows broke from the sleigh and the side fell down throwing my father heavily from his seat. Luckily he was not much hurt and the moose were brought to a stand still. Behind the team of Doran were galloping not thirty rods distant struggling valiantly to win. My father jumped up broke the guiding line from the antlers of the moose and tied it to the side of the sleigh. Then balancing himself on the only remaining runner and with nothing to guide his team but his voice called to them again. Praying to the Great Manitou—the spirit in the water, in the woods and in the clouds for victory, he urged on his tired and panting pets now running nose and nose with the clouded bays. Again the pleading and piercing cries of the red and white men mingled. On, on rushed the racers. From the banks, the yells of Indian and whites co-mingled. Doran lashed his horses savagely. Big Moose called to his galloping beauties—slowly—slowly—almost imperceptably the noble white moose team forged ahead and scarcely a neck ahead of the horses they struck the shore—the race was over — Big Moose had won.

Snowshoe Song.

BY S. A. WHITE.

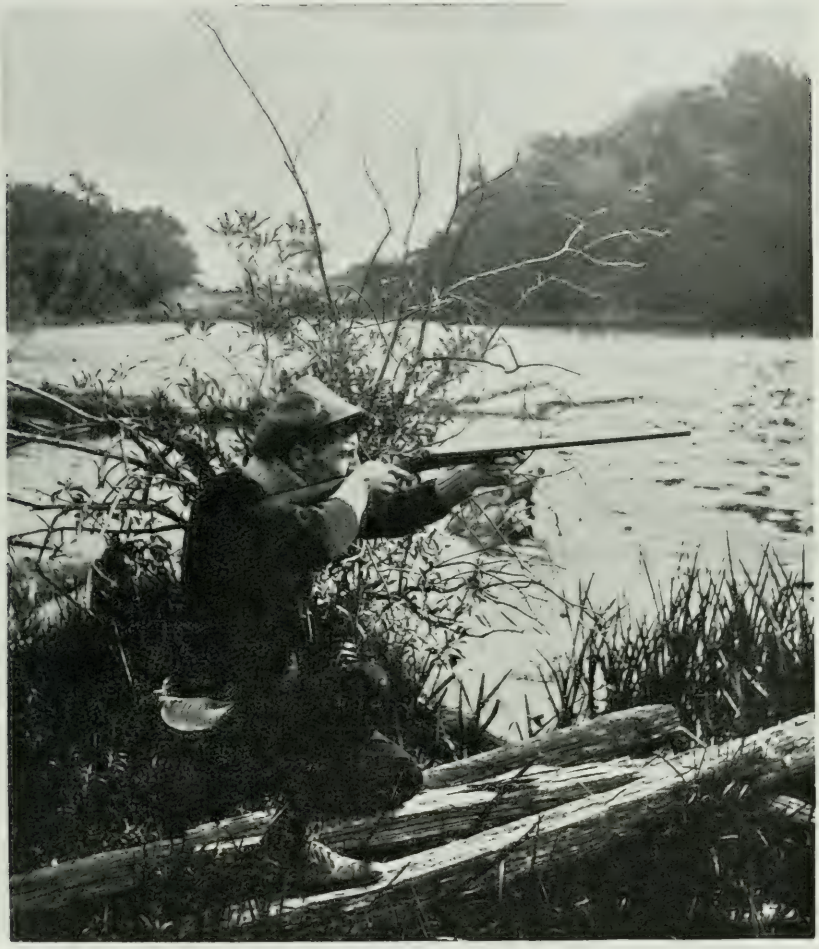
SPEED, comrade, speed ! for the shadows dim;
Weird woods ring to the crunching crust ;
Haggard headlands rise dark and grim ;
Eerily wails the sifting dust.

Speed , comrade, speed! for slinking death
O'er the northland spaces roams at night ,
Tighten the thongs ; take a runner's breath ;
Wolves may lurk in the timbered height !

Strong in your heart is the might of your breed.
Test of courage has daily been made ;
But the strongest may fall in direst need,
And Death make the boldest one afraid.

Speed, comrade speed ! there's a camp that waits
And friends who'd mourn if you came not back.
Speed, strong speed ! may the Northern Fates
Keep kindly watch on your lonely track !

A Steady Aim.



A STEADY AIM.

THE illustration given above is one that will appeal to every sportsman. The shooter with a quick eye for position, has made a good selection and is taking a steady aim at his game across the water. He is intent upon the work on hand and concentrates attention upon his aim in a steady, careful manner that should ensure success. It is not always possible for the shooter to do his work in this deliberate fashion and he is fortunate when time and opportunity favour him so far as to allow him to take his aim in a careful manner. He learns to judge time and distance and when the necessity arises for prompt action he is far better able to act with coolness and decision from his past experience than if he were rushed at once. The ideal, of course, is that on every occasion each shooter should have time for quiet and deliberate action and the more often he accustoms himself to that style of shooting the less likely he is to give way to panic on any occasion, let the emergency which may arise be what it will. The quiet, calm, deliberate shooter is the best man for the backwoods and makes the best sportsman. His ideal is not hurry or a heavy bag, but real enjoyment—and he gets it.

HOW WE ENJOY OUR WINTER

Enjoying the Canadian Winter

A Grand Snow Shoe Tramp

BY L. M. MABEE.

ON a clear frosty morning in the middle of Febuary, 1907, when the thermometer stood at 8 below zero, a party of six of us residing at Goderich, Ont., met at our genial friend Brophy's Photographic studio and laid out our course for a tramp over the snow fields.

About half past ten, when everyone was ready, we started, out taking the side streets, over vacant lots and fences until we reached the high bank overlooking the Maitland River. As there were lots of snow we sat on our shoes and went sliding down the hill side where in a moment or two we reached the bottom all in a heap.

At this point the Maitland is very swift and there was open water ahead, so we made a detour taking the bridge and passing through the little Hamlet of Saltford, and started to ascend the opposite high bank by a long road leading gradually to the top.

By this time the sun was starting to peep out and the keen frosty air was most exhilarating. It is only those who have been out tramping on Snow-Shoes in mid-winter who know the buoyant feelings such trampers experience walking up and down hill over the frozen snow.

Passing by an old farm and through the farm yard at the top of the hill, we

ARRIVAL AT CARLON.

THE END OF THE TRAMP.

wended our way straight through the fields over the fences and through the woods. The evergreen trees in the bush had a picturesque appearance, as they were bowed down with the weight of the beautiful white snow, and as we passed along winding in and out among them it was impossible not to express our keen delight at having been so fortunate as to start out. One of our party having a camera we made a halt here and there to get a snapshot, and we had great sport fences and doing a little sprinting with one another on the hill tops, we began to near our destination, a small settlement on a high point of land called Smith's Hill or Carlon, some seven miles distant from our starting point.

Here we were met by our genial host Mr. Jonathan Miller (440 lbs please) and given a right royal welcome such as he and his amiable wife know so well how to give. After removing some of our outer garments and a little chat beside the

A FINE SNOW BANK.

as we came to a gully with the sides almost perpendicular, seeing who would venture down first. The snow being very deep it didn't matter if we turned two or three somersaults before we reached the bottom. After this we passed through another bush keeping in an old road that wound round at the foot of a hill and along in a winding course through the underbrush which soon brought us to the open fields where after climbing numerous barbed-wire and all other kinds of stove we were ushered into the dining room where the table was groaning under the weight of many good things to eat, and readers can imagine that after our walk we did ample justice to the meal and were pleased to have our host sitting at the head of the table.

After dinner we gathered around the wood stove and had a smoke and a few songs and then started out on the return tramp, after bidding our host and his wife good-bye.

The day was ideal, no wind and the keen frosty air seemed to give us new life and vigor and the shoes seemed to get lighter with each step. When about three miles on our way we were pleased to meet four others who tramped out to join us on our return trip. We changed our course, coming along the tracks of the C. P. R. and down a large hill in a ravine where we marched along like a squad of soldiers ten a breast.

This time we came over the river Maitland at a very rough place where the ice hummocks were piled high but where it was sufficiently frozen to bear our weight, and from there on up the hillside almost straight up and back to our destination. We were unanimons in our conclusion that we had had a most profitable and enjoyable tramp on the Snow-Shoes.

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ONE OF NOVA SCOTIA'S HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

A Winter in Northern Ontario.

BY J. W. HOLLAND.

THE winter of 1907-08 was spent by me on Lake Waquekobing, at the club house of the Canadian Camp Club of which I had charge.

Readers of "Rod and Gun" who live in lower latitudes than this may be interested in winter conditions here. Not that our latitude is so very high; we are about in line with the middle of France and some three degrees farther south than Vancouver. We have, however, no warm ocean currents to temper the boreal breezes that come from the ice-bound Arctic seas. Our elevation, too, of over a thousand feet above sea level has its influence in lowering the general temperature. Yet we are not without advantages, especially as compared with the Northwest.

We have the shelter of the vast forests, and plenty of the best fuel always on hand, a dry, clear, bracing atmosphere, which makes it easier to resist the cold, and good winter roads without snowdrifts.

J.W. HOLLAND, DAY MILLS, ONT.

Before describing the winter, however let me speak of the locality which is one that should interest all lovers of nature and sport. The club house is situated on the north shore of Lake Waquekobing, locally known as Big Basswood Lake, a beautiful body of clear sparkling water, stretching east and west about nine miles and two and a half miles across at its widest part. It reaches entirely across the township of Day in the district of Algoma and penetrates into the townships of Gladstone at the east and Kirkwood at the west. It presents every variety of shore line from bold rocky bluffs to gentle slopes, mostly covered with dense woods, but here and there opening into cultivated farms. It contains several beautiful bays with stretches of sandy beach, and at one part, where a a small stream enters, is covered with lily pads. It is fed chiefly by underground springs and at one point is of unknown depth. About three miles from its eastern end it debouches into a stream of considerable volume which falls over eighty feet in less than a quarter of a mile and then enters another lake about five miles in length which rejoices in the high sounding Indian name of Pakawagamengau. But alas! for the romance of poor Lo, to his more prosaic and labor-saving white brother, its name is "Mud." Another stream from the eastern end of this lake carries its waters to the great Mississaga river flowing into Lake Huron. Besides these two principal lakes there are half a dozen others nearly and easily accessible, ranging in size from a mile and a half in length to a little gem with a surface of some one hundred and fifty acres, set on the top of a commanding eminence in the midst of the surrounding forest. In all these lakes the gamey black bass abounds and in the larger ones are lake trout, whitefish and pickerel.

This series of delightful lakes, with so many attractive features for tourist and sportsmen, are distant less than five miles from the north shore of Lake Huron, fifty miles east of the Soo, and less than ten miles from the thriving town of Thes-

salon, where hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended the previous summer in new buildings and enterprises, including a smelter for the reduction of copper ore, a new sawmill, the largest on the lake shore, a forty thousand dollar hotel, several stores and numerous residences.

The lakes are not the only attraction. The mighty Mississaga River flows within three quarters of a mile of the club house and the exploitation of the canoe trip down two hundred miles of this river from the main line of the Canadian Pacific to this point was the genesis of the Canadian Camp Club. The scenery along this river excites the unbounded admiration of all who view it. There are huge bluffs from the summits of which wide views of the surrounding country may be had, deep forested valleys, where deer and moose abound, grand waterfalls, rocky canyons, through which the river forges with amazing energy, rushing rapids and long stretches of deep, wide, smooth-flowing water, along which the canoe glides like a phantom. Numerous American visitors can testify that there is no exaggeration in the brief description of the advantages of this region for a summer outing.

Now as to winter conditions. For the past three summers I have been a frequent visitor to this vicinity and becoming enamoured with its beauties have purchased a tract of land on the Missassaga on which there is a good six-roomed house built of square pine logs well put together. It was my intention to spend a portion of this winter on that place, when the departure of Mr. Hope induced me to accept the care of the club house instead. Having heard stories of the thermometer dropping to twenty and even forty degrees below zero, it was with some trepidation that I looked forward to my winter's experiences, as I am not by any means a lover of cold weather, and have no arctic exploration ambitions. I was indeed agreeably disappointed. It was only after the first week of February was past that the snow began to accumulate to any considerable depth. Up to almost the end of January there was not more than six inches of snow on the ground and later snowfalls only increased it to about a foot in depth, just enough to enable the lumbermen to haul their logs conveniently to the waterways.

Access to the club house by land is had only by a trail through the woods, leading over a high hill from the government road along the river some three quarters of a mile away. On the road and river bank was situated the lumber camp of Mr. Jas. Rosenburg, who had the contract for cutting the pine on four hundred acres in rear of the club house. Some idea of the density of the forest may be formed by the fact that on this tract some fifteen thousand sawlogs have been cut and the cutting is not yet completed. And the pine is only one of a number of species of trees growing here, so that when all the pine is cut, there still remains a thick forest growth of hemlock, maple, red and white birch, cedar, spruce, balsam and others. I passed over this trail to the lumber camp almost every day for it was there I received my mail and heard from the outside world. I also took more extended walks up and down the road and through the woods and hardly ever wore even heavy winter clothing. For instance, twice in January I visited my own place walking mostly through the woods, a distance of almost four miles, and on each occasion my entire outfit consisted of a medium weight suit of fleece underwear, a grey flannel shirt, not heavy, a suit of tweed that I wore the previous summer, a soft felt hat, a pair of woollen socks over one of cotton, ordinary leather walking boots and a pair of woollen mitts. I wore no muffler and no ear covers, and found myself at the end of the journey in a rather uncomfortable state of perspiration.

Perhaps the one feature of the winter that impressed me most was the large amount of sunshine. Fully five days of each week were clear all day with bright blue skies and the sun shining brilliantly, sometimes with a genial warmth that would do justice to an October day.

Then the sunsets over Lake Waquekobing, how shall I describe them? Sometimes the sun goes down in a golden blaze with not a speck of cloud to modify the gold. Again when a layer of clouds hovers on the western horizon we have a coloring so gorgeous as to defy description. A pecularly brilliant effect is pro-

duced when the sun sets clear, by the lingering lights on the distant hill tops and trees. It is as if a magic city had sprung into existence, with pavillions and towers and huge buildings brilliantly lighted throughout by electricity, something like the illuminations at the world's fairs, on a larger scale. We hear of Italian skies and Italian sunsets. Here we have them in zero weather and they are quite as entrancing to the lover of nature, even though he may not sit out on the lawn to enjoy them. Coming over the trail towards sunset the dark trunks of the trees outlined in a blaze of color, sometimes golden, sometimes roseate and sometimes many-hued, form an impressionist picture that would delight the soul of an artist.

Up to February we had but three or four short spells of very cold weather, on the night of the eighth of January, the thermometer touched fifteen below, and Lake Waquekobing, which had contemptuously shaken off one or two thin films of ice and piled them against the shores like heaps of broken glass, was caught napping and firmly bound under an inch of ice, which came near the melting point a few days later. On the fifteenth and sixteenth we had a similar snap, which moderated again towards the evening of the second day. Two or three days before the close of the month it was again very frosty. On each of these occasions the air was still, the sun shining brightly and as the weather moderated slight falls of snow followed.

I wrote this on the evening of the seventh of February, after experiencing the heaviest snow storm of the season which began on the morning of the fifth and lasted throughout the following night, with high wind, during which nearly a foot of snow fell. I see by the New York papers that a similar storm swept the Eastern States on the twenty-fourth of January, when ten inches of snow fell in New York city, demoralizing traffic, partly suspending business, causing the death of half a dozen people and costing the city two hundred thousand dollars for removal of the snow. One advantage of living "far from the madding crowd" is that we have no disastrous results to record from our storm. In the shelter of the forest the lumbermen worked all day, and like Tam O'Shanter.

The storm without might rain and rustle,

He did not mind the storm a whussle.

On February the seventh the sun shone as brightly as ever, with dazzling effect upon the pure white snow, and at night the early moon shed a soft effulgence over the scene, while the temperature was only sufficiently low to prevent the snow from clinging to the feet as one walked through it.

The ice on the lake was strong enough for teams to drive across, and being well covered with snow made excellent sleighing over a perfectly level surface, and shortened many a farmer's road to town, besides saving considerable hill climbing.

On the whole I believe that for those who enjoy clear cold weather the winter conditions on Lake Wacquekobing are almost ideal, and are not at all to be dreaded as many people imagine.

Snow Blindness.

BY MARTIN HUNTER.

VERY few people who live in civilization ever heard of snow blindness and still fewer are aware of the cause and the excruciating agony that the person so afflicted endures while a sufferer.

The ordinary snow of the winter months does not cause blindness for the reason that the sun has not strength to form a glittering crust during the short, cold days of mid-winter. The trying time to those who make long journeys in the north country is the end of March and the month of April.

Then the sun during the day rides high in the heavens and melts the surface of the snow and ice fields and converts them into an immense plain of minute, glittering particles from which the eye has no relief.

It is a fallacy to suppose that dark

eyed people, such as the Indians, are immune from the action of the snow on the eyes, for they are not. I have seen a full blooded Indian suffer more and for a longer period than any white man, but such cases are rare and no doubt this happy state is arrived at by their following the good old rule that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

One never gets snow blind while walking through the forests because the strain on the eye has the green of the evergreen trees, jutting rocks, and running brooks to relieve it. But on the vast plains, barren grounds and the long stretches of ice walking, the heat, the glare and monotony soon inflames the blood vessels of the eye, unless due protection is given them early on the march.

I cannot do better than to describe the symptoms and the subsequent agony endured by A-bwa-so, an Indian who was my only companion on a long spring tramp. The trail was over very large lakes, with short intervening portages. As a consequence, the weather being very calm and sunshiny, we were exposed, for hours at a time, to the bright glare of the ice surface, with an occasional short passage through the woods as a change.

The crust on the lake was sufficiently strong to support our weight without snow shoes and we were plodding along, bundles on our backs, and snow-shoes tucked under our arms. The lake was twenty-two miles long and at the time of A-bwa-so's first intimation that he was getting blind we were about mid way up it.

I had never seen a case before and the Indian, like myself, being hardly out of his teens at the time had no past experiences to fall back upon.

All at once he threw down his bundle and began to rub his eyes saying at the same time "My eyes feel as if they were stabbed with a knife." Standing there on the ice a mile or two from either shore and the body of the lake right ahead of us as far as the eye could reach, I examined the fellow's eyes and found they looked dry and hot with all the small blood vessels red and inflamed.

The only rag of a thing we had between us to hang in front as a protection was a red cotton handkerchief. I pinned this to the rim of his hat and we pushed on.

Before we reached the head of the lake, about three in the afternoon, his eyes had begun to run scalding tears and the pain was already almost unbearable, so much so that he begged of me to camp and see what a night's rest would do towards his recovery. As we were then upwards of ninety miles from our destination, and with a bare sufficiency of provisions to make the distance under ordinary circumstances, it was a serious thing to even camp at three p. m. Still by the way he was lamenting, lying face down where he had thrown himself on entering the shade of the pine trees, I saw no alternative but to comply, so set to work chopping wood and making camp.

Under ordinary conditions the Indian was very willing and always did his share and more of our daily labours, but that night he crawled into camp, buried his face in the cool cedar boughs, refused to eat and refused to be comforted.

I passed a dismal and anxious night for the question kept coming before me. "What if he is worse in the morning ?"

The only remedy I could think of was to bathe his eyes with snow water. By the time I had all finished and ready to turn in for a little much needed repose his eyes were both running a continuous stream of scalding water and to look at the fire he compared to being stabbed in the eye-ball with a thousand needles.

Next morning he was no better, in fact he was almost totally blind. To leave him in that condition was out of the question. It was equally impossible for us both to remain to await better developements as that meant eventually starvation to both.

Fortunately I had traversed the trail the year before and knew pretty well where to take the portages.

This latter part of our journey being mostly over a canoe route, the portages were well defined and easy to follow.

I prevailed on A-bwa-so to drink a cup of tea and eat a piece of "gallette" soaked in grease for breakfast and a start was made under the following conditions : His L'Assomption belt was unwound from his body, one end made

fast to my sash at the back and the other end, some six feet off, being held in his hand, I taking the lead and he following with the sash to guide him. We made fairly good progress, but in the woods I had to hand assist him over any log or uneveness in the walking. Still I cheerefully did this for every mile covered was bringing us nearer home.

One wanted courage to negotiate such a distance under those conditions and then there was always the dreadful possibility of being over taken myself with blindness. Then indeed our plight would have been pitiful in the extreme.

At each portage snow-shoes had to be donned, for the crust was not strong enough to bear our weight without them, and it was in these traverses where much time was consumed, for my poor companion stumbled and fell about in every few yards.

The days were long at that season of the year and by keeping at it early and late we reached the Post at nine o'ciock the fourth morning, much to my relief mentally and physically.

We had to keep A-bwa-so for several days in utter darkness before he recovered sufficiently to return to his teepe some few miles away.

I was asked the other day by a new acquaintance "You, having been so many years in the Hudson Bay Company, must know all about furs ?"

I answered like a Scotchman by propounding a query to him, I said, "Mr. Scott, did you ever know a man that knew everything about anything ?" After due consideration he was forced to admit he had not. So it is about snow blindness. I know some modes of prevention and some remedies to alleviate the pain but *I don't know all*.

Europeans, whose duties cause them to traverse the "White Wastes" of the north, as a rule carry smoked or blue glasses which they wear as a precaution on hot days.

The Esquimaux manufacture very thin disks of bone. In the centre of each is a narrow slit through which they peer ahead of them. These round circles of bone are fastened together in the form of spectacles and secured behind the head by a deer skin thong.

The Algonquin Indians stuff a bunch of cedar branches under their caps. The stalks are held round their forehead by the cap and the feathery ends make a screen about the upper part of the face. This keeps the eyes shaded and leaves space enough between for them to see their way.

The Ojibway Indians smear the face with rotten wood or charcoal it all over with burnt wood. At each resting place, or spell on the journey they crush up a snow ball in each hand and apply one each to the eye socket. Be this even for a few moments only it cools the eye and keeps away inflammation. This is a good precaution.

The best remedy I have found as a cure in the earliest stages of blindness, and one I have used successfully on my companions several times, is at the first symptoms of weakness, when the patient is ready for bed that night, take used leaves from the teapot, squeeze out most of the moisture, put a wad of this on each eye and bandage a kerchief over, tying the ends of the handkerchief firmly at the back of the head. If applied in time this is a sure cure. If travel is necessary next day let the patient use cedar brush, or smoked glasses if he has them, and repeat the tea leaves again in camp.

I have seen an Indian dropping woman's milk into the eye ot a suffering companion.

From my observation of several poor fellows who have had it badly, they must suffer excruciating agony from snow-blindness. I have seen their cheeks actually scarred from the scalding tears continually coursing their way down.

All eyes are not subject to getting snow blind. My own for instance are what are termed "Cats eyes." I have walked hundreds of miles in the most trying season of the year, carried smoked glasses for twenty years and never had occasion to use them. Brown eyes and deep blue are those most liable to go blind. Black, light blue, steel gray and those termed fishy are the ones most immune, but like everything else there is no fixed rule to go by and any eye may be caught.

THE VOYAGEURS.

The Song of the Voyageurs.

BY HAROLD RAYMOND.

The sun's red cloak hangs in the west,
Fly, O fly, my little canoe;
A purple cloud in its folds caress'd
Fast, O fly, my little canoe;
The shadows lengthen across the stream,
I hear the whip-poor-will's lonely scream,
It sounds like a sob of a child in a dream;
Fast and far, O little canoe.

The bush-bird calls from the dark'ning wood,
Fly, O fly, my little canoe;
The black duck swims to her downy brood,
Fast, O fly, my little canoe;
Along the slumbering shore we fling,
With voices timed to the paddles' swing,
We make the rude rock echoes ring,
Far, O far, my little canoe.

The fox has left his rocky ledge,
Fly, O fly, my little canoe;
To slake his thirst by the river's edge,
Fast, O fly, my little canoe;
Where purling currents lightly glide,
We toss our bark to the foaming tide;
And over the wild, white waters ride,
Fast and far, O little canoe.

We've plied the blades since blush of dawn,
Fly, O fly, my little canoe;
We may not rest till the light is gone,
Fast, O fly, my little canoe;
When in some quiet, sheltered cove,
With the breath of the wooing pines above,
We lie to sleep, to dream of love,
Far, O far, my little canoe.

GLORIOUS SPORT IN THE WEST: A BAG OF PRAIRIE CHICKEN.

R. M. WEST, EDITOR OF THE GLENBORO (MAN) GAZETTE AND WIFE. WILD GEESE SHOT IN THE STUBBLE FIELD IN TWENTY MINUTES' FLIGHT.

Bird Shooting on the Prairies.

THE prairie provinces are unexcelled for bird shooting and under the regulations now enforced will, it is believed, when supplemented by the prohibition of spring shooting throughout the States, retain pre-eminence for those Provinces for this form of sport for many years to come.

Geese, ducks and prairie chicken abound and good shooting can be obtained near to the cities, while in the small settlements the results of the sport add a welcome variety to the domestic larder.

Wild geese shooting is particularly attractive, these fine birds making a sensible addition to the bag. In Manitoba the large grey ones often weigh from twelve to eighteen pounds, the Manitoba grey from ten to fourteen pounds, and the laughing and the wavy about seven pounds each. Wintering in the Southern States they come north about March, remaining along the wheat growing country till the beginning of May. Their summer home is on the shores of Hudson Bay and up in the Yukon. Here geese and ducks breed in countless multitudes. Wild geese moult during the months of June and July, while the goslings are growing. Indians take what toll they can, both in eggs and birds. As soon as the young ones are able to fly well the geese commence to return south, feeding on the wheat en route until the cold weather drives them on to the warmer south.

With the rural telephone in good working order for twenty miles around it is generally easy to locate the geese when they arrive, and once this is known sportsmen make arrangements to visit them. It was on one such an occasion when the geese were staying at a lake about fif-

teen miles from Glenboro (Man.) that Mr. West and his friend made a successful shoot.

Early rising is the first consideration, no later than four o'clock, and a drive of ten miles into the country took the sportsmen to the place where the geese had been seen feeding the evening before. If the sportsmen got cold during the drive, warmth was soon recovered by the hard work which followed. Spade work in the actual is a task to which sportsmen, as a rule, are not accustomed. However it is a part of the game and such an important part that it is at once accepted and acted upon. Accordingly the men set to work, dug holes five feet deep and two feet square and levelling the soil they had thrown out, covered it with all the stubble they could gather.

"We set our decoys about thirty yards behind us and spying the first flock with the earliest streaks of daylight we got into the holes and "lay low". It is during the period of waiting which follows that the beginner gets "goose fever." When coming to feed in the early morning the geese are all squawking and yelling like a lot of hungry hogs. Nearer and nearer they come, louder and louder gets the squawking, till the novice can stand it no longer, and generally jumps up to shoot before they are within range.

The writer, when on an expedition for geese, always keeps both eyes and ears open. The only sound rule is to remain below ground as long as the noise appears to be coming and getting more distinct, even until the geese pass over. Much better results will be secured if this advice is followed, as shot go more easily into geese in the rear than from the front. In many instances both the writer and friends have shot at geese even at close range and failed to kill when shooting at the breast. The feathers at the front are so close that the shot seems to glance off. Geese feed in flocks

A SUCCESSFUL SHOOT OUT WEST.

counting from eight, up into the hundreds. Sometimes one goose is got out of a flock, at other times they come in too high, can see you in the hole and pass on. When the day is windy the geese fly low and in consequence are more easily killed. If the day is calm they will fly about one hundred yards high. Most geese are shot under forty yards and at times in the pit the writer has shot them within a range of ten feet.Goose feathers are most useful and the writer has a large feather bed and six pillows stuffed with wild goose and duck feathers. Geese always remain on the water at night and feed morning and evening.

Ducks follow much along the same route as the geese and are hunted in a similar fashion.

The prairie chickens are hunted with dogs and English setters and pointers are of great service in the work."

My Dog's Fox Hunting Feats.

BY W. H. M.

In a recent number of your excellent magazine I observed an account of a wonderful feat of a hound which caught a fox in fair running. He is undoubtedly a good dog. Reading of the incident reminds me of a dog I owned in my youthful days, a full bred bull terrier, the pick of the litter. He grew to be very graceful in form and unusually intelligent. He was more at home in the water than any other dog I have ever known. He would go in at any temperature and in warm weather he would play in it for hours at a time, all by himself. As a retriever he had no superior. He possessed great speed. The first occasion on which I became aware of his phenomenal speed was when we were on the border of a bush adjoining a cleared field and discovered a fox in the open. The fox had a start of at least ten rods but the dog overhauled him before he reached the opposite fence, about forty rods distant. The fox doubled, and the dog,unaccustomed to such tactics, blundered ahead while the fox gained ground in the opposite direction. The dog recovered and pursued again, and the fox doubled again when three fourths of the distance across. The dog understood the chase by this time and did not lose so much time in recovering. Thus they ran and doubled. Each time the race was shorter until the dog caught him. Subsequent to this from time to time dead foxes were found on the farm, all giving evidence of having been mauled and no doubt they were killed by my dog.

I could send him in any direction by word and as far as he could hear or see a sign, which enabled me to send him for stock that was not visible from where he started, he would go on. We lived beside a large bay and on one occasion in the winter season we discovered a fox running from our shore towards the opposite land. The fox was some fifty or sixty rods out when discovered. I sent the dog after him but he ran on a course about forty rods to the east of the course of the fox. After running about a quarter mile he stopped and looked back for further orders. I sent him on and for more than half a mile he ran parallel to the fox, but never apparently saw him until beyond hearing and returned with a look meant to say, "What fool's errand did you send me on?"

It was only then, on examination, that I discovered that his left eye was entirely sightless and the fox being at his left he had never seen it, and was running entirely to order. Had he seen the fox he would doubtless have added another pelt to his record.

A Record Dog Train Trip

BY PIONEER

It was in April, 1885, that I made a record trip with dogs on the Upper St. Maurice River. At that time I had business at Weymontachingue, a post of the Hudson Bay Company in that part of the province of Quebec, and had occasion to go down to Coocoocache, the head quarters for the district, a distance of forty-five miles. It was nine o'clock in the evening when I started on that journey. I was alone with the exception of my five dogs and travelled all night, taking my time as I only wished to reach the Post for breakfast. This feat was easily accomplished and several days were passed most pleasantly at the Post.

Mild weather set in and the horse teams freighting goods from Weymontachingue to Coocooache were over due. We knew by the condition of the snow that it was impossible for them to travel in the bush and as their fodder would be out it might be a case of starvation for both men and horses unless relief were sent to them. After talking over the situation it was decided that I should attempt the rescue, taking with me hay, oats, and provisions.

It was six o'clock in the evening, after my load had been well packed on that I left Coocooache. At that time pouring rain was coming down and the slush and water were deep enough to make the dogs swim in some places. There were Lakes and rivers to travel across and altogether that journey is one of the most unpleasant in my recollection. It was pitch dark in the bush but I kept on resolved to get through if at all possible. As the water was very deep in places and I had a heavy load I was obliged to walk. This was no fun in such cold water with only deer skin mocassins. At last I had no feeling in my feet but I still plodded on.

It was midnight when I reached the Windigo River which I had to cross. The ice was broken away from the shore for about ten feet. How to get over the intervening space was a question, and in order to consider it I made a fire along the shore, boiled my tea kettle, had something to eat and drink and gave each dog a biscuit. When I had had a short rest I cut some long poles and made a bridge from the shore to the ice. When I had crossed the ice I found myself in a similar fix, for again there was a considerable break between the ice and the shore. There was nothing for it but to go back, get the poles that I had used for my temporary bridge, haul them across the river and make another bridge. Remember, all this had to be done in the middle of the night in the wilds of Upper St. Maurice I travelled from the banks of the Windigo across the bush to the main St. Maurice River. The water was not so deep on the main river and just below Old Man's Rapids I found the teamsters hung up.

For two days they had had to feed their horses with tops of birch trees and willows. The men were looking pretty blue and were very glad to see me. It was half past four o'clock in the morning when I struck their camp, if you could call it a camp. The horses were tied to trees and the men were standing round a fire. They had no blankets and no means for making themselves more comfortable.

After unloading my goods I started right back to Coocooache as I was in a hurry to get through my business and return to Weymontachingue. I reached the post a little after dinner, got through my business and made another start at eight o'clock in the evening. The wind had turned north, the weather was colder and with the drying up of the water on the ice the going was much better. I rode all the way and reached Weymontachingue at nine o'clock in the morning, making a run of one hundred miles.

When the weather and the state of the roads is considered such a journey without rest for the dogs makes a pretty good record.

The Qualification Climb of Mt. Hermit.

BY D. B. TAYLOR.

AS the twelfth of July is a day dear to the heart of every Orangeman, marking as it does an important victory, so too is it a day that I shall long remember as the anniversary of an accomplishment of much less importance, though an event in my career of deep personal interest,—an event indeed the successful accomplishment of which every mountaineer feels justly proud. It was on the 218th anniversary of the important date in history to which I referred that I stood for the first time in my life on the summit of a mountain peak exceeding ten thousand feet in height. The successful ascent of such a peak is the qualification necessary for active membership of the Alpine Club of Canada, the third annual camp of which was held in the Selkirk range during the summer of 1908 at the summit of Rogers Pass, half a mile west of the station on the Canadian Pacific Ry. bearing the name of the Pass.

After spending three or four days at the Camp, during which I had done considerable tramping and a little climbing, I decided that my muscles had become sufficiently hardened and that I had gained enough experience to tackle the qualification climb. Accordingly I entered my name as one of a party of about thirty to ascend Mount Rogers (10536 feet) or Mount Hermit, (10194 feet) on Sunday, July 12th, fully realizing that I had taken upon myself no mean task and that my nerve and powers of endurance would be tested to the utmost. I had learned to respect the moun-

ON THE WAY TO MT. HERMIT AND MT ROGERS.

ON THE ASULKAN TRAIL.

tains for their grandeur and magnificence as well as to fear them for the dangers that lurk amongst them, and those who have not some fear mingled with their respect would do well to admire them from the beautiful valleys lying peacefully below.

The ascent of either Rogers or Hermit being rather too strenuous to accomplish in one day, the party was started off from the camp on Saturday afternoon with instructions to go as far as the C. P. R. hut, a log cabin erected by the company for the convenience of mountaineers. This formed the stopping place each night for the various parties setting forth on their qualification climb and was situated at an elevation of some two thousand feet above the main camp, a short distance below timber line. At this place each night a huge camp-fire was built which, from the valley below, appeared to be little larger than the blaze of an ordinary kerosene lamp. "What were the feelings experienced by those sitting round this camp fire high up on the mountain side?" was the query that frequently flashed across my mind as I sat before our own cheery camp fire for several nights previous to starting on the qualification climb myself. I found afterwards that it is easier to experience them than to describe.

The route to the hut was along the railway track to a point a quarter of a mile or so east of Rogers Pass station

thence by a beautifully shaded switch-back trail up the mountain side. There being no difficulty in following the trail and no dangers connecting therewith, the graduating members were allowed to make this portion of the climb at their own pleasure. Some chose the earlier part of the afternoon while others chose the later each thinking they had advantages in their favor.

The party of which I was a member happened to pass Rogers Pass station just as both the eastbound and westbound transcontinental trains had arrived and I can well remember the astonished look on the faces of some of the passengers, when, on being questioned, we pointed out to them our gaol. No doubt a few of them put us down for first class specimens of lunatics but we were willing to make allowances for ignorance in regard to the delights of mountaineering on the part of those who never experienced them.

The journey from the camp to the hut, taken leisurely, was completed in less than three hours without special incident.

While we were making this part of the ascent we met in scattered parties those who had just made their qualification climb on Mt. Rogers and were returning to camp. Naturally the information we obtained from the different parties as to how much further it was to the hut and their impressions of the qualification climb were quite amusing, the statements of each party being almost the antithesis of the party interviewed a few minutes before. The jovial representative of the Mazamas, for instance, made us fairly shake in our boots with his thrilling description of the difficulties and dangers that lay before us, while the very next party we met gave

THE HERMIT RANGE AND SUMMIT OF ROGERS PASS.

THE HUT BELOW MT. HERMIT WHERE WE SPENT AN EVENING.

the utmost encouragement by telling us how easy it was.

The cabin was reached by the straggling members of the entire party in good time to have supper in the daylight and needless to say the meal was partaken of with the best of appetites. After a few songs around the camp-fire, we crawled into our blankets at a very early hour, having been notified by our guides that we would be called at three next morning.

Before retiring for the night I had been induced to become one of a party of twelve to ascend Mt. Hermit, which, although some three hundred feet lower than Rogers, is considered much more difficult and interesting. Hermit, according to all available records had been climbed only once before. Of the party of twelve for Mt. Hermit I soon learned that ten were experienced mountaineers and already qualfied for active membership of the Alpine Club. Mr. C. A. Richardson, of Calgary, and myself were the only novices, hence it is not surprising that I felt rather proud of being a member of such a party. Two young ladies, Miss Stewart of Calgary and Miss Hobbs, of Revelstoke, both excellent climbers, honored us with their presence and earned the distinction of being the first ladies to make the ascent.

What member of our party will ever forget the delightful awakening on the morning of July 12th, 1908? Instead of the thrilling music of the fife and drum there was the peaceful stillness of the eternal hills about us. Our morning ablutions were hastily performed in the icy water of a mountain stream run-

THE PACIFIC EXPRESS AT GLACIER, B. C.

RESTING AFTER A HARD CLIMB ON A STEEP SNOWSLOPE.

ing in front of the cabin, and a hearty breakfast partaken of. Blankets and toilet articles (soap, towel and tooth-brush) were made ready for the pack ponies to carry back to Camp, and shortly after four we set forth for our goal A strenuous climb of about an hour brought us to theglacier where a halt was made and a few snap shots taken. The party for Rogers then started off to the left and our party for Hermit branched off to the right.

As it was necessary for our party to cross the glacier, the rope was brought into commision, Mr. M. P. Bridgland taking the lead on one and Mr. Godfried Feuz the other, making six including one lady, on each rope. The necessity

ON THE SUMMIT .

A BIT OF INTERESTING ROCKWORK.

for, being roped on this part of the ascent I did not realize until I was given an opportunity of looking into one of the huge crevasses which form the death traps of most glaciers. It appeared as a bottomless crack in the ice, comparatively narrow at the surface but widening underneath. Being a novice I chose the last position on the rope but afterwards I found to my surprise that I had unconsciously assumed the responsibility of leading on the descent, it being the rule that the guide acts as anchor when coming down.

After crossing the glacier we proceeded up a long, steep couloir on the south face of the mountain. This meant a steady climb up a snow slope probably a thousand feet. The first part seemed comparatively easy but when one gets up a few hundred feet on such a slope and looks down he begins to realize his position. I had no idea that snow could lie so nearly vertical. To effect a safe ascent it was necessary to drive our toes well into the hard snow, make perfectly sure of our foothold, then drive Alpine stock or ice-axe firmly into the snow, steady ourselves with its support and secure another foothold higher up. It was a tedious process and one which requires the utmost care and nerve.

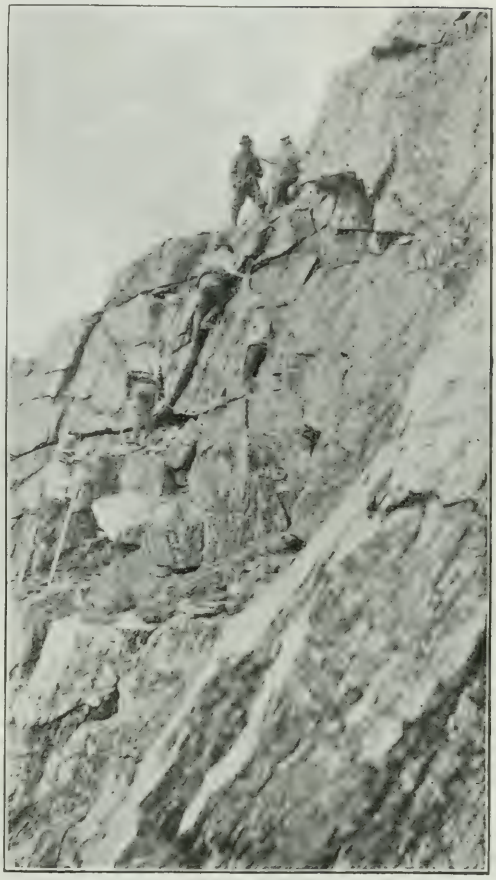
The ascent of a snow slope would not require such great care were they perfectly straight and continuous but the experienced mountaineer well knows that snow slopes are in series, that is to say, it is necessary to advance to the right or left occasionally as various shoulders of the mountain are reached. From this it is evident that a very long slope may lead to the edge of a precipice and if one lost his footing he would in all probability be dashed to pieces below.

After the first long slope we had a bit of interesting rock work in getting around a shoulder on the south face of the mountain to reach another couloir similiar to the first. Then followed some climbing over rocks and precipices which finally brought us to the summit at 10 15 a. m., just about five minutes before the other party reached the summit of Rogers. Although some two or three miles distant we could see them plainly as they reached the highest point.

There being no snow on the summit of Hermit and it being delightfully warm we rested for at least an hour and a half during which we enjoyed our mid-day lunch. The scene from Hermit is one that never can be forgotten,—a sea of snow capped mountain peaks in every direction as far as the eye can reach. On one side, thousands of feet below, lies a beautiful valley while on the opposite side is a huge glacier,—an immense snow field. Bevond the glacier in the same direction is Rogers Pass, the valley in which the Alpine Club Camp was situated. The Rev. S. H. Gray, who was one of the party of five that made the first ascent of this peak, says, "Truly, Hermit is the mountain for the view which no

man can describe, — or forget."

So far as I can gather from the Rev. Mr. Gray's account of his ascent, as published in the Alpine Club Journal, the route followed was much the same as that taken by our party. In his account of the ascent he says :—"A narrow and steep couloir leads up the face of the mountain from the neve, from which it is separated by a bergschrund. We put on the rope, crossed the cleft by the bridge at the right, worked across to the centre of the couloir, and at once commenced a steep ascent. This was a fine climb on good, stiff snow, and, though at the top somewhat alarmingly steep, was sure and safe. The couloir led us directly to the shoulder of the eastern aretes at no great distance beneath the peak itself, to which however, all progress seemed barred by a precipitous wall of rock. We had breakfast at this point—nine o'clock—and had leisure to look back at one of the noblest and grandest panoramas it is given man to see. The great peaks of the summit range, from Tupper on the right to our nearest neighbor, Rogers, on the left, with Macdonald, Sir Donald, Dawson and Bonney in the centre, were clad in the soft pink light of the rising sun. - - Feuz did a little reconnoitering here, to find a way round the precipice above us. He found it on the north face of the mountain, and we were soon at work with the axes on the snow. This difficulty being surmounted with comparative ease, there remained only a rock stairway to be climbed to reach the peak. This was grand work, enlivened by long reaches and undignified pushes from below. An ice-axe would be shoved into a cleft to yield a foot-hold for the first man. The rope from above solved the problem for the rest. After an hour or less of this fine exercise, we reached the summit, on the run."



A TRYING CLIMB.

Although considerably swollen with pride at reaching the summit of a mountain peak, 10,194 feet high, I realized that the successful descent involved probably as great difficulties as the ascent, particularly in regard to the couloirs. Our course was over the same route as we had come up, and the hot sun, shining all the morning on the snow made it very soft. It was therefore necessary to be more careful than ever in descending. Being the leader of the party in the descent I was instructed to use the same footholds that we had made in the morning. This proved anything but an easy task but by slowly and carefully proceeding I succeeded in making good footholds for those following above me. It was a bit of hard, hot work as the sun was beating with all its force upon the snow and being reflected upon us.

The one portion of the descent which preyed most upon my mind was a sloping shoulder of rock which extented horizontally from under a long, steep snow slope. It had been the cause of considerable

difficulty in the ascent and I felt confident would cause more in going down. It was partly covered with snow and ice over which it was necessary to cross to reach the snow slope. The ledge was wet and slippery with a steep slant and I was perfectly sure that as soon as I put my weight upon the ice it would break under the pressure and I should go sliding over the precipice. I warned the man behind to get a good foothold and to be ready to pull up on the rope. My expectations were fully realized and for a minute or so I experienced the unpleasant sensation of dangling over the precipice with only the rope between me and certain death ! Seeing the difficulty the guide gave up his place temporarily as anchor, came down and by chopping secure footholds with his ice-axe effected a safe crossing for us.

A SNOW CAP.

About four p. m. we reached the cabin which we had left at an early hour in the morning and found a number of those who had climbed Mount Rogers enjoying a well earned rest. Naturally the difficulties and delight of the two ascents came up for discussion, but the hour and a half spent by our party on the summit, basking in the warm sunshine and enjoying one of the grandest panoramas to be found anywhere in the mountain regions, we considered, out-weighed all the arguments that were advanced by those who had climbed Mount Rogers. A half-hours' rest at the cabin and a cup of strong tea stimulated us for the balance of our journey to Camp which was reached about six o'clock.

With the Rev. Mr. Gray I can truly say, "Hermit is well worth climbing."

For the use of the members a little booklet, containing a full list of officers for the years 1908–10, the constitution of the Club as amended, and a full list of members—Honorary, Associate, Active, Graduating and Subscribing has been prepared and supplied to every member. The Honorary members are eight in number and include representatives from Canada, Great Britain and the States. There are eleven Associate members and two hundred and thirty-nine Actives, the largest proportion being numbered in this class. Graduates total up to one hundred and five and there are also forty-two Subscribing members. The Club here shows a strength of over four hundred members and the rapid growth of the past two years is likely to be surpassed in the future as these mountain missionaries, whose activities are world wide, get in their good work of spreading more widely abroad a knowledge of Canada's marvellous mountain regions.

The Mounting of Fish.

A Suggestion for the Preservation of Good Specimens

BY C. H. HOOPER.

FROM time immemorial certain quiet, harmless, god-fearing individuals, in every civilized community have been the objects of much unjust suspicion and unfair criticism. Doing harm to no man; placidly pursuing the "even tenor" of their ways in serene sobriety; anxious only to be neglected; amply self-sufficient;students of Nature to a man; shy and retiring in disposition; indulging in their own beloved sport only to the extent of generally limited means, and occasionally relating their success or failures with candid simplicity—they have been treated with unfailing injustice, their statements received with open incredulity, and the name of their sport has become synonymous with all distortions of the truth,—I refer to the Ancient and Honorable Brotherhood of Anglers.

Since the days of the Apostles the Angler's word has been treated with scant respect, and his art with ridicule—witness Wordsworth's lines—

" — — — -with rod and line,
Emblem of hope's foolishness. — —"

—which betrays the fact that Nature's poet had still much to learn of Nature. Better is Pope's—

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast"

—and had the poet been an Angler, he would have added—

"At least the Angler always does his best"

—which may not be good poetry, but is nevertheless, quite true.

Others there be, neither poets nor Anglers, who openly scoff—"A fish at one end"—they say, "and a fool at t'other." They are unbelievers all, and would not be convinced "though one rose from the dead."

Indeed the true Angler has long since ceased trying to convince the unconvinceable. He "bears it with a patient shrug." "Their own hard dealings"—he reflects —"teach them to suspect the deeds of others."

It is a matter of supreme indifference to the disciple of Walton whether the herd believes or whether it believes not. Nay, rather is this scepticism a boon, for the ranks of the Angler thereby escape over-crowding. Were the true blessings which the art brings to its devotees once widely realized, mankind, en masse, would "go afishing," and divide among the indiscriminating many those peculiar pleasures which are reserved for the appreciative few.

There are others, however, who are not so resigned to the existing state of things—the rank and file as it were, new, raw recruits for the most who, elated with some early success still vainly strive to convince a stiff-necked public of their veracity. These be they who fly to print and, with the assistance of the camera, fill the monthlies with strange pictures of themselves, their catches and their guides. We are all familiar with them—a smugly satisfied pair, two rods, and strings of the coarser fish festooned across the foreground. "An Hour's Catch," or "Blank River Beauties from the Backwoods" —completes the caricature.

Such however is the depravity of the public, and its increasing knowledge of the wiles of the amateur photographer, that even these representations no longer satisfy. A little innocent deception—the fish placed close to the lens and the captor in the background—and distorted perspective does the rest. Again, a salmon trout is supported by a much bending limb borne on the shoulders of two stalwarts—both perspiring palpably under the load. In reality the fish is swung from a fine wire close to the camera, the lens stopped down to F. 64, and the simple inscription "a thirty pounder"

completes the picture. But the public remains unconvinced—"Habeas Corpus" is now their cry; and the sorely tried Angler gives up the unequal task in despair—or turns him to taxidermy.

It was not however with the purpose of display that I investigated the possibilities of this latter art. Up till last spring I had found it advisable to remain to a certain extent uncommunicative about our piscatorial successes. An air of mystery shrouded our movements during the long vacation and, though we prattled prettily enough on our return about the fish we had caught, an indescribably indefiniteness as to the exact locality where our success had been scored invariably distinguished our conversation. Of course there were the brutal, downright ones who, after listening with ill-concealed impatience, plumped out the direct monosyllabic — "where"?— a question, rude at all times but, to the Angler, doubly so, and to be resented. Beaten to our last ditch, subterfuge became our refuge. We vaguely spoke of the "north" —a good indefinite word—murmured "C. P. R." and left the listener as wise as he was before. We found I must admit a peculiar pleasure in this. Knowing that publicity would bring the ruin of our sport, we derived our pleasures almost clandestinely; thus adding a touch of the well-remembered joy of childhood's forbidden things.

The time however came when better feelings prevailed. If we had the pleasure of the capture, others should, we thought, derive what comfort they could from the sight of the slain. We reflected that such specimens would enable us during the long winter evenings to "fight our battles o'er again." Taxidermy was thus taken under serious consideration.

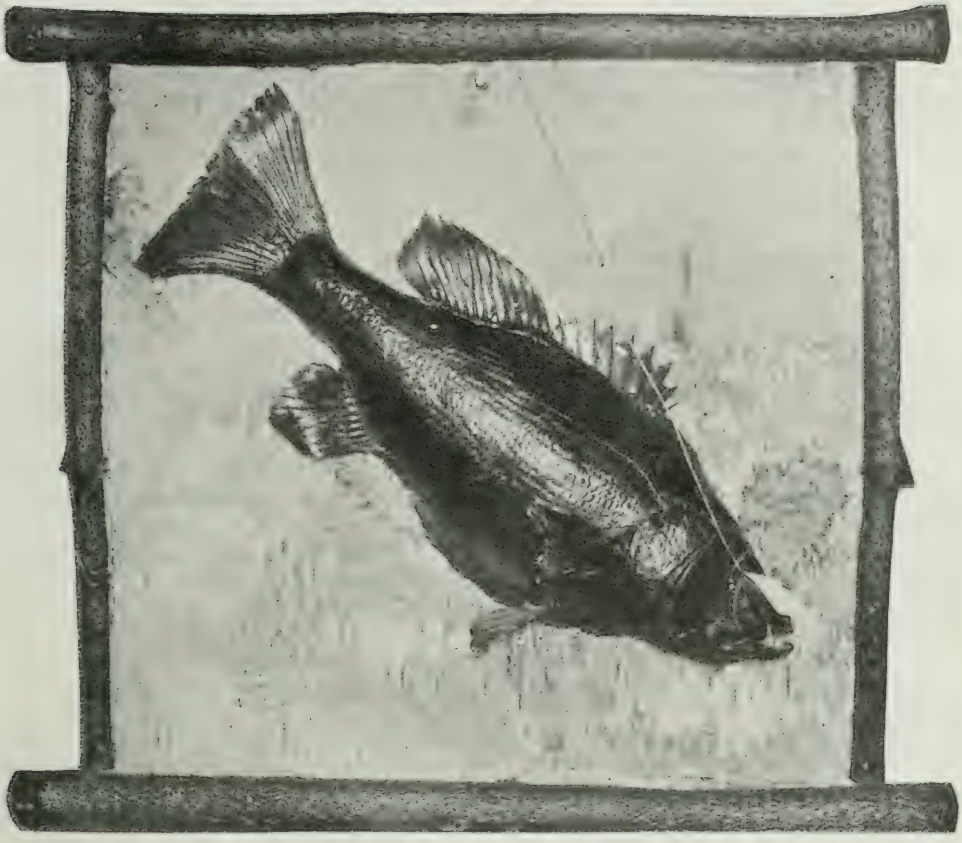
The "Boy"—of the previous summer's trip, caught the contagion (to furnish Christmas presents for his friends), and "we turned o'er many books together" but learned little. The "last word" in taxidermy said nothing of fish—birds and mammals seemed to be the only objects worthy of attention. One authority described a method of mounting fish on two brass standards—a most inartistic way. We had seen such specimens and were dissatisfied with the result. Another mentioned the medallion form, but averred that a painted plaster cast of the fish was preferable to the actual skin itself. We had read Jerome's "Three Men in a Boat" and remembered the fate of the plaster pike. Evidently individual investigation was our only course.

The first attempt was very encouraging. Selecting a well nourished specimen of Ambloplites rupestris, I rolled up my sleeves and "sailed in." My tools and materials consisted of a sharp penknife, some dried grass, a few tacks and a pine board. I reflected that I should spoil my first specimen so that a rock bass seemed a fitting subject for the purpose. I might "make a spoon"—I could not possibly "spoil a horn." If, on the other hand, I succeeded, the rock bass would then have repaid me, in some small measure, for the hours of annoyance which his detestable tribe had caused.

At the end of half an hour I found myself in possession of a creditable skin. This I tacked to the board, stuffed it with grass, posed it as artistically as possible and then indulged in a thorough wash. The "Boy" came to view the result of my skill. He kindly pointed out many defects in the specimen—its head was not at exactly the right angle, its tail too cocked up, and an indescribable lumpiness characterised the whole. The tout ensemble however was undoubtedly that of a rock bass—not a prosperous, well-to do rock bass perhaps, but unmistakably "bassy." Alas, we were all too familiar with the creature's "lines."

The next day, the skin being perfectly dry, I gave it a coat of shellac. This was a great mistake. The liquid imparted to my specimen a fine yellow glow —totally at variance with the delicate shades of green which had distinguished it. The following day I cast the finished work upon the bosom of the lake, and practiced upon the floating mark which it presented with the "22."

In a week's time ambition again stirred within me. I provided myself with a number of small sized tacks, pins galore, cotton-batting, arsenical soap and an old towel. Then I sallied out and caught a three pound small-mouthed black-bass



"A THING OF BEAUTY AND A JOY FOREVER."

Working carefuliy, and profiting by former experience, I progressed wonderfully. The finished specimen soon required a frame. Tacking a smooth sheet of birch bark to a board, I transferred the now hardened skin from its temporary support to this; gave it a coat of clear furniture varnish, framed the whole with rustic boughs—ripped lengthways to lie flat, and found myself in possession of—well, an object of interest to the most casual observer, but to the Angler—"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

The "Boy" grew emulative. Commencing as I had done, with a rock bass, he met with exactly the same degree of success. Then he finished a "real" bass, and our hobby was fairly mounted.

This happened in July, and through the length of August and part of September we steadily improved in skill. A new interest was added to our sport. No more record fish were put back into the water after being weighed, as had been our former method. The rule soon became —mount every bass over three pounds, and every pike and pickerel of over five. Then we tackled other varieties and with them came a desire to form a collection of all the different fishes in our neighborhood. Excursions were made to other lakes to secure specimens of fish unknown in the home waters. The shack soon resembled a museum, and we lived in daily terror of arsenical poisoning from the lavish use of this invaluable preservative. We began to develope a disregard for the fact of actual capture. A record fish was worth mounting no matter who the lucky Angler happened to be. Science thus triumphed over sport.

With practice, the actual skinning of a specimen became a matter of a few minutes only. The life like mounting, we

found, gave ample scope for artistic skill. Even the frames allowed great play for ingenuity in the matter of rustic composition. Taxidermy had proved a success.

Nor was the actual pleasure derived from the work our sole reward. Upon our return to civilization —loaded with impedimenta, much kudos accrued to the workers as one after another the specimens were unpacked.

We tell an artless tale of the capture of some leviathan, with such artistic embellishments as we think necessary. The victim listens with ill-concealed impatience. We casually mention the weight. The thin veneer of politeness cracks and open incredulaty is imminent. I turn to the "Boy"—"Get that specimen from the den old man, will you." He returns—"Here it is," he says—then carelessly—"I brought down the *last five and a half pound bass* as well in case you wanted it!!" Need more be said?

After all, though, this sort of bewildered admiration is not the true reward of the Angler. The grave nod of approval, the pleasantly spoken "Bravo"—heartily withal, and the twinkle—reminiscent of similar captures—from the Brother in the art, betokens the real appreciation.

It is with the object of helping this latter disciple of Walton that I have written the above, and it is with this object in view that I propose, in a future article, with the help of photographs, to explain the very simple process of skinning, stuffing and mounting fish. What pleasure such artistic specimens can give to the possessor through the long winter months, when the trusty rod is laid aside, the landing net hung up and the reel is silent,—I leave to the imagination of all earnest Anglers.

A Winter Night's Tale

BY GIMCRACK.

ON one particular winter evening, as I left the warm atmosphere of the factory, after finishing my daily grind and stepped out into the street, I was met by a whirling gust of wind and snow that fairly staggered me as it boisterously passed. Trudging along, buffeted and slipping at every effort to get forward, I appeared to sink deeper into my great coat and my mind wandered, as far as it could, to the Kindred of the Wild.

Poor little cotton tail in particular had my sympathy. I pictured him hopping about near his burrow by the lonely pine or more dreary stone pile, searching for a bit of green stuff sufficient to carry him through the night. Before going many steps my thoughts were carried to the Kindred of the Streets. A little Shaver, he couldn't be more than seven years old, piped out in a weak, plaintive voice the request "Buy a paper, Mister, please." When no possible customers were in sight he would shrink back into a hallway, then out again into the next, reminding me of a ferret working a rabbit burrow.

After supper I made a visit to the kennel, saw the dogs were all right, and slipped old Juggler, my favorite hound, into the kitchen with me "unbeknownst" to Dearest Beloved. Dear old Juggler wagged his tail for the privilege, curled himself up on the rug at my feet, while I made myself comfortable in an easy chair pushed close to the fire, lit a cigar and settled down for a quiet smoke.

Juggler is a faithful friend in the full meaning of the term. No faster hound lives and none that will stay longer on the fox chase than he. As I pondered on his merits the recollection came vividly to my mind how, through a peculiar accident, which occurred to him, while I and others were hunting hares in a swamp I attribute a marvelous escape from death. The rattling of the windows and the howling of the wind brought the circumstances before me, while I enjoyed that present warmth and comfort, as clearly as on the day the events happened.

As the smoke from my cigar floated around and above me, I felt I was back again in the swamp. Considering the conditions,— wind high and blustering, snow falling and then drifting, not much snow in the swamp, trees bending and tossing so that it was impossible to hear hounds even when quite near—the scent

was good. Fortunately I had struck a good spot—a small clearance on the edge of the swamp skirted by a strip of hardwood. Most of the hares started took a scoot out somewhere to where I was stationed and I had many good shots even if I did not pot them all. On the whole I was kept pretty busy. As the high wind drowned the tongue of the dogs a hare would at times slip past, the dogs apprising me of the fact as they ran by. Between times I watched the ground of the swamp and noted with interest how that portion within my horizon appeared to rise and fall in the same manner as a large body of water will do when a slight wind keeps it undulating.

Occasionally a great tree would fall with a sickening thud. Still I retained my position, not because I was indifferent to danger, far from it, but none had fallen near me and I was enthused with the sport in which I was having my full share.

I had forgotten all danger for the moment when the hounds tore through the swamp in full cry, passing me and going out of hearing. Unless the hare was stopped by some of the other sportsmen it came back to me. This continued along till the afternoon when seven hounds, as good as ever cryed along a track—fast, keen and knowing their business—passed down the swamp driving a hare. They were checked and three of them after a time caught the scent again and were off, the others, with the exception of Juggler, quickly following suit. The wind drowned their voices before they were half through the swamp. In the meantime I heard Juggler give a long mournful cry repeated again and again. Although, with the noise around, the hearing was bad I could hear it plain enough to distinguish the difference between the cry of scent and that of pain. Distinctly it was the latter and having no doubt that something was amiss with him I left my stand and hurried in the direction from which the sound came. To wriggle under and crawl over the many fallen trees and worse slash took me quite a time.

When the dog heard me coming he ceased to give tongue and I had to do some calling and hallooing before I succeeded in inducing him to answer me sufficiently to guide me to him. When I did eventually reach him I found that he was caught by his foot in a piece of looped wire, fastened to a cedar sapling. This had been set as a snare by one of the natives in a part frequented by rabbits in the hope of catching a jack.

Speedily Juggler was liberated and while I was taking my bearings to see how I could best return to my runway I heard a hair-raising, crashing noise. The sounds of discharging cannon were just like toy pistols in comparison. Instinctively I crouched up to the nearest tree in my bewilderment and fear, and for a few seconds I thought the whole surrounding trees were falling.

When the noise ceased I was not long in deciding that the swamp was no safe place for me, and soon worked back to where I had made my stand. What a change met my eyes! For a time I was not sure I had not made a mistake as to my previous position, everything was so changed! Amid the chaos of broken and fallen trees that lay scattered for fifty feet around was a monarch elm, recently venerable and majestic in its loftiness, now laid low. Gradually I distinguished the place where I had been standing for most of the day little dreaming of the doom hanging over my head and only avoided by the providential incident of going to my dog's relief. The inevitable price of life is death! The thought occurred to me at the moment I saw how the elm had carried the lesser trees in its fall and how impossible it would have been for me to have escaped destruction had I remained in the position I occupied so long during the day.

While I was realizing these things I endeavoured to locate the rabbits I had left strung on the limb of a birch. All such endeavours were in vain and to continue longer appeared like tempting fate. I was not long in reaching the open through the hardwood but it was sometime before I found my friends.

When we were together again I related how Juggler's accident had saved my life, just as I have repeated it here.

Such things do happen but why? I am too sleepy to moralise—will you? Come Juggler, come old Pal, it's time we were both in bed! Good-night!

Camping on the Banks of the Rideau Lakes.

BY DAVID S. JOHNSTON.

WE left Ottawa, eighteen of us, on the good ship "Rideau Queen" on Friday, July thirty-first, 1908, for a two weeks' camp on the shores of Indian Lake, far from the noise and dust of the capital. Indian Lake, be it known, is one of the Rideau Lakes chain, about ninety miles from Ottawa. The trip up was very enjoyable. The first stages of the journey were well known to the company most of whom were enthusiastic paddlers. Towards evening, however, familiar scenes were left behind ; and after supper, eaten on the stern deck, the crowd settled down to enjoy the beauties around us. And they were well worthy of attention. The sunset was splendid. We had a gramaphone along, and about thirty-five good records ; and the captain was quite a violin mechanic ; so the evening passed very pleasantly. When darkness hid the beauties around us we retired to the cabin, where we held a "Grand Musicale," with the full strength of the company.

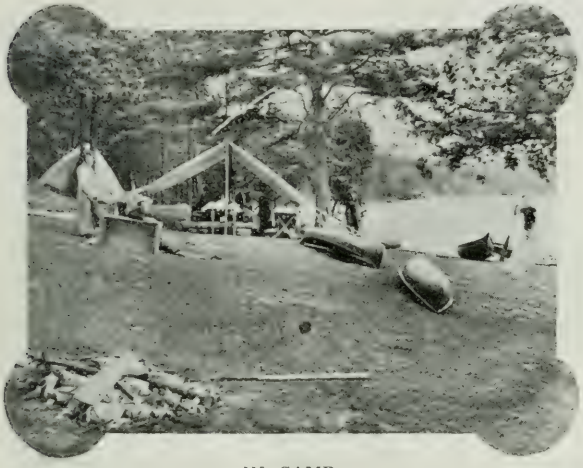
WATER VIEW OF CAMP.

Next morning some of us were up in time to see the sun rise, something after four. We found ourselves just outside Smith's Falls, at the entrance to the beautiful Poonamalee Cut. The steamer runs here through a winding artificial channel with rocky, cedar covered banks, which almost brush the steamer's side as we pass. Beyond this we entered an expanse of water, hundreds of acres in extent, thick with stumps, through which no outlet appears. Twisting here and there, we finally emerged on the Big Rideau.

To those who have visited it, the memory will always remain ; and to those who have not, no words would convey an adequate idea of the beauties on every hand. Campers were everywhere. After Big Rideau comes Little Rideau, the highest point between Ottawa and Kingston ; and at the extreme end of it is Newboro, where we pass through a short canal and a couple of locks into Newboro or Mud Lake. This is a particularly pretty lake. At the west end is the Devil's Elbow, a pretty spot where the boat takes a turn of more than a right angle in about a hundred yards, opening into a passage into Clear Lake. At the other side of Clear Lake, our worldly possessions were dumped on a ferry scow, and with three cheers and a tiger, we bid farewell to the "Queen," and camping life began.

Rather than carry our goods the quarter mile to our final stopping place, we pressed the scow into service to transport our baggage ; and presto : doctor, lawyer, merchant and thief poled. Everybody turned in and by early afternoon the tents were up, and we began to enjoy camp life. We pitched our dining tent under a big pine ; near it was the "grub" and cooking tent, where Joe, our cook, performed miracles in the shape of pancakes, fried fish and Johnny cake. The sleeping tents were pitched a hundred yards apart on the higher ground, under the oaks

and pines. Hammocks, which could tell a whole lot, were slung down by the lake under cedars and oaks.



IN CAMP.

To tell the story of the two weeks and a half camp would take the pen of a Dickens and a Mark Twain combined. All camps they say are more or less alike, but to us at least there was only one. The club's name was "As You Like It," and that was the note everyone tuned to. (By the way a crowd, of Philistines from Chaffey's Locks, passing by one night, insisted that it should be "Much Ado About Nothing.)

Everyone did what they liked, whenever they felt like it. Some of us got up early. Some didn't. The former had the advantage of some of the most beautiful sunrises imaginable. The sunsets also were very fine. During the two weeks we were in camp, we only had rain three times, and two of the down-pours were during the night.

We spent our time in various ways. One day the whole crowd went up to Jones' Falls in canoes, a paddle in all of about seventeen miles. We crossed several lakes on the way, studded with islands; just waiting for campers. On another occasion, we paddled around the island we were on, crossing on the way, Indian Lake, Mosquito, Moon, Newboro, and Clear lakes. On this trip we had rather an exciting time in trying to get a short cut home. We paddled through about three-quarters of a mile of stumps, some out of the water, and a great many just out of sight under water. On all these jaunts, choosing the right channel was always something of a task, and caused much amusement at the expense of the guides.

On several days the lakes were quite rough, and though the timid ones hestitated at first they had to give in to the fascination of leaping from wave to wave in the canoes. The evenings were spentusually around a huge bonfire, singing, or listening to the gramophone, and enjoying the fresh air and the perfect moonlight. One evening the "Boys" entertained the "Girls" and a week later there was a return match, both of which events were much enjoyed.

There was a lot of fishing done, though the catch, except for pike (which of course don't count,) was small. A *very* large number got away. The residents claimed however, that this has been the poorest fishing summer for years. Our shooting was limited to potting a few loons with a couple of 22's.

A NICE LUNCHEON PARTY.

AROUND THE CAMP FIRE AT NIGHT.

very enjoyable. We arrived home safe and sound with the consoling thought that in a little less than a year we would be back again.

In the meantime we have the memories of a glorious holiday as we have ever spent, and coupled with these bright reminisences are brilliant anticipations of similar outings. Every one who thus indulges is a convert to the pastime and once a camper always a camper is a proverb that holds good to the last. The fascinations are so strong and the advantages that follow such an outing so great that it is no wonder the number of campers grow with each year.

All too soon came the day for breaking camp, and it harmonized nicely with our feelings ; for all morning clouds hovered around, and rain threatened. After we were all packed our transport section almost failed us; a nearby farmer had promised to come over for our settlers' effects and within an hour of boat-time he was found out chasing flies off the alfalfa crop. However in due time we made the Queen, and set off for the Capital. Except for a heavy wind and rain storm on the Little Rideau, the trip back was uneventful, though

A LUNCH AWAY FROM CAMP ON THE WAY TO JONES' FALLS

Under the presidency of Mr. John Hallam, of the John Hallam Company, the manufacturing and importing furriers of Toronto, held a anquet at the Cosmopolitan Club the evening succeeding Christmas Day. Mr. Charles Weiksler, of the Raw Fur Commission, predicted that during the present year raw furs will increase in price from thirty to seventy per cent, the cause being due to scarcity, the winter's collection being one third less than last year. The different firms represented were John Hallam & Co., Rosen & Hartman, M. Hartman & Co., A Levine & Co., A. Hartman & Co., Hiltz & Geller, the Reliable Fur Co., Hanich & Witken, H. Krehm & Co., Otto Donatt, S. Burnstein, H. Draimin & Co., S. Kramer, and Fenester & Co, of Montreal, who will open a branch in Toronto.

Dogs For Sport and Show.

BY R. CLAPHAM.

AT the present day, when almost every town and village has the craze for dog-shows, do we find that practical working strains have been in any way improved by these shows? From a sportsman's point of view, the answer to this is a most decided "No!" and to anyone who has the least knowledge of what genuine working dogs should be, the dog shows and the specimens on exhibition are of not the slightest interest.

Dog shows naturally bring forward dogs which have been bred to a certain type and to keep this type, in-breeding has been heavily resorted to, and working qualities in those breeds once used for sport, have been utterly neglected in favour of looks, show conformation, and other useless points which may look very pretty on the bench, but are, in the eye of the true sportsman, simply points to be utterly ignored as useless.

As regards the non-sporting breeds, dog-shows can do no harm, and for those who care to breed monstrosities, such as pugs, bull dogs and others of like ilk, the shows are a form of amusement to be encouraged.

With the exception of fox hounds and harriers, most other sporting breeds have become affected by contact with the show-ring.

Setters, pointers, retrievers, spaniels, and especially fox-terriers, have as a whole, gone back as regards working qualities, instead of coming forward. This is an accepted fact by those who know the value of practical working strains, both in England as well as Canada and the States, and we have only to attend some of the big dog-shows, to enable us to judge for ourselves.

Only recently, in England, the Exhibitors' Stake has been cut out from the Field Trials, and the reason for this is not far to seek.

I know that more than one exhibitor of pointers and setters, and especially the latter, have been living in hopes of seeing the show-dog's stud patronized by field-trial dog owners, to the supposedly great improvement of the breed as a whole.

It is a fact that show judges will not look at dogs which show evidences of work; naturally therefore it follows that when this state of affair has been going on for the last twenty or thirty years, as it undoubtedly has, the pedigrees of show-dogs are not only not guarantees of sporting instinct, but complete assurance that the ancestors have not been practical workers for the whole of that time.

To the sportsmen, the pedigrees of show-dogs are purely and simply so many names conveying to him nothing whatever that he may wish to know, whereas the pedigrees of field-trial dogs are names conveying to him the assurance that every generation were workers, and it is just these workers for which a sportsman can find practical use.

When we come to carefully investigate, we find that the show-dogs of today trace back to the culls and drafts of working kennels thirty years or more ago. The field trial winners have pedigrees quite as well kept, tracing back through practical working winners all the time to the very best workers of the early sixties and seventies, on every side of their pedigrees. Show-dogs have lost their natural race aptitude for work, and the field trial men know this, for unless one of these dogs can show relationship to very recent field-trial pedigree he finds not the slightest favour in the eyes of a sportsman; and the owners of these show setters especially cannot produce such pedigrees.

Many show fanciers will tell you that it is only lack of opportunity for working and being broken that prevents show-dogs being any good at public field trials, but this is not so, for to get to the root of the evil we must go back far deeper than this to find the true cause.

Many men have worked their show type setters at these trials, but as working dogs they have proved an utter failure, and by the sportsmen dog-owners

they are looked upon as merely in the way. Anyone who remembers the old working types of the sixties would as soon claim relationship for his dog to the modern show type as he would to a lady's pet poodle. Retrievers have not been so ruthlessly bred for show purposes as have the setters and pointers, yet we have only to follow the doings of the Retriever Society to find that the dogs are lacking in that most necessary commodity i. e. nose, and that even amongst the retrievers looks are beginning to receive more attention than practical working qualities.

Of all the dogs, however which were once kept purely for sport and work, we find the greatest decline of these good qualities in the various breeds of terriers.

The fox-terriers, Dandy-Dinmonts, Scotch and Irish terriers, have all more or less lost their natural instinct as workers except in the very few present day kennels where breeding for these desirable qualities has been judiciously and carefully attended to.

Terriers were at first ostensibly bred and used for underground work in the bolting of fox, otter, and badger from their strongholds, and at such work they excelled.

At the average show nowadays, if you inspect the terrier classes, you will not find a dog or bitch that is the very least atom of use as a practical worker. Brains, constitution, and courage, three very necessary essentials in a working terrier, are all more or less wanting in the present day examples which grace the show benches.

We find fox-terriers with what the judges describe as a long and punishing jaw, supposed by the ignorant to be a point of excellence, whereas in truth it is exactly the opposite.

To prove this, let us look at the animals which these breeds are, or rather were, accustomed to dislodge from their subterranean retreats.

The fox has a somewhat long and narrow jaw, but his lute is not nearly so deadly as that of either the otter or badger, both of which have short, puggy heads with extremely powerful jaws.

In breeding terriers for this underground work, it is better to copy the short powerful shape of the otter or badger's head, than that of the fox, and anyone who has had any practical experience with terriers knows this full well.

During many years sport with hounds and otherwise, I have had opportunities of seeing practical working terriers as well as show specimens of this breed, put to the test when in the field, and in not a single case can I remember a show dog even proving to be worth his keep when tried out at underground work.

They have lost their natural instinct as workers, and have been bred in an entirely wrong shape to do good work below ground, to say nothing of lack of constitution and courage which are qualities without which a working terrier is useless.

I have seen the proud owner of one of these show brutes, bring him forward when out with other hounds and offer to bolt an otter from his lair under a willow root or in some long and twisting drain which emptied on the river, and I have seen the highly pedigreed animal bark and dance around or disappear, only to instantly return, fearful of the dark hole, while his owner frantically "sicked" him on, or made voluble excuses for his being "out of form" or some other such rot. In such cases, the kennel terriers usually did the work quickly and well, for they were bred for work and not for show. The one and only rule as regards fox terriers, Scottish or others of this breed, is to mate workers with workers, if you wish to get results which will be of use to you.

Breed a good looking dog to a good looking bitch provided both are workers, but on no account sacrifice one iota of working qualities in order to gain in appearance.

Get workers to begin with, then such details as coat, and pleasing appearance can be added later, always bearing in mind, however, that working qualities are the main points to see to above everything else.

One exception amongst the terriers now shown on the bench, as far as courage and working qualities are concerned, is the Bedlington. This breed is yet full of courage and has brains, and

let us hope they will not go the way of the average show dog and finally lose these necessary qualities.

To the real sportsman it is no pleasure to be the possessor of a pedigreed brute which will enable him to fill his house with silver mugs and medals, unless the animal is a practical worker in the field, and unfortunately, at the present day, show bench ideas are absolutely at variance with those which tend to produce useful and hard working companions, which are a pleasure as well as of the greatest assistance to their owners in the matter of sport.

The Instinct of Root and Branch.

BY CHARLES CAMERON.

WITH almost human intelligence the roots of trees perform their work. As feeders to the stalwart tree they never cease their persistent activity. Reaching out in every direction in search of congenial soil, they pass nothing by that is well suited to the nourishment of the tree of which they are a part. A tiny fibrous root will reach a decaying log far removed from parent tree,—and we wonder what led it there—and will follow the grain of the rotting log for many yards sending out needle like feelers here and there as if to continue the search.

Often a vigorous looking tree is seen standing on the face of a rock and close observation is required to see how its life and vitality is sustained. But its roots have reached some crevice, and have forced themselves in farther and farther until they have reached soil and moisture, and have skilfully adjusted themselves to the paths they have been required to follow.

Those who traverse the forests not infrequently see trees tall, vigorous and often two and three feet in diameter standing on the top of immense boulders, with roots like cables extending outward and down the sides of the rock to the ground, the roots apparently grasping the boulder as the fingers of the hand extend over a ball to grasp it when on the ground. How the tree came to be perched on a rock at first view seems strange, but the explanation is not hard to find. A seed falls or a cone or acorn drops among some decaying leaves or in moss on the top of the boulder and the future tree is planted. When warmth and moisture make conditions favorable the tiny tree springs into life and finds ample soil to sustain its early needs. Its roots at once begin their search for wider fields of sustenance, and if by chance a crack or seam is found its resources are investigated thoroughly. All over the face of the rock they go, then downward, until finally a thread-like root, perhaps no larger than a needle, reaches mother earth and the victory is won. Growth will be more rapid now and roots on every side will find the soil, and the size and vigor of the tree will not be lessened because it is placed upon a pedestal.

The branches also show that they do not grow hap-hazard from the tree. They ever incline toward the sunlight and warmth in the air above, as the roots search for and follow the most congenial soil in the earth below. Forest trees standing on the bank of a river or stream probably give us the best illustration. It is curious to note the larger and longer branches reaching out over the water, and the seemingly greater health and vigor of these branches as compared with those on the forest side, proves that the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom cannot very well have too much sunlight and air.

It is often observed in passing along the wooded banks of rivers and lakes that the trees have fallen toward or in the water; and the reason is easily found in the fact that the weight of the larger branches on the water side makes it impossible for them to fall in any other direction. Often a branch turns completely about and points in the opposite direction from which it started, in order that it may project itself toward and over the water, so strongly is the inanimate branch attracted by the same element that appeal so strongly to all animate life, air, light, freedom.

Some Old Time Reminiscences of Old Ontario.

BY JAMES E ORR.

THE mighty changes that have taken place in old Ontario during the life time of some of those now living is well illustrated in the reminiscences of my old friend, Mr. James Munro. He was one of the early pioneers of Elgin county and assisted to clear the land, redeeming it from the forest primeval to the beautiful farming territory it has now become. The chopping, logging, and burning of his early days have given place to steady agriculture to the gain of the whole country. In those days wild animals roamed the forest in great numbers and he remembers his parents telling, around the winter fire, details of the following incident which occurred only a little south and east of Fingal :

Amongst the early settlers who had to hew out homes for themselves in the wilderness were several young married people. One September afternoon the young wife of one of these settlers went to pay a social visit to a friend, who was likewise the young wife of another pioneer endeavoring to make a home in the recesses of the far reaching forest.

After a pleasant afternoon together the time came when prudence dictated departure. The visitor, however, not often finding it possible to pass hours in company, lingered until the shades of evening compelled her to set out for her home. The road had only just been chopped out of the bush and in the gathering darkness presented a gloomy appearance.

Perhaps in very few places throughout the Dominion of Canada today could wild animals be found as numerous and as savage as in old Ontario a century ago. Over a long mile of the stumpy highway the young wife had to go to reach her home. Every step was accompanied by the howling and hooting of wild beasts and birds through the ravines and in tree tops.

The young woman felt she could bear it no longer and began to shout, hoping she would be answered by her husband who she expected would have set out to meet her. Her cries were answered both by him and also a ferocious panther, the North American jaguar. These animals were the most persistent and relentless foes against which the new settlers had to contend. A pig or a sheep, and occasionally a larger animal, easily fell a prey to one of them. They were strong and destructive and possessed many of the watchful traits of the cat to which family they properly belong.

The panther's cries were similar to those of a human being, and without distinguishing between those of her husband and the wild animal she advanced eagerly, trusting to find safety in her husband's company. In a few moments she was under the tree along one of the branches of which the animal was lying. Without warning the animal dropped by her side, seized her and attempted to climb the tree with his terrified victim. The husband, hurrying forward, reached the tree a minute later.

Surprised by the sudden appearance of the man, the panther ceased further efforts and glared at the new comer. In those days settlers rarely went abroad without their weapons and the husband had his rifle with him. In the sudden emergency with which he was faced he knew not what to do. He appealed to his wife as to whether he should shoot or not. Her answer was prompt and decisive : "Shoot, shoot, even if you hit me it will save me from suffering !"

No rifle was ever raised under more trying circumstances. By the aid of the early moonlight, a slow but sure aim was taken straight for the glistening eyes, and with a prayer for success, the shot was fired. The animal fell dead, and the woman tenderly carried home by her husband and carefully tended by sympathizing neighbours, recovered, although she suffered long from the great shock she had received.

Many a time on winter nights, Mr. Munro recalls looking out of the window of the little log house and seeing three or four bears around the wood pile. They would pick up peelings or other refuse

thrown out during the day. On a few occasions when he was particularly venturesome he picked up fire brands from the big open fireplace and threw them at the animals. The bears came from west and north of his father's place where the woods extended unbroken for miles and where bears were largely undisturbed. It was one of the pleasures of his boyhood to watch these animals go through many antics, wrestling and playing, and often cuffing each other. Sometimes the wolves would appear at the same time and there would be hot quarrels over the peelings, the bears generally coming out victorious in the end.

"As a protection against bears and other wild animals we had built a very high pig pen out of logs. It appeared to us that we had planned a most effectual scheme against any inroads of our enemies but this one certainly failed. About ten o'clock one night there was a tremendous commotion in the pig pen. We ran out and proceeded to investigate when we found a fine fat pig missing. While we were thus engaged we heard squealing and were speedily on the track. We had not gone far in the direction from which the noise came when we saw a big bear hurrying towards the woods, much hampered by his endeavours to carry our pig with him. Occasionally he would cuff the pig to make him quiet, but resenting such treatment piggy only squealed the more.

"The hue and cry being thus raised we all joined in the chase, including the dogs. Father, who had snatched up a big fence stake, was leading, but we were close behind. The dogs constantly nipped the bear's legs and hind quarters and soon he was glad to drop the pig and escape to the woods. Instead of going to bed as usual we had to heat water and dress the pig for home use. We found upon examination that the bear's claws had penetrated to the pig's heart. How could it be otherwise when that pig was bodily lifted over a log wall eight feet high — a feat that could only be performed with difficulty by three strong men.

"Some months after this as I was returning home on a dark night I came plump on a bear sitting by the road side. Not only did my hair raise on ends but my heart pulsated with such velocity that I wondered it did not jump out of my mouth. I did not linger along that roadside but started for home at top speed and reaching it safely took care to remain at home at nightfall for many years.

"At nights wolves came out of the woods in large packs and were very destructive to our sheep. Many were wounded and even killed by them and above all they dearly loved the little lambs in the spring time. It was necessary to secure the sheep safely at night for it was then the wolves would get in their work in earnest.

"Often have I watched the wolves from the little window of our log cabin as they would come snapping and snarling around. On those winter evenings I was a student of natural history unaided by books, noting the habits of the wild animals as they came free from their forest homes. While I consider wolves the most mean and treacherous of all wild animals they formed an interesting study.

"When they saw me at the window they would come quite close and snap at me. In color the grizzly grey predominated, a few were jet black, and some spotted, though the leader was invariably an old white fellow. They were extremely active in their movements and much like dogs, often wrestling with each other. With sparkling eyes, erect ears and tails nicely curled over their backs they presented appearances which will live in my recollection as long as memory is left to me.

"When I threw fire brands at them the whole drove would scamper away, for perhaps fifty rods and there making a stand would howl for reinforcements. The wolves further off would answer them and the united gangs would return more savage than ever. The constant onslaughts of hunters, spurred on by the bounty the Government offered for their scalps, eventually rid the county of these useless pests.

"I never saw a rattlesnake in a wild state though my brother and myself once killed a monstrous black one. We were chopping on the flats of a creek when we saw it swaying towards us with head

erect and tongue extended. My brother jumped behind a tree and as the snake came along he cut its head clean off with the axe. The snake, minus its head, coiled up in a round bundle and rolled around and around, seemingly in search of its enemies. Even headless it would have wound round our legs and perhaps have broken them.

"Chopping was started early in the fall and continued all winter. On many occasions when we went to work in the early morning we found deer browsing among the tender limbs. All day they would keep near us and appeared very little disturbed by our intrusion on their breeding grounds. Often we caught and petted them though we had to be careful as they could cut with their hoofs just about as slick as a man with a jack-knife.

"In those days great flocks of wild turkeys and wild geese used to fly and roam around. While I was not much of a hunter, I caught many of them by trapping. One of our neighbours was a fine shot and used to find the roosting places of the turkeys. By visiting them early in the morning with his gun he used to bring home as many as half a dozen beautiful big bronze birds.

"There were big times at the old logging bees. Men who were expert at the work, would come from many miles around and the logs would be piled together in a hurry. I owned a dandy yoke of oxen, "Buck and Bright," big spotted fellows, that had been carefully broken when young and often went with them to such bees. While my chainman would be hooking the chain I held the whip in front of the oxen. When I removed it, off they would go and it made no matter how big the log was. In this way the land was soon cleared and many acres of as fine timber as the world ever saw went up in smoke !

"To race through our work was a common occurrence, and I remember one of these races very well indeed. On that occasion I had six sturdy men as rollers and an expert chainman, while I kept the oxen hustling. Often as I would go to hook on to some good sized log the rollers would shout,"Go on, go on, we'll attend to that one !" and they would—picking up the log and throwing it on the pile even though it weighed half a ton. In this manner we gained the lead on our opponents, making the driver of their oxen so mad that he mounted a stump and sat there, virtually giving up the contest. Ten acres were logged up that day, and at night fall we were a tired lot, dirty almost beyond recognition and quite ready for the bountiful supper which the ladies had provided.

"The exciting times of '37 and '38 are remembered by me as well as yesterday. A couple of officers arrived one day from St. Thomas and asked my father to go with them. He was engaged in chopping at the time, and throwing his axe to one side and bidding wife and children "good bye," he went off, to fight,if need be, in defence of his country. With many others he remained at St. Thomas for several months, attending daily drills and preparing for a call at any time. In a few months the threatening troubles were settled and my father returned home with quite a soldierly bearing.

"I also remember the stage coaches running between London and Port Stanley. They were splendidly horsed with three teams each, the changes being made at Talbotville. Often have I watched the smart performance of the changing of the horses and admired both the animals and the quick work of the men in charge. The drivers were experts with the lines and able to knock a fly off the farthest horse with their whips.

"These old time reminiscences may enable readers to have some idea of how very far we have travelled in Old Ontario in the course of a century."

How Fagan Spoiled Our Fishing Trip.

BY D. W. MCLEOD

THE time was June of the year 1900 and I was at my old home at Glengarry, Pictou, N. S., renewing acquaintances. Three of us agreed to take a fishing trip to the Fifteen Mile stream, and with the help of a good horse named Fagan we made a start on a fine morning about the middle of the month. While our horse was a good one he had his faults, chief of which was that he cut short our trip.

By four o'clock in the morning we set out, for we had thirty-six miles ahead of us. So fine was it above our heads that we believed it would last for months and took about as many clothes as if we had been going to one of the old-fashioned bazaars in July.

For twelve miles the road was good and fair time was made. When, however, we turned off the main road and proceeded in the direction of the stream, things took a sudden change, and instead of making five miles an hour the pace was cut down to three. The road was also so rough that two of us had to walk for the greater part of the way.

When we reached the point where the Langley River crosses the road we stopped to have dinner. John W. looked after Fagan, Alex. did the cooking, while I took my rod and caught eight trout before Alex. was prepared to cook them. As our breakfast was pretty well gone we made a hearty meal and after a long rest of an hour and a half we started on again.

At two in the afternoon the clouds began to gather, and by three o'clock, when we had passed the hardwood ridges and were out on an open plain, the storm broke and we experienced one of the worst thunder storms it was ever my fortune to see. First the rain fell in torrents, then the hail came till the ground was white, and after that cold, drizzling rain continued to keep us in a condition of great discomfort. When the storm broke I was driving and Alex. and John were walking. Our blankets were used to cover our provisions and there seemed nothing for us miserable mortals to do but push on to the mines. This meant six miles further than we had intended to go, a rougher road ahead of us, and Fagan getting a little tired.

Before leaving home we had planned to visit Grassy Lake, about half a mile off the main road and six miles on the home side of the mines. This being our first trip on the road we had a plan made on a piece of wrapping paper, drawn by our friend, Mr. John McKay. According to the plan, when we got near the trail to the lake there were two large trees bending over the road, and half a mile further a big pine stump with a flat stone turned up to it. Next we must cross a bridge about ten feet high, a mile past the trail. As a matter of fact we didn't look for anything until we struck the bridge and then we knew we had six miles more to go.

Cold, wet and hungry we reached the mines a little after eight o'clock. Alex. and John looked after the horse, while I went into the boarding house to order supper. To my disgust I found there was no supper to be obtained as the mine had been closed for a few years. Only a week previously men had been sent out to sink a new shaft and most of them had had little supper themselves owing to the non-arrival of their supplies. I went out to the barn and consulted Alex. and John. All three agreed that it would be better not to open up our provisions that night. The boys did the best they could for us. As soon as we got dry we turned in, one of the boys allowing me to share his bed and John and Alex. bunking on some benches beside the stove.

The morning broke as fine as the one on which we left home. We harnessed up and drove back to the river. While John attended to the horse and Alex. kindled a fire I went fishing and in less than half an hour caught ten nice trout. I don't think we ever needed a breakfast more than we did that morning. We

had potatoes, ham and eggs and trout and finished up with more trout. While thus enjoying ourselves a man came into our camp and told us a shaft was being sunk about two hundred yards further down the river.

As we all knew something about mining we decided to go and see the work. Accordingly, after first spreading our blankets on the bushes to dry, we visited the new shaft. To my surprise I found old friends at work—two of the Macdonald boys from Truro. Both John and Alex. had mined in the Black Hills for years and one of the men engaged in the shaft had likewise had similar experience. We could not leave them at once and talk over old times kept us till after dinner.

In the afternoon we started for Grassy Lake and when we reached the old stump and flat stone we looked for the trail and soon found it. Alex. went ahead, John drove Fagan, while I brought up the rear to see that nothing was lost. It was still early afternoon when we reached the lake and our troubles with Fagan began. Apparently he became lonesome and homesick. He declined to eat his hay in the morning, took a very long time over his oats at noon, and at the lake we had to tie him with all the ropes we could find to prevent him from heading for home.

After our exertions in getting in we took tea at three o'clock and then fished in the pools till dark. We caught over fifty, twenty weighing two pounds each. That night we made our bed under the wagon and would have enjoyed a capital night's rest had it not been for some wild cats on the other side of the river who indulged at intervals throughout the night in certain strong arguments.

Five o'clock saw us up and ready for our fishing. John and I took our rods and caught a dozen trout. When we returned at half past six Alex had breakfast. He had cooked potatoes, trout, ham and eggs galore and when asked the reason for such extravagance told us we must return home a day earlier than we had arranged. Fagan was still "off his feed; refused to eat his oats," Alex said, and added: "We had better start for home today because if we stay longer he will get weaker and not be able to take us home."

We did our best to put away that bountiful breakfast and immediately afterwards started for home. Our troubles however were by no means ended. When we reached the Langley River it started raining again and came down in torrents. We used our blankets for coats but without keeping out the rain. We decided to stop at the first vacant house in the settlement but it proved a long drive before we arrived at such a place.

At length, however, we did find what we sought. Fagan was taken to the barn and as his appetite was returning with the prospect of getting home he made a good meal. Prying the boards off a window and opening it we managed to get in. There was an old fire place but we were so numb with cold that it was all we could do to make a fire. When we did get a blaze and impart a little warmth to our chilled bodies, Alex cooked another meal and we sat round the fire till our fuel was exhausted. Rested and refreshed we made another attempt to reach home and managed to arrive there at seven o'clock in the evening.

Nowithstanding all the drawbacks of this trip we found ourselves so much benefitted in health that we have never missed a year making a similar trip. The chief sinner, Fagan, found it his last trip for we disposed of him shortly afterwards for $140. When we made the trip the following year we had so far gained by our experience that we took a team and our outfit consisted of a wagon made to order, boat, tent, blankets, oil coats, hip boots, stove, provision box and all cooking utensils needed for a two week's outing.

Thompson's Windfall

BY REV. ANDREW MURDOCH, M. A., LL. D.

TO begin with I never knew why it was called "Thompson's Windfall." So far as I could learn from the oldest settler, no person of that name had ever resided in that part of Lanark County, Ont. Nor could I find out why it was called a windfall at all. It was simply a wedge of broken, rocky land driven in between a fairly well settled and cultivated region and the margin of a lonely lake. The point of the wedge terminated about two miles west of my boyhood home, and in early times a well defined runway led from the windfall down to our sugar bush, where it was stopped by a marsh bordering on the Fall River.

The end of the wedge was about half a mile wide, but grew rapidly wider to the west, and was bounded on either side by a beaver meadow from which the beavers had long been exterminated. On the south side much of the meadow had grown up with small Tamaracks, Cedars and Birches, affording an ideal cover for game. The Windfall itself was also covered with second growth, Pines, Hemlocks and Poplars, with some trees of larger growth, but was singularly free from fallen timber. I remember that a clump of tall pines was the nesting place of a colony of Blue Herons. It is strange that these birds, depending as they do on streams and lakes for the supply of food both for themselves and their young, always build their nest at some distance from the water.

Thompson's Windfall had been a favorite hunting ground for fifty years before my time; but there were no hounds within ten miles, and farmers had not then begun to keep wolfish Collies. Wolves had been exterminated; and despite the absence of game laws, and the fact that from July or August till January any one could kill all the deer he chose, yet they multiplied and flourished. One day in July, I remember that five deer strayed down the run way and spent the afternoon in our hay field: an old doe with her two spotted fawns, and her two fawns of the previous summer, now well-grown slick little fellows. They were not molested and departed in peace.

And speaking of wolves reminds me that on one of my first raids into Thompson's Windfall I came across a wolf pen still in a state good of preservation. It was built close against a steep rock; built of logs perhaps ten feet square at the bottom but quickly narrowing towards the top, where the opening would be about six feet. Then poles were laid from the rock to the top of the pen. This had no doubt been baited with the offal of a deer. The wolf could easily jump down but once down he was caught.

And speaking of wolves and their wonderful ferocity and destructiveness as reported in the Rod and Gun, (I take a good many of these tales *cum grano salis*) I have wondered why no effort is made to catch these marauders as the hunters of sixty years ago did in Thompson's Windfall. There is a friend of mine still living in Vittoria, Norfolk County, who told me how his father and brothers caught wolves in early times by a very simple method. His father was a noted hunter, and both wolves and deer, as well as wild turkeys were very numerous. This is the way he caught wolves: Near their haunts he dug a pit about four feet by ten, and of sufficient depth to prevent a wolf from springing out. The earth was carefully removed, and a log pen built around the pit to the height of three or four feet. Then the mouth of the pit was covered with a light screen of brush, usually Hemlock boughs; and, supported by a stick, a deer's head was placed as bait. The prowling wolf soon smelt the bait; and no doubt so long as there remained any taint of man, would circle round without approaching too near. But by and by hunger would overcome caution, and the wolf would leap upon the log pen to take a look. There was the tempting bait right under his nose. What simpler than to jump down and seize it? But the moment he jumped his momentum carried him through the light

screen of boughs, and he found himself in the bottom of the pit. My friend told me that in his younger days he had visited such a pit when it contained as many as three wolves.

I remember two men especially who, when I was a boy, hunted in Thompson's Windfall. As both have long since passed away I may mention their names. One was Jake Boulton. He had come from one of the middle States and had brought with him one of the few rifles owned in the settlement. It was very heavy (I often wonder why they made them so heavy) and carried a ball 90 round to the pound. He was a kindly, quiet man, and a great favorite with the school children. He was a miller, and sometimes he would open the wheel-house door and let us see the huge wheel slowly revolving as the water pressed against its broad buckets.

He always took a day or two off in the fall, especially when the first snow came, and seldom failed to drag home a deer behind him from Thompson's Windfall.

Another famous hunter and trapper too, was William Glendenning. A good man he was and a kind neighbor; and he took more deer out of Thompson's Windfall than any one else. He was a still hunter, and an accomplished woodman. But he had a little black and white dog that he always took with him when he went to bring home his game. That dog was endowed with something very much akin to reason. One day his master had been up in the Windfall and had killed a very large buck. He hung it up and decided to get it home the next day. When Mr. Glendenning came of course the dog was there to greet him; and immediately disappeared. Next morning he was still missing. But when his master with a friend to help him reached the buck there was the dog curled up beside the game. He had discovered at once by the scent on his master's clothes that he had left a deer in the woods, and knew that he ought to be there to guard it till his master's return; so he had taken the back track and found the deer. One day in the woods his master got down on his hands and knees to drink at a spring. The dog, evidently fearing that his master might fall in, seized him by the skirt of his shooting jacket and held on for dear life! No wonder he was a favorite.

But I started to tell the readers of Rod and Gun about Thompson's Windfall.

The time came when I had to leave home and prepare to get through college the best I could. Times were very different then from now. Money was hard to get, and the men of today know nothing of the difficulties in the way of a college education fifty years ago. I left Thompson's Windfall well stocked with deer; in fact they had overflowed into every little swamp and pocket of broken land around. I was teaching school near Smith's Falls, some thirty miles away. But you may be sure I got home as often as I could to have a run in the woods.

One day, I remember it was the 6th of October, I spent a Saturday holiday at home and of course made for Thompson's Windfall. I did not get there, however, for on the way up and close to its edge I ran on to one of the biggest bucks I ever shot and dropped him. Of course I told of this when I went back on Monday to my school. Now it so happened that I was boarding with a family where the two brothers were fond of hunting. They kept a pair of well trained hounds, and had cleared out all the deer from the broken land and swamps south of Rideau Lake. The younger brother immediately proposed that, along towards the end of October, he should drive me up and have a day or two after deer. In my innocence I gladly consented. By working overtime I managed to get two holidays, Friday and Saturday in one week. So one Thursday afternoon we drove away, he taking with him a pretty little hound. We reached my home about ten o'clock, and next morning bright and early, and in high spirits, we were headed for Thompson's Windfall. Now among the attractions for deer afforded by the Windfall, besides shelter and food, was a saline spring called by the natives "The Spaw Well," at the head of the south beaver meadow. Here the deer came in numbers to drink. and the soft, black soil was cut up with their tracks. We struck Thompson's Windfall at the east end of this meadow, and about half a mile from

the Sqaw Well. Here we held a council of war; and incidentally loaded our guns.

Now my friend's rifle was a wonder. Nothing like it, I think, ever existed in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. To quote what a well known character told John Lennox about his first horse : "I give fifteen dollars fer him, an' if he wa'n't a dandy you needn't pay me a cent" To begin with it was the longest and slimmest rifle I ever saw. With the butt resting on the ground the muzzle reached the rim of my friend's hat; and he was by no means a small man. It was stocked all the way up, and carried one hundred and twenty round balls to the pound. What would our friends who go north with a gun that will carry a bullet two miles think of that as a deer gun ? But the crowning wonder of this rifle was its lock. It was a single barrel but a double shooter ! And this is how the trick was done. The rifle had been originally a flint lock, but changed to a cap-lock by screwing in a thimble which carried the nipple. This was repeated two inches further forward—another thimble and nipple. The regular hammer on the lock exploded the first cap in the usual way. But from the top of this hammer a small square steel bar, two inches long, welded on, projected to reach the second or forward nipple. On this bar a second and moveable hammer was fastened by means of a set screw which could be moved on to or off the second nipple as desired. When moved *off*, the first cap would be exploded by the first or regular hammer; when moved *on*, this movable hammer exploded the second or forward cap.

Now let us watch our friend load this wonderful gun. First a carefully measured charge of Curtis & Harvey's Diamond Dust powder is poured in, and the little pellet with its oiled deer skin patch is rammed home. The charge is so gauged that the first bullet serves as the breech for the second charge of powder, then the second bullet. The nipples are capped and the movable hammer made to rest on the forward nipple. Now my friend is ready for business and can fire two shots in quick succession.

I knew nothing about hunting with dogs. I did not know much about runways then ; but I had a dim idea that if I took the hound up to the other end of the meadow at the Squaw Well and came through the Tamaracks towards my friend there might be something doing. So off I set followed by the little hound. (Never thought to lead her.) Well, my friend fortunately knew all about runways, and as there was a likely ridge to the right, he made for that as soon as I left him. It was well he did. I had not gone half way to the Sqaw Well when the little hound put up her nose and made a dash for the swamp. In two minutes there was music by a full band, a whole family of deer smashing their way through the thicket, and the very echoes ringing with the music of the hound. She took the bunch straight north. But the buck played a trick that nine out of ten bucks will play under similar circumstances; he ran with the others a few hundred yards, then gave a mighty leap to one side, and came sailing down the top of the ridge just as my friend began to climb the hill. I heard the old wonder go off, sounding as if a cap had snapped, and when I got back to the top of the ridge there lay a fine buck shot plumb through the heart, and shot on the dead run. Well, that was good enough; less than an hour in the woods and here lay a fine buck. The little hound soon returned; but we did not try another run that day, but spent the afternoon in getting home our deer.

Next day was Saturday, and as we had to get back to Smith's Falls that evening, we had time only for a morning hunt. I knew of a nice little pocket between a swamp and a beaver meadow just across the Mississippi, which always held deer; so we decided to go there. We crossed the river at Playerville, turning east along the bank till we came to the swamp. Here I knew where the runway was located, as in still hunting I had always found deer to come out of the pocket at a certain point. Here I took my stand while my friend went round to the left through the swamp. In fifteen minutes the hunt began, and I soon saw a grey streak coming in my direction. I cannot now look back with pleasure to what followed. It was murder pure and simple. The big doe never saw me till I fired at twenty feet. Any duffer without a par-

ticle of skill or knowledge of woodscraft could kill a deer in that way. It seemed, however, to hot young blood alright at the time. The racket brought out a neighbor with his army musket to join in the hunt. But the hunt was over. However, he kindly lent us his canoe which landed us within half a mile of the house, and which we sent back by a messenger with a quarter of fat venison.

Well, this was luck; two morning hunts and two fine deer. We got back to Smith's Falls before dark, taking with us as much venison as we could carry. We put away our guns, and I supposed, to use the language of diplomacy, "the incident was closed."

But that is just where I fooled myself. The incident was not closed; in fact it was only begun. The Good Book tells us of a certain king of Judah who received a friendly visit from one of the kings of Assyria. To reciprocate his friendliness the king of Judah showed him round his palace, allowing him to see and admire all the fine things it contained. The result was that before long the Assyrians came back and swiped the whole thing! This proved to be my fix. I had disclosed to my friend the treasures of Thompson's Windfall, and along in November a waggon containing my friend (and his Wonder), his brother and two neighbors with their dogs left for Thompson's Windfall. The practised eyes of these experienced dog-hunters soon located the runways; the men were stationed, the hounds let loose, and the slaughter began. They brought home their wagon loaded. This was repeated the following season, and by this time my old hunting ground was ruined forever. That was not all: The natives had been taught an easy method by which to get deer, how simple it was to sit on a well defined pass and have a hound drive up a deer. They, too, caught the contagion. Hounds were procured. Every little pocket of swamp was cleaned out, until in a few years only a stray deer was left.

In October, 1906, I took a ramble over part of the old ground. It had changed but little, except that the cover had grown more dense, and the young trees had shot up to a surprising height. The splendid cover for game and especially for deer is still there; the Spaw Well still bubbles up among the Alders; the nests of the Blue Heron, deserted at this season of the year, still swung aloft among the swaying pines. But the deer are gone. After a long search I found one track,—that was of a fawn among the fallen leaves. But that was all. The glories of Thompson's Windfall have forever departed, or at least departed until new and better methods are pursued by Ontario hunters. The incident is finally closed.

Moral : If you know of any specially good thing, keep your mouth shut.

Mr. M. Dainard, a well known guide and prospector, of Golden, B. C. writes : "For some time I have been thinking how a way might be found to prevent hunters from making so much noise when travelling in the woods or over the rocks. In this part of the country, where rocks are so plentiful, the drawback of noise is particularly felt and is the cause of many failures by sportsmen to bag big game. For instance, a hunter crawling on to a mountain sheep, going as he thinks as quietly as possible, suddenly strikes a rock with his boots. The sound of the scraping of nails upon the rock causes the sheep or deer to bound away too quickly for a shot. All the sportsmen who come here have boots with big nails in them—of course for mountain climbing and under present conditions these are necessary. My point is—cannot we find a method by which boots can be made rough on the bottoms to prevent slipping and also soft enough to be almost noiseless—for instance a rubber sole roughened and fastened on with screws. I would like to see some rubber or boot manufacturer take this question up and see if it is not possible to make a boot in which a man could do some mountain climbing without continually making a noise on the rocks. There is surely some way out of this difficulty, and I should be glad if hunters in mountain districts would give their own experiences and views on this subject through the pages of Rod and Gun."

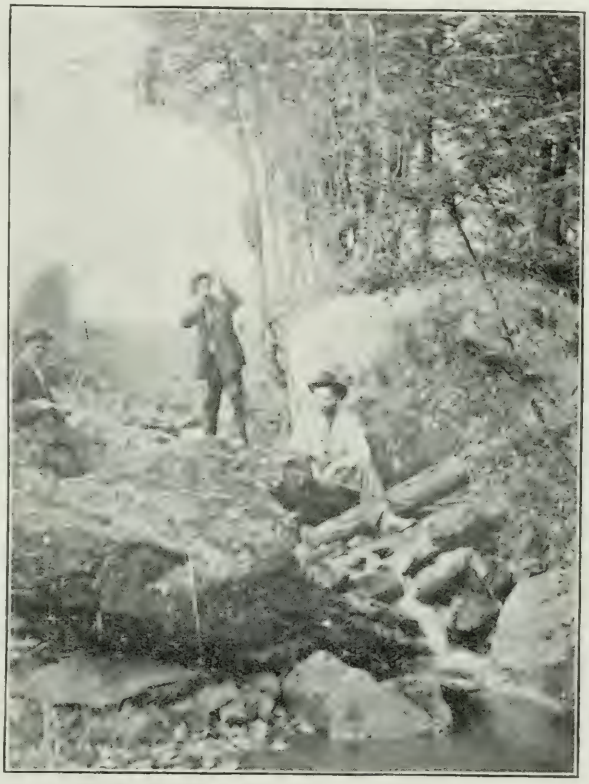
An Ideal Trout Stream.

OUR illustration shows an Ideal Trout Stream in the neighborhood of Sweetsburg, Que. The stream empties into the South Branch of the Yamaska River, and while the trout are not large in size there are plenty of them, upwards of fifty having been taken out in one day with two rods, and the same excellent sport being repeated a day or two afterwards.

In the winter the rod gives place to the gun and partridges and rabbits can then be obtained. There has yet to be recorded a day when the three shown in the picture returned empty handed after a day's shoot.

Of course it is a great advantage for sportsmen to have such groundsalmost at their doors, and it is incumbent upon them, as part of their responsibilities to see theseprivileges are not abused by any one. So long as the fishing and shooting are used in moderation there should be good sport for all, and such sport in the open air, with all the good fellowship it induces, is most healthful. It likewise lies up a store of pleasant reminiscences for future years without price. These form by no means the least of the sportsman's possessions and gain in value as the years go on.

Although there are many other places throughout the broad Dominion which present similar advantages (some people may think in a more generous measure) it is easy to understand how thoroughly the sportsmen of the neighborhood value both stream and bushland. They knew them well and in this case familiarity, instead of breeding contempt, deepens appreciation. Every turn of the stream and every woodland path posses their own particular beauties and the quiet pools and the thick underbrush are valued for the good sport afforded. When use for both rod and gun can be had in this way and summer and winter sport obtained, one can enter into the spirit of the local sportsmen who love and frequent the neighborhood in both seasons.



AN IDEAL TROUT STREAM.

NEAR SWEETSBURG, IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS OF THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

Those who in their own districts enjoy similar or even greater, advantages may well compliment their Sweetsburg brethern upon their privileges and express their confidence that these are used at all times with consideration for the future of the fish and game as well as of the present day sport.

The Return of the Hunters.

Some Notes and Incidents of the Last Deer Hunting Season.

THE last night in camp—accounts were run up, settlements effected and a general scurrying for lost articles indulged in. Rifles were oiled, taken down and placed in covers. Boots, duffle and the general collection on and about the stove were cleaned up in short order and the big room looked more habitable than at any time since our arrival. A respectable load of venison had gone into the Depot the night before and we and our baggage were to follow at daybreak. Around the big fire we recalled in a happy vein many incidents of the hunt and unanimously agreed that we had enjoyed our holiday, while our only regret was its ending too soon.

The season of '08 will be remembered for its ideal weather conditions and in most Districts a plentitude of Deer, perhaps we enjoyed better sport than some of our friends to the East and North as the bush fires of the summer undoubtedly drove many deer into our District, and our dogs had little difficulty in getting a start. We hunted only in the mornings and never had less than three and usually four or five runs. Some of them slipped by us of course and in many cases our fellows did some execrable shooting, it taking no less than seventeen shots on one occasion to stop a small doe that unguardedly attempted to cross the burnt rocks to the North of the Cadge road. Further back we have gone each season until our base is now some distance from the runways and tramps of three or four miles are necessary to intercept the fleet-footed deer who seemed to run where we wern't and return where we had been.

The nightly snow falls of an inch or so made track finding easy and furnished soft going for our dogs. They would otherwise, I fear, have suffered greatly from sore and bleeding feet. Our hounds ran splendidly and when well started we could hear them going great guns, hot on the trail, with canine chorus that sent the blood hustling through our veins in the expectation of a shot. Much has been said for and against the dog on deer, but to me the music of the hounds is just as pleasing as the flash of a flag or the crack of the rifle. Throw two thousand five hundred or so hunters into the Northern woods in the open season, forbid the dogs and you will have every moving object the target for a soft-nose. Methinks something besides venison would be shipped Southwards at the close of the season. Compare the number of men who hunt in Maine and Michigan—where dogs are forbidden—with those who go into the woods of Ontario and Quebec and you will find their casualty list outnumbers ours five to one. This in itself should be an ineradicable argument in favour of sane hunting with well trained dogs.

One of our neighbors shouldered his rifle and struck into the woods bound for a camp some four miles Northward in search of a lost dog. Through a country of steep hills, high rocks and dense underbrush, he was making his way slowly to the ridge above when upon having occasion to use his kerchief he whipped it out of his pocket with a flourish and at the same instant a rifle ball cut clean through a twig some eighteen inches from his shoulder. His surprise was great but his presence of mind was greater for he dropped flat and emitted a shout unmistakably human that informed the tenderfoot up above that it was a man and not a deer. This story being detailed to us, bandanas of red protruded from every pocket next morning and the white linens were reserved for the down trip.

With so many strange deer in our neighborhood our dogs had no easy work of it, and once by us, a clean unbroken country for five or six miles had to be traversed before they watered and many a weary dog came home long after nightfall. A good feed and a warm bed we gave them, and they were always ready and willing for the hunt next morning.

We alternated occasionally by still

hunting, thus giving our faithful canines a rest and our luck was about an even break in the different styles of hunting.

To successfully get deer, if using dogs, depends on many things but principally upon the man behind the gun. An acquaintance with the habits of deer is of great value and will serve to root him to the spot if the dogs get at all near, and to be ever on the alert for the sight of a wily red skin, who are often from ten to fifteen minutes ahead of the hounds. Sufficient men to cover the runways is very essential and you will regret the fast fading tonguing of the dogs when you realize he has crossed an uncovered runway. Then the ability to hit a reasonable sized mark with a rifle is unquestionably important. Into the woods in November go many fine fellows whose rifle shooting at most has been confined to the three for five gallery practise and they make sad errors of judgement when confronted with a two hundred pound buck at seventy-five yards with a Winchester 32 or a Savage .303 in their hands. The rifle clubs, of which there are many, who encourage the use of sporting rifles, offer many advantages to the novice, and a familiarity with just what his gun will do at ranges varying from fifty to three hundred yards is of incalculable benefit when he takes to the woods after deer.

The village Nimrod as a free-booter is in a class by himself. We lost several deer to these poachers who know the bush well and cut off your game at every opportunity. I came upon one on a certain morning, his back to a tree with his 45-90 at attention on the very runway I was hoping to cover and not three hundred yards from my stand. Following the runway up from the creek so that I might get some idea of where to expect my deer, I espied him all of a sudden, greeted him with a curt "Good morning" and asked him if he was aware that our dogs were put in on that side of the river and also informed him that I had had a pretty stiff three miles tramp to get to that particular spot. He replied that he supposed I didn't own the whole township and that it was his intention to peg any deer that he might come across whether in front of our dogs or not. I expostulated upon the rather unsportsmanlike view of the thing and explained that we had gone to considerable expense to get into the ground where we had hunted for six or seven years and while he was entitled to hunt where he liked, our dogs were not running their heads off for his benefit and if he wanted to hunt with us he must take an assigned runway and stick to it. His practised ear at that moment caught a welcome sound and he said he guessed I was right and he would be off on the other side of the creek. He left me whistling bravely and made off down the trail. I heard the hounds coming presently but ere the sound well reached me a rifle cracked and in a few minutes the dogs stopped. I judged it was my friend of a few moments ago for it sounded like a black powder gun of big bore. The beggar had simply swung around, cut in ahead of me and secured the deer. The following evening I was in at the village for the mail when I saw my man detailing with some interest to a coterie of hearers, just how he got the big buck. Drawing closer, his upturned face caught mine and at the same instant we both broke out into a loud laugh. "I say, pardner, that black and tan of yours is some deer dog aint he?" and he proceeded to detail how the big hound nearly ate him up when he attempted to take away the deer. He wasn't such a bad fellow after all though, for he offered me half of the venison and said he would leave it at the station. I declined to accept his offer and while pretty hot under the collar, I needs must make the best of it though I vowed to get even if I ever caught him ahead of our dogs again.

The encroaching settlements, forest depletion and railway construction of our Northern Ontario hunting field has played great havoc with the red deer and they have been gradually driven back until it is necessary to leave the beaten path altogether to get into the deer country. A restrictive game legislation allowing of one deer to each hunter is desireable and would be supported by every well thinking sportsman throughout the Province, and possibly a close season in 1909 or '10 would be advisable if we wish to perpetuate that heritage of ours to

the North, where a man forgets his troubles and hikes back to nature even though it be but for a fortnight.

The last deer hunting season was enjoyed by probably a greater number of hunters than ever before and it has always been a source of mystery to me why more of our fellows do not take advantage of an outing which our country to the North so splendidly offers. Any man with a drop of sporting blood in his veins who once shoulders his rifle and takes to the woods never forgets his experience and invariably becomes an ardent enthusiast. One of the most pleasurable incidents of our trip last fall was the manner in which our two new men took to the game. Ever on the alert, with an intelligent interest, they soon grasped the details and are now confirmed deer hunters, already arranging for their hunting trip this year. An outing in the woods that hardens your muscles and sends you back to the City fit and willing with a rich experience and a fund of stories that never tire in the telling can be excelled nowhere.

A Camp Fire in the Northern Woods.

THE above illustration is from a flashlight photograph taken by Mr. C. H. Rogers, of the Peterborough Canoe Company, when on a visit to the Northern Ontario woods. On a number of occasions Mr. Rogers, attempted to take a photograph of a camp fire scene at night and the above turned out the best of any thus taken. The camera was placed upon a stump, the shutter opened and the operator going around behind the fire threw in a couple of flashlight sheets. The first attempt was spoiled by too much flashlight but the second was better and the picture being out of the ordinary will doubtless interest many of our readers. The scene of the camp was the Height of Land portage about seventy-five miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a district visited by Mr. Rogers last summer.

Physical Culture - Today.

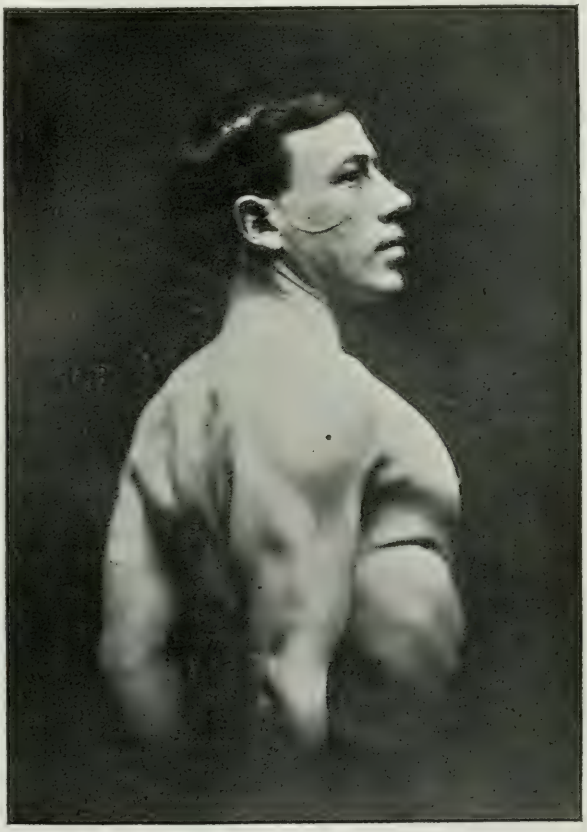
NO. III.

BY F. E. DORCHESTEH, N. S. P. E.

MANY persons on hearing the words physical culture, immediately supposed that it is a monotonous grind, the lifting of huge weights, and the very bad fad of semi-starving one's self in a vegetarian manner or otherwise.

Physical Culture—the cult of the physique is none of the above, at least not in the horrible forms you may suppose. Indeed, I am dead against vegetarianism. There is only one form of diet for the average man or woman and that is anything a healthy stomach craves for, but *moderation* should apply in diet as in *all things else*.

Moderation implies non-abuse Non-abuse does not mean absolute neglect. If anything is over-done or not done enough it is equally abused. Just as you can over-feed or underfeed so you can partake too much of certain foods or too little. Remember that we are not ruled by laws which govern lower animals, but that we are above them in all things, and as there are herbiferous and carniverous, so we combine the two, partaking in moderate but sufficient, amounts of meat or vegetables, or indeed of any food sent for our consumption, and of which we are commanded to eat, even as Peter the Apostle, when told by God in a vision "To slay and eat" replied, "Not so, Lord, for nothing common or unclean has ever passed my lips." He received the answer which many persons of the present day are apt to forget, "Call thou nothing common or unclean which I have cleansed." Persons who now-a-days endeavor to shape laws contrary to this command are following out the scriptural prophecies anent the false teacher, for indeed the mind depends much on the body.



V. ELLIS, ESQ.

Six years ago he suffered from various diseases, underwent various operations, had two ribs taken from right side and was given up as life invalid. Photo recently taken after less than one month under Dorchester.

Many of those who so strongly advocate vegetarianism are making money fast through the sales of their patent vegetarian foods.

Don't think I cry down vegetarianism if ordered by a doctor. When so ordered it is good, but to make a general practice of it, is playing the fool with your bodily resources. I, however, can leave this argument to abler pens. Sir J. Crichton Browne, physician to His Majesty the King, is con-

stantly crying out against this foolish fad. As to Sir Crichton's knowledge, I think most people will believe what the famous doctor says.

Physical Culture of years ago meant strength for the strong, and only the strong could stand the work. Today it is so scientific, that it means strength for the weak and greater strength for the strong. A few years ago, probably less than twenty, a man with fifteen inches of bicep and tricep, with forty-two inches of chest, would have been considered fearfully powerful. Today he is mediocre, if compared to such men as Hackenschmidt, the mighty wrestler, Sandow the Physical Expert, or Saxon the strong man, especially in comparison with Zhysco Cyganiviz, the mighty Pole, who is twenty-two inches in the upper arm and fifty-eight in the chest, but is only forty inches in the waist, being eighteen inches difference between waist and chest. Hackenschmidt and Sandow, also Saxon, average nineteen inches in the arms and from forty-six to fifty-two in their normal chests, and all have waists at least fourteen or fifteen inches less than the chest. So you can see dear reader, they must be more muscular than fat. Such men are present day products on present day systems.

Sandow claims to have been extremely weak as a child; physical culture built him up. Personally, I unhesitatingly declare, that he must have been endowed with great strength and physique, which lay dormant until called properly into action. Very few can be Sandows, but all can have health, if not gone too far into a diseased state, whilst the majority can have strength far above what we call average.

As to how far disease may have gone to be incurable by physical methods, I cannot say, for I have known men with one lung return to health, and indeed become decent athletes. Heart weakness and indigestion, constipation of long standing, all kinds of weaknesses, most stomach troubles, brain fag, are all amenable to physical culture methods. At the same time no real physical culture expert would usurp, or pretend to be able to do, the work that a fully qualified medical man alone can do. On the other hand if your case is amenable to physical or natural methods (if you are doubtful write with particulars to an expert) you would be well advised to follow such methods rather than ruin the stomach with all kinds of medicines.

Physical methods not only frequently cure, but have no bad effects such as medicines have, but strengthen every muscle and organ.

Now that the cold weather is here, there are many doubtless, who would like to know, how best to resist the cold. Daily exercise will send the blood bounding through the arteries and veins, as nothing else does. One exercise, however, has particular effect against cold, and should be practiced when out walking, see fig. This exercise should be done as follows : Expel the air from the lungs. Now start to take a full, deep breath through the nose, allowing the lower ribs to rise first (at the commencement a slight rise of the abdomen is noticed, owing to the descent of the diaphragm) as though breathing abdominally, then continue to take the air in, until the whole of the ribs are raised. Expel the air out fully and repeat.

Breathe deeply through nose, expel through mouth

If this is practiced in your bedroom before an open window each morning, much benefit may be derived; go through it at any time of the day you are out, and walk vigorously. If this is followed out I think you will feel less of the cold, but much of the bracing effects of the air. On one point I must ask you to be particular: always breathe through the nose, and not through the mouth. The nose is so formed that it acts as a natural sieve to dirt and germs, besides warming the air before it reaches the lungs.

In my last article I explained an exercise for the biceps and triceps of the arm. If the reader cares to measure upper arm and chest, then start in and do the arm exercise until the arm aches a little, and does this every day, besides following

out the breathing exercise, I venture to predict that if you are not in the habit of exercising, you will find quite a decided difference in the sizes of each in a week or two. How much more could a set of exercises affect you if they are arranged to suit your requirements and ability, with the proper amount judiciously graded? The answer I will leave to the reader's opinion after trying just these two.

Always remember that exercise for *body-building* is practically useless if done aimlessly. The mind *must* control the muscles and proper exertion must be placed on each muscle as it comes into play. The next great point is, do not hold the breath when exercising —breathe deeply and regularly through all exercises. Although this may be difficult at first it will be easy enough in time.

I think the reader can see from the foregoing, that present day physical culture is scientific, and not only body-building, but both from the fact that the mind is employed in the work, and that what benefits the body benefits the brain (the same blood vessels supply body and brain) the brain is also rendered clearer and stronger.

In a later article I shall give a few physiological facts and explanations with regard to exercising, showing clearly how it benefits the body—from crown to sole.

(This series of articles will be continued throughout the present year.)

A Summary of the Game and Fish Laws of Nova Scotia

BY DAN OWEN.

Moose:—Close season from December 1st to October 1st No person shall kill more than one moose.

Caribou:—are protected the whole year until October 1st. 1912.

Every person killing a moose must notify the Chief Game Commissioner (J. A. Knight, Halifax) within ten days and state whether the moose is a cow or a bull and where it was killed.

Hare, and Rabbits:—Close season from March 1st to November 1st.

Mink:— Close season March 1st to November 1st.

The following animals are not protected viz:—

Bear, Wolf, Loupcervier, Wildcat, Racoon, Otter and Fox.

BIRDS.

Woodcock, Snipe, Blue-winged duck, Plover, Sandpipers and Black birds. Close season from March 1st to Sept 1st.

In the County of Cumberland the close season for Ducks is from May 1st to Sept. 1st.

Every non resident who wishes to hunt and kill game, must obtain a license for which the fee is $30.

These licenses may be obtained from the Game Commissioner and from the Wardens of each County.

All non resident hunters are required to be accompanied by a Licensed Guide.

FISH.

Salmon:—Closed season from August 15th to March 1st, except that Salmon may be fished with fly from Febuary 1st until August 15th.

In non tidal waters frequented by Salmon, no one shall fish for any kind of fish between 9 p. m. of Saturday and 6 p. m. of Monday.

Trout:—Close season from 1st of October to 1st of April.

Bass:—Close season from 1st March to October 1st except that Bass may be fished at all times by angling with a hook and line.

Shad & Gaspereaux: — Close season from Sunset on Friday evening to Sunrise on Monday in each week.

All persons, not British subjects, who wish to fish in Nova Scotian waters are obliged to obtain a permit, which costs $5. for three months, and $10. for six months.

The Growing of Ginseng.

MANY inquiries have been directed to Rod and Gun asking for information about Ginseng. It has been reported during the last few years that fortunes could be made by growing this plant for market and that unprecedented demands caused high prices. We were further asked how it came about that fur dealers handle ginseng and are prepared to pay high prices for good shipments of the plant.

We trust to be able in this article to give our readers some reliable information on these and other points connected with ginseng. The plant has been known and valued for years for its medical qualities, that value however being far greater in China than on the American continent. The plant grows wild throughout a good portion of the United States and Canada.

The trappers and back woodsmen, finding the plant in demand, dig it out wherever found with the usual result—scarcity as the demand became more brisk. With these two factors in operations prices naturally rose and people believed that an easy method of earning money had been discovered. The consequence was that many people, thinking it easy enough to raise what was practically a weed and obtain high prices for it, engaged in its cultivation and failed, as was only to be expected.

The stories told of high prices for ginseng are true and the chances are the prices will go higher still. Even the home demand throughout the States and Canada is increasing and that for China is well maintained. The Chinese have long used ginseng medicinally and it is a matter as to which two opinions are expressed whether or not superstition enters into its use in that country. Certainly the demand is very great and widespread. It is indeed the Chinese "cureall" and has been so for a long period.

The finest ginseng is grown in Korea, where, although the growing is done individually, the marketing is under Government management and supervision. By this means the general excellence and high character of the product is maintained. No roots of a doubtful character are passed and those on the border line are returned to the growers in order that another year in the ground may bring them to maturity.

The American ginseng has suffered in the Chinese market by reason of some of the product not coming up to the standard. Individual growers have not been as careful in their selection as they should have been. The temptation to sacrifice quality for quantity for the sake of present gain was too great to be resisted with the result that losses followed both for the delinquent growers and others.

A further difficulty arose owing to the failure of the growers to study the natural conditions under which the wild plant flourished. Trappers and woodsmen accustomed to observe everything passing around them, knew the plant and its conditions, and when they set about growing it had naturally greater success than those who started the work not only without experience but also without knowledge. To the want of such information a good many of the failures were due. Much discouragement resulted and ginseng growing has received a great set back. That it will recover there can be no doubt because the plant is valuable, the market is wide and the demand insistent. Growers are learning from their failures and with perseverance and care they are bound to do better.

The trappers and woodsmen who first obtained the plant induced fur buyers to handle it for them with the result that today all fur dealers will also purchase good lots of ginseng. The trappers, too, have found that ginseng gathering fits in well with their ordinary occupation. They obtain the plant at a time of the year when they could not be trapping and thus instead of being idle add something to their gains. In cases where the wild ginseng has all been dug out and the trappers have resorted to cultivation, they have had the advantage of being able to reproduce, as far as practicable, the

conditions of nature. Thus many of them have made their ginseng gardens in the woods where the plant can obtain the wood mulch necessary for its growth, together with the shade which it must have if it is to reach maturity.

Early cultivators but too often neglected these essential points. The ground, too, was heavily manured, the growth forced and the plant seemed to lose under these conditions some of its finest constituents. Even under more natural conditions it has not yet been found possible to reproduce the plant as it grows in the woods and cultivated ginseng realizes, roughly speaking, but half the price of the wild product.

Growers, however, are learning all the time. New beginners should start on a small scale and learn by experience. If possible they should obtain wild roots and reproduce in their gardens the conditions to be found in the woods. The small area selected for the trial should be made as near virgin soil as possible by having as much of the woods earth removed to it as is feasible. The beds should be slightly raised, as good drainage is essential, and not made too wide, as it is important that the beds be kept free from weeds and this work performed without the necessity of stepping upon the beds. Ginseng must be grown in the shade. The natural shade of trees will regulate itself. Artificial shade must be supplied in the spring when the leaves begin to grow and removed in the fall. It should be so erected as to exclude three-fourths or four-fifths of the sun's rays, the idea being to imitate the natural forests as closely as possible. In a garden, shade is best provided by a lattice work, not too tight, but enough to ensure shade and sufficiently wide to allow a free draught of air. Too much damp brings about mildew and mould and a blight known as "alternaria" also attacks the plant.

If woods dirt is not handy the rich soil around the base of an old straw stack, or well rotted horse manure with a little wood ashes mixed with it, will be a good substitute. If the soil is already rich it needs little fertilizing.

In its wild state ginseng is a plant of slow growth, but under cultivation its roots in three years from the seed often attain greater sizes than they would in twenty years in the woods. In cases where wild plants are not available seed can be purchased, though care should be taken to deal with a reliable house. The seed should be sown in the spring and the beginner must not be discouraged for a long time, as the seed takes eighteen months to germinate. When the plants come up they are doubled like an inverted U. Some are earth bound and a little assistance in releasing them is helpful. When the plants are two years old they may be transplanted into a permanent bed or left where they are after being thinned. When the roots have grown three years in the transplanted beds they should be ready to dig and dry for market. At this time they should average two ounces each if the beds have been properly prepared and the plants cared for. Care and attention must be given to the plants through each summer. As soon as the plants are up in the spring the seed buds should be clipped from all except the finest and healthiest which may be saved for seed to maintain the garden. If bushels of seed are grown at the expense of the root the latter cannot be at its best.

The seeds should be planted in beds as soon as harvested, or twelve months afterwards, two inches apart in the rows. Seeds usually come up in May and June.

The plant begins to bear fruit when two or three years old and gives ten to seventy seeds, according to the quality of the soil and the age of the plant. The berries turn red about the first of September and a few days later begin to fall off; it is then time to gather them. They must not be allowed to dry out and if not planted immediately should be placed in a box with layers of earth between them and may be planted at any time up to eighteen months old. When planted at twelve months they come up next spring.

Plants or roots should be transplanted only in the fall when the stem dies and the root is dormant—after September fifteenth till the ground is frozen hard. While the work can be done in the spring the season then is short and there is some risk.

Cultivated roots are generally dug at

seven years old—that is five years after the plants are transplanted to regular beds. They then average ten or twelve dry roots to a pound and their commercial value is from six to eight dollars per pound according to size and quality.

Care must also be taken with the drying if the best results are to be obtained. When the roots are dug, they should be carefully washed and dried out in an upper room or barn floor. The light fibrous stuff should be taken off and gathered up, the usual price for this being one dollar per pound. The washing of the root should be no more than washing the dirt off. The one essential in the proper drying of the ginseng root is time and while it may well take a month it should be dried fast enough not to sour, rot or mould. Artificial heat may be necessary and in that case it should be applied with care. Naturally enough the buyers will not pay a high price for water and good drying not only saves much disappointment but also enables the grower and the dealer to remain on excellent terms.

The beginner may feel safe in entering upon the cultivation of ginseng. If he will be contented to commence in a small way and grow into the work, keeping up careful observations and being ever ready to learn from his failures, he will be sure to find a good repayment for his time and labors. The demand is greater than the supply and is not at all likely to diminish. The Chinese have been using the root for centuries and no sudden change is likely to lead to a reduction of the demand. These people know well what they want and though they evince a great fondness for roots that have a likeness to the human form and pay much higher prices for such roots—some say as high as six times their weight in silver—there cannot be a doubt that they also believe sincerely in its medicinal qualties. Indeed many people on this side of the water are convinced that its value in this particular is great and recommend ginseng tea for all kinds of ills.

The difficulties of securing anything like natural conditions over considerable areas, together with the handwork rendered necessary, militates against anything like production on a large scale and the largest garden devoted to ginseng would appear to be ten acres under cultivation by a company in New York State. Many small growers would appear to be the ideal and these should, with reasonable care, make a success of the industry.

Ginseng can be successfully grown in Canada where it is also found in a wild state and northern grown ginseng is preferable in all markets. Many reasons can be given in favor of Canadian growers. They are near virgin soil and can, without great difficulties, reproduce near their own homes, the woods conditions. Every man who makes a success of such a garden can be assured of a good market. The fur men of every Canadian city would be glad if their receipts of well matured plants could be increased tenfold.

Golden Seal, likewise a valuable plant can be grown under specially favourable conditions in Canada. The plant is readily propagated by seed, division of the larger roots, or small plants forming on the large fibrous roots. They grow best in a soil made up entirely of decayed vegetation and require careful weeding by hand. All the culture needed is to mulch the beds with forest leaves each fall and keep them clear of grass and field weeds. This plant will stand more sunlight and produce a crop of marketable roots much quicker than ginseng. Golden seal was used by the Indians for medicinal purposes and introduced by them to the whites. Fall dug roots are again the best. Both plants require a good deal of care and attention but the results in each case are considerable. They are perrenial and having once made a good start are difficult to get without. In the earlier stages much patience is required as well as constant care and it is here that the majority of growers come to grief.

For the above facts we are largely indebted to a book entitled "Ginseng and Other Medical Plants," published by the A. R. Harding Company of Columbus, O. and our attention was directed to the subject by the John Hallam Company of Toronto who are prepared to accept good shipments from growers. While great fortunes are not to be made from the cultivation of these plants it is certain that time and attention given to them will be well repaid.

Fish and Game Protection in Ontario.

A Strong Indictment.

BY THE REV. E. M. ROWLAND.

I HAVE lately returned from a hunting trip in the Parry Sound district. Our camp is situated on the Restoule River, about half way between Lake Nipissing and Restoule Lake, on the N. E. edge of the famous "Dokis" Indian Reserve.

Our party consisted of nine persons, and we spent a very pleasant ten days in camp, securing eleven deer. These were all "still hunted." Only one wounded deer got away, and it will probably recover. We had to work very hard for our deer, as they were evidently very nervous and frightened. This was partly due to the fact that dogs were running all over the country while we were hunting, and partly because the deer have had no rest during the last three or four months. It is a wonder there are any left in that country at all.

I have no hesitation in saying that unless something is done to protect them during the close season at any rate, there will be mighty few in about three years' time. The condition of affairs in this district is absolutely disgraceful, and highly discreditable to those who are responsible for the enforcement of the game laws.

I see that Mr. Tinsley describes those people who report the slaughter of moose in N. W. Ontario as "fakirs," and lets it go at that. Well, that is about the position the Department takes up with regard to too many other well meant attempts on the part of private individuals to protect our fauna. It is not encouraging, to say the least of it. Fakirs! Well, if such a term has to be used, let it be applied to the right people. Let it be applied to those who profess to have the interests of our fish and game protection of this Province at heart, those who as experts draw salaries from the Province under the assumption that they *will* protect its fish and game to the best of their ability, and who then proceed to look calmly on while the fish and game are being wantonly destroyed in every direction!

Let me tell your readers that the game in *this* district, at any rate, will not be saved from extermination, if the only protection afforded them is the oversight of easy going officials seated in arm-chairs in Toronto—or anywhere else. There will have to be proper local supervision. One good man could save hundreds of deer, thousands of grouse and tons of fish in this district alone in the course of a year. At the risk of being termed a "fakir" let me tell you a few *facts*. And please remember that they are all susceptible of proof.

On my first still hunt this season, I noticed that carrion crows were very numerous and bold. I thought there must by some reason for this, and accordingly investigated. I visited two or three spots they seemed interested in, and in each case found the carcass of a deer. Two of these deer had had their legs broken by rifle balls, another was shot through the bowels. They were of course, nearly decomposed. The crows plainly told me that there were lots more. In course of time I found that these deer were undoubtedly shot by men "cadging" for the Ontario Lumber Co. They carried rifles in their wagons, and if they saw a deer they promptly "took a crack" at it. If the deer fell in its tracks they took the saddles, or the whole deer along with them; if it was wounded they did not bother to follow it, as there were plenty more. It is hard to say how many deer they were responsible for.

On Restoule Lake the Long Lake Lumber Co's. men lived on venison all the summer, and are living on it yet. It seems that it is cheaper than beef. They were quite frank about the matter, and most of the year had hounds running. If the deer came their way they got it; if it went the other way, well, someone else

got it—it rarely escaped. The whole country knows of this.

Some people waste the deer. Several dogs were running round Restoule all last winter and spring, killing deer every day nearly. The owners were spoken to more than once, but paid no attention. The game laws are laughed at. On my way out I was told at Restoule of one man who had just come in with seven nice deer! They said he was a good still-hunter and would probably get lots more when the snow came. There are few of the settlers who consider they have got their fair share of venison unless they get five or six big deer, and there are many who never get less than seven to ten. I am truly sorry to say I know of one or two men who make a sort of business of the thing, who kill deer wholesale between this and Christmas, and sell the saddles only—but they sell these *by the ton!* Some people will think this impossible, but they little know the back country.

When people in Toronto and other towns see the large quantity of deer brought down by the sportsmen from the far north, they gather the impression that it is the same sportsmen who are accountable for our vanishing deer. They accordingly come forward with all sorts of suggestions. "Cut down the legal number to one deer per man," say some; "make the season a week only" say others, or "raise the license to $10 or $15," etc. But these sportsmen would never exterminate the deer. In spite of their seemingly large bag, they do not kill one-tenth of the deer that are annually slaughtered in this province. Dogs harry some, wolves account for many, but the two-legged wolves are the worst, those who live in lumber camps and in the settlements. If the lumber camps are not watched they will live on venison, while on Sundays every man and boy in camp who possesses a gun or rifle, and there are few who don't, spends most of the day slaughtering deer or partridge. This is going on now in new camps that have lately been installed in this district, and will continue all through the winter unless something is done to stop it.

This is the time of the year when the pot hunters kill most grouse—when they are budding—and with the advent of the first deep snow, the real slaughter of the deer begins.

It tends to immorality, to enact a law which is not enforced. Far better have no game laws at all than to have our boys growing up to believe, as they do at present, that there is no harm to break the game laws, unless they are caught. This is certainly the attitude adopted by most of those who live in this country. If an otter or small colony of beaver are reported to exist anywhere, the whole countryside gets after them. Their skins are constantly being handled by storekeepers and peddlers. What chance have our fauna while such a state of affairs is allowed to remain unchecked?

"What can we do?" perhaps the Department may say. They can do a great deal if they tried. What is being done with the large amount of money that comes in from the licenses? It is certainly not all being spent on game protection. I believe a certain amount is *wasted.* That is to say, I am aware that a few paltry dollars are handed out to a few men here and there who are *called* game wardens, but who look after the fish and game only when it suits them, i.e., when they are forced to do so, or when they think they see a chance to make a few dollars out of it for themselves out of the fines. It is a rotten, barbarous and uncivilized system, demoralizing and disgraceful to all concerned, from the one who secretly informs on his neighbor for spite, to the incompetent officials at headquarters who allow such a state of affairs to exist. Is it an attempt at economy? It may be so, but if it is I never saw a worse exemplification of the "penny wise and pound foolish" way of doing things. It may be cheap; it is certainly decidedly nasty.

I will go further and say that if those who are responsible for such an inept administration of the game laws repudiate the terms "ignorant" and "incompetent" when applied by their contemporaries, they are rendering themselves liable to a charge of *criminal neglect* by an enlightened and disgusted posterity.

Why don't the fish and game associations do something practical instead of

wasting time in useless discussions around the festive board? Why don't they insist that the Department should use the revenue derived from the fish and game in properly protecting the same? It could easily be done and a substantial balance still be left.

We simply need an efficient staff of properly paid game-wardens, trustworthy men, who should devote their whole time to the work, judiciously distributed throughout the Province. This is the first and chief requisite — other needed reforms would undoubtedly follow.

"Game" writes from Northwestern Ontario: In my few moments o leisure I enjoy reading "Rod and Gun." When I read such articles as appeared in your pages last February and April I felt surely the Government must do something to enforce the game and fishery laws as they ought to be enforced.

For fifteen years I have been in the bush and would like to see the recommendation of Mr. E. E. Lemieux as to the "appointment of selected officials to be well paid to travel the Province, visit lumber camps &c" (I would add railway camps) carried out.

I entirely agree with him. I know that in our lumber and railway camps game is hunted all the time and particularly on Sundays. Mr. Beaver, who is supposed to be strictly protected, is taken and killed at all times, while many more are wounded and left to die—more indeed than are killed outright. These statements are not made from hearsay evidence, but from facts well within my own experience.

For fifteen years I have clerked in lumber camps and during all those years I never saw a game warden, until last summer and then they were fire rangers. Not one in twenty of them could go a hundred feet into the bush without getting lost. I don't know why it is (except that there may be political reasons at the bottom of the appointments) why these schoolboys should be sent into the woods as fire rangers and game wardens, while good bushmen who have applied for these positions have been turned down. It is no wonder both game and fish suffer under the circumstances, for the men who take fish and game out of season know well that these schoolboys—most of whom can't follow a blazed line—can't follow them. In this way there is no protection, only a farce. There is only one way in which effective protection can be applied —appoint men who are good bushmen and give them good pay. If the men were good bushmen they would do good work, and if they had good pay they should be above looking for bribes. In that case also they should be able to pay for their board instead of "bumming it" off the lumber camps and those of the railway contractors, making themselves "good fellows" and closing their eyes or looking the other way when game and fish are being taken out of season.

Men are always in the bush armed and if a deer or moose cross their path, the temptation to fire proves irresistible. Many of them are too poor shots to do more than wound and the poor brute drags itself away to die.

Take this great Lake—Lake Nepigon —and go where you will, nets galore are strung out, taking some of the finest fish such as trout, whitefish, pickerel, etc. These fish are taken to feed the dog teams at different posts. I would not prohibit the Indian, but I would the feeding of the dogs. Is there not a way by which the dogs could be licensed?

Lake Nipigon is only taken as a sample. I can take you to other lakes through Ontario to Kippawa in Quebec, up the Montreal River, Hay Bay, around Sault Ste. Marie, near Sudbury, from Long Lake to the Georgian Bay, down the English River and many other places, and in all of them can show you the fruits of not having good game and fish wardens. Of course we have some so-called game wardens but I fancy that in many cases, if the truth were known they are fur buyers and instead of upholding the law are themselves breaking it. These men are not paid a living wage and having to make it up some way do not miss all the good chances, they secure, under the guise of "Game and Fish Inspectors." Little wonder indeed is it that our fish and game are vanishing when the mis-

chief is done—not so much, oh not by any means, through the wolves, for all the outcry concerning them, as by those who should uphold the law.

There is only one way of doing the work effectively—appoint fearless and good men, pay them well, raise the licences for guns, dogs, traps, etc. and give the wardens full authority to take away and destroy nets, guns, revolvers, traps, etc. unlicensed and used at any time except in the open season.

I cannot close without warmly supporting the position taken by the Rev. A. Murdoch, M. A., LL. D. It is time—and no further time should be lost—to commence the work of protecting our fish and game in earnest. This effort comes from one whose heart beats for the cause of protection for our fish and game and would fain see Canada continue as she should be—the land of game and fish; of birds and of furred annimals.

How My Dogs Saved Me.

BY NIMROD THE TRAPPER.

In the article which appeared in the January number I promised to tell readers, some time soon, how I was saved, from the grip ot a grizzly bear, by my two faithful fox terriers.

It was in the spring of 1890 that I left the town of Pincher Creek, Alta., travelling up the south fork of the Old Man River, with the double object of prospecting for placer and hunting a good trapping location for the following winter. I had a saddle horse and three pack horses and enjoyed the company of my two dogs. Travelling was slow but both hunting and fishing were good and I had therefore no fear of my provisions giving out.

After crossing the summit of the mountains I struck a branch of the Flathead River, having wondered south of the boundary line, and camped on that stream for about two months. There were stories of lost diggings, murders and robberies about the same country and hundreds of men had attempted the task of locating these "lemon" diggings as they were called. In every case failure was the result.

One evening, about six weeks after I had established my camp in the district, I was returning home later than usual. Within a mile of the camp I had to cross a ridge or hogsback and had just stepped on the level when I came face to face with a female grizzly and two cubs. We appeared to discover each other simultaneously, the distance between us not exceeding one hundred yards. My only weapons were a 45 heavy Colts six shooter, a pick shovel and a gold pan.

The instant the bear sighted me her eyes went like coals of fire. She opened her mouth, let out a snarl of rage and started for me. The only tree around was a stunted fir, which stood about a hundred feet away and I knew if I could reach it I should be safe. While I made for the tree with the best speed I could command, my two dogs met the bear half way.

From my position in the tree I witnessed one of the greatest sights a man ever gazed upon—cunning and speed opposed to rage and muscle. The dogs supported each other bravely. Whenever she turned to one, the other rushed in and got a nip, keeping this up till the bear was beside herself with rage and the failure of her continued efforts to smash her foes. The animals were not more than fifty yards from me and whenever I saw a chance, without injuring the dogs, I poured the lead into her. No less than fifteen bullets were fired into her before she gave up. I never saw her equal except on one occasion on the Fraser River.

In a future article I may give my description of that country and meeting two old Ontario boys up there timber cruising.

An Important Canadian Industry.

THE AYLMER CONDENSED MILK COMPANY'S FACTORY.

WHILE on my hunting trip this fall I was greatly surprised to find that the coffee was so much better than I was used to having when at home. I immediately investigated the brand of coffee that was being used, and to my surprise found out it was the same brand as we had for home use.

I immediately told my troubles to our guide and cook. He asked me if I had not noticed the can of Evaporated Cream on the table. I admitted that I had, but I had found on using Evaporated Cream before that I did not care for it. My guide, however, informed me that this was not ordinary Evaporated Cream, but Canada First Evaporated Cream, manufactured by the Aylmer Condensed Milk Co. Limited, Aylmer, Ont.

I thoroughly enjoyed my coffee, after hunting all day, and everything else that had milk in it, and decided that when I returned from the north I would go to Aylmer and try and see how it was that Canada First Evaporated Cream was so much superior to other brands of Evaporated Cream, and I shall not soon forget the interesting visit I had.

I found the management very anxious to explain to me their methods of manufacturing milk products, they being very proud of the complete system they have in operation. This company was organized in the Fall of 1907; they have a magnificent, modern, sanitary factory. The building is built of cement blocks and pressed bricks. In fifteen weeks after the turning of the first sod the factory was in full operation, and it seemed to me that no point that would improve the quality of their product was overlooked when the factory was being erected.

The district surrounding Aylmer is noted for the fine corn raised and the beautiful pasture farms in the vicinity. The factory of this company is situated on the northern outskirts of the town directly on the line of the Grand Trunk and Wabash Railways.

Their water supply is of the very best, coming from fine flowing wells situated some five miles from the factory which water is stored in a large cement reservoir in the front of the building.

The power used is Producer Gas. Every piece of machinery in the building was manufactured in the Dominion with the exception of a very few machines. The Gas Producer is one of these, it being manufactured in Great Britain.

I found that every dairyman supplying them with milk is under the constant supervision of the company, they having inspectors whose sole duty it is to inspect dairies at regular intervals and to examine the cows and see that they are in a

perfectly healthy condition. They require the dairymen to keep their barns and milk-houses thoroughly white-washed and cleaned. These inspectors also see that the milking utensils are kept scrupulously clean and thoroughly aired. All dairymen supplying them with milk are provided with improved Aereators and Coolers. Every possible appliance that will help to produce a pure, cleanly milk is put into the hands of the dairymen.

When the milk arrives at the factory it is carefully inspected by experts to see that it is free from all impurities, shows no adulteration and is in as near perfect condition as possible. The dairymen's milk cans are thoroughly cleaned and sterilized before being returned to them.

After passing through the receiving room the milk goes into the condensing department where it is greatly reduced in consistency by evaporation in vacuuo with the most modern, sanitary machinery.

I was very much prejudiced against canned milk until I took this trip to Aylmer, but this prejudice is now all overcome, as after seeing the great care that is exercised in the manufacture of this company's brands, I could not possibly imagine anything being kept cleaner.

The Evaporated Cream, after passing through the condensing department, goes to the filling department where it is automatically filled into cans, each can containing the same quantity. It next passes into the sterilizing process where all disease germs are destroyed and the milk rendered far more digestible than fresh milk or cream, seeing that their process greatly softens the casein. After passing through the sterilizing process the Evaporated Cream is held from thirty to sixty days to insure its being in perfect condition before going on the market.

Canada First Condensed Milk is handled in a very similar manner only it is preserved by the addition of pure granulated sugar.

While this company has only been operating for one year, still, during that period they have turned out an enormous quantity of goods, and it would appear that their brand has very rapidly made a place for itself wherever it has been sold. They are putting up a very fine package under the brand of Canada First Evaporated Cream, large size, which is packed in a sanitary can sealed without solder or acid.

Owing to the extreme care that is exercised in the selection of fresh milk, and in the manufacture of same into Evaporated Cream, it is perfectly safe and highly recommended by physicians for infant feeding.

This company are in a very fortunate position of not being in a experimental stage, as their General Manager, Mr. H. W. Knight, has had some twelve years' experience in the manufacture of sweetened and unsweetened milk. This is probably one of the principal reasons why the company are putting up the very highest quality of Evaporated Cream and Condensed Milk. Canada First Evaporated Cream shows a butter fat test of at least eight per cent.

A number of sportsmen in the Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec, have formed the Madawaska Fish and Game Club. They have leased thirty square miles in Rimouski County and under the energetic presidency of Dr. H. A. McCrea, of North Hatley, Que., with Mr. L. A. Taylor, of the same place as Secretary Treasurer, and a band of twenty keen members, they hope by next season to have everything running smoothly and give good sport to the members in both fishing and shooting. So long as the leasing system is carried out as a policy it is well to have such thorough sportsmen as Dr. McCrea and his associates interested in seeing that the country obtains the largest amount of benefit from its good features.

OUR MEDICINE BAG

Those who are deeply concerned in the future developments of the Dominion, rather than in the present business of Montreal, deprecate the intention of a section of the people of the commercial capital to hold an ice carnival on the St. Lawrence. They know, from past experience, something of the enormous extent of the impressions thus conveyed throughout the world to the detriment of Canada. It is easy to say that in these enlightened days no one now believes Canada to be within the Arctic Circle and a desolate region of ice and snow. The great bulk of the people who see the pictures of ice palaces never stop to think or inquire They take the impression made upon them for granted and most of them are not greatly to be blamed for so doing. If a similar effective advertisement could be put out concerning the Canadian summer the whole country would benefit and the tide of immigration would set in for these shores with a sweep that would prove irresistable. The immigration too, would probably prove of a high class character, as men of stamina and perseverance are encouraged to make a new start in a country where the conditions are favorable to them. To discourage such people by means of ice palaces is a short-sighted policy and the fact that the members of the Montreal Board of Trade, the great transportation companies and Government officials, who know the ill effects of the last festival of the kind, are entirely opposed to such proceedings, should give the promoters pause. Those who object to the whole idea of misrepresenting the Canadian winter are concerned with the interests of the Dominion, and it is in the belief that those interests will suffer, and that materially, by widespread accounts in words and pictures of ice palaces, that it is hoped even now the promoters will forego their intentions and allow wiser counsels to prevail.

Although the weather in Northern Ontario seriously interfered with the teaming in of supplies to the wolf camps, established by Mr. J. A. Hope on the southern line of the Mississaga Forest Reserve in Northern Ontario, later snowfalls have allowed this important portion of the work to be completed. Sportsmen who pay him a visit may be assured of some interesting experience. Mr. Hope and his associates having been in the district for some time have endeavored to locate a pack or packs of wolves and a couple ot days before the moon is at full will make a blood trail across the six mile lake, at the respective ends of which two of the wolf camps are placed, in the hope of attracting the wolves and obtaining some shooting. In some ot the trees scaffolds will be erected and sportsmen stationed on them will have chances of shots when the wolves are following the blood trail on bright moonlight nights. With care the wolves should not be able to get the taint of the hunters as they would do when they are on the ground. Mr. Hope will personally or by deputy meet visitors at Wharncliffe, which in eighteen miles from Thessalon, a station on the Soo branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Letters should be addressed J. A. Hope, Wharncliffe, Ont.

A Fish and Game Overseer writes detailing his experiences in his office. He is one of the few men who did not seek the office but who was sought, because he was, by general consent, the best man for the position. His first activities were looked upon as "bluff" but when it was discovered that he was in earnest new dodges were tried and he was thwarted on every hand. "I have seized game from a small shipment up to the value of $14,000 and with prosecutions have followed fines from the paltry sum of $5 up to $3,000 ; and after seizing up-

wards of 30,000 partridges, hundreds of deer, moose and some $40,000 worth of beaver, otter, and muskrat skins and having offenders fined to the tune of $10,000 I would ask you, *Do you think this has done any good ?*" Under the circumstances this would seem a strange question to ask but the writer goes on to figure it out that the poor men thus dealt with have become law abiding, while those who operate on a large scale are continuing. "They are more careful about their shipments ; they are making money—and can pay a fine occasionally." "I know of a case where an agent of a million dollar firm bought 480 beaver skins from away back in the wilds, after scaring the poor trappers with the threat of informing the game warden and putting them into prison unless they sold them to them at fifty cents apiece. I happened to get into the game seized the skins and imposed and collected $1,000 from the firm. This firm is still at it and will keep at it..... It is in the back country where the slaughter is done and here the sportsmen do not help us as they should. They do not mind telling us of cases but their invariable cry is "Do not bring my name in—I would be shot—they would burn our club house down, they would destroy our boats, etc., and without their evidence how can cases be successfully prosecuted ? Again, the great majority of these sportsmen are not above breaking the laws themselves and consider the warden a crank if he interferes with them. How many deer hunters in November enioy a breakfast of trout although it is the close season ? How many refuse to purchase otter, beaver or muskrat skins? How many stop at eight bass for a day's fishing when the fish are on the jump ? Do they pack their fish and game according to law or get their deer coupons cancelled ? Those who do these things are few—verv few. If all sportsmen would help wardens better results would follow. As it is offences are often committed by the men who do the most kicking." The above is well worth reading and thinking over. We hear much in depreciation of the warden and too little from his point of view. We should like other wardens to follow it up and point out weak points with a view of a remedy being supplied.

Prior to leaving office, President Roosevelt made one effort in the direction of conserving the natural resources of his country. This time his vision has taken a wider flight and has included within its purview Canada and Mexico as well as the States. A larger Conservation Conference than that held last year is called to meet at the White House on the eighteenth of this month and to that Conference representatives of Canada and Mexico, as well as of every State within the Union, have been invited. Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Chairman of the National Conservation Commission and Chief Forester of the States, delivered the invitations personally. The President, at the conclusion of his letter of invitation, wrote :—"The conclusions of such a conference, while wholly advisory in character, could hardly fail to yield important beneficial results, both in a better knowledge of the natural resourses of each nation on the part of the others, and in suggestions for concurrent action for the protection of mutual interests related to conservation."

It is announced that the report of the Commissioners appointed to consider and recommend regulations for the fisheries of all international waters between Canada and the States will probably be published about the end of June. It was hoped that this report might have seen the light at the opening of 1909 and the delay is accounted for by the change in the Canadian Commissioner — Professor Prince succeeding Mr. S. T. Bastedo. Dr. David Starr Jordan is the United States member of the Commission. Both Commissioners are the best qualified men who could have been selected for their work, and it is believed that their report, and accompanying recommendations, wil have a marked effect upon the future of the fisheries of both countries.

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The narrow escape from serious consequences of a hunting mishap which befell the editor of the Sudbury, Ont. Journal is recorded in an issue of that paper. Mr. J. A Orr, the gentleman in question, in company with Judge Leask, of North Bay ; Mr. L. V. Rorke, O. L. S., Toron-

Game

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are eloquent arguments to the hunter for Dominion Ammunition. The sportsman knows by the way they shoot and the way they kill that Dominion Cartridges are sure and uniform, and that Dominion shot-shell loads are even and strong.

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to ; and Mr. J.S. Gill, Sudbury, were out deer hunting at Windy Lake during the recent open season. On one of the hunting days Mr. Orr was appointed to watch a runway on a point some distance east of the camp, going to his destination in a small skiff. While there he saw a deer in the water which apparently was crossing from the other side of the lake and started out to get it. When within forty or fifty yards he partly turned in his seat to fire. The movement caused the boat to lean to one side, and this, with the recoil from the rifle, and a big wave striking the other side, caused the light skiff in which he was seated to turn over. The boat turned over two or three times before he could get it steadied bottom up and secure a small tie rope at the bow. This rope he wound round his arm and notwithstanding the cold retained his position. An Indian, who had witnessed the accident paddled to the scene in his canoe but being unable to render assistance started for help. Mr. Rorke accompanied the Indian in another canoe. The water was too rough to allow the helpers to get Mr. Orr in either canoe but they fastened him to one and started for shore dragging him through the water. Just as they landed, Mr. Gill arrived in a larger skiff and conveyed Mr. Orr to camp. Here he was promptly placed between warm blankets and hearty rubbing with plentiful application of hot water and hot drinks, a perspiration was induced which drove all numbness out. No ill effects are likely to follow the unpleasantly cold bath of three quarters of an hour in Windy Lake.

A fine showing of the well known Chesnut canvas covered canoes at the Franco - British Exhibition at London, England, has resulted in the Fredericton firm doing business in England where they have disposed of several of these excellent canoes. Messrs. Chestnut have just shipped to England one of their motor canoes equipped with a three horse power Brockville Motor, and are

now engaged on a sponson canoe for shipment to Scotland. It is clear that the people of the old country know a good thing when they see it, and it is not easy to find better canoes than those turned out by the Chestnut Canoe Company, of Fredericton, N. B.

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One of the finest calendars for the New Year, and one which cannot fail to appeal to the large army of fishermen, is that issued by the Horton Manufacturing Company, Bristol, Conn. Two young people are out in a birch bark canoe [illegible]ing thoughts intent. While the

gentleman seated in the stern wields the paddle as though it were his every day occupation, the lady in the bow holds the rod. She has had the luck to get a bite and the fish is shown on the surface of the water, while she is in the act of reeling in the line. The bright foreground contrasts well with the dark woods behind, and the concentrated attention of both the occupants of the canoe upon the operation immediately in hand shows the importance of the incident in their eyes. The coloring is good, while the scene so well represented goes straight home to all who have ever indulged in fishing and also to those who mean to try that pleasant pastime. The edition is limited but the Company will send one while they last to any of our fishermen readers applying direct to the Company at Bristol, Conn., enclosing fifteen cents and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

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Mr. Adam Moore, the veteran guide of New Brunswick, confirms what has been stated in our pages as to the excellence of the past open season. So far as his personal experience goes he has had many clients and guided them to success in obtaining not only game in plenty but also first class specimens. Mr. Moore's policy, to which he rigidly adheres, is to undertake no more work than that to which he can properly give personal attention, and he finds this policy pays in the long run. He states that never before during his long experience has he seen so many moose as during the last open season, a splendid testimony to the advantages of New Brunswick for big game.

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A fine season in securing whitefish spawn at the Sandwich Fish Hatchery, Ont. was concluded in November. Seven seines secured 40,000 fish, of which not over one hundred were destroyed, and these filled the capacity of the hatchery. The work was conducted by Messrs. William Hill, John McLean and Fred Stewart under the supervision of Mr. J. M Huntley, Fishery Inspector for Eastern Ontario. It is intended to distribute the fish in the various lakes throughout the Province.

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The hunting license fees for the Province of Ontario, together with a few fines for the past year reached a total of $30,000. A fine of fifty dollars and costs was inflicted at Sault Ste. Marie upon an American, who was discovered hunting and trapping with a $2 license. The $2 were credited to him but his rifle was confiscated in addition to the fine. Seven beaver skins obtained between Huntsville and Scotia Junction and an otter

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Extra length bbl. or blued finish at slight extra cost.
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skin taken at Englehart have been seized and the trappers will he prosecuted. Both beaver and otter are protected till 1910.

A terrible experience was undergone recently by Mrs. Thomas Wagner, of Westaskiwin, who was lost in the bush for three days and two nights. The unfortunate woman lost her way while returning from the bush where her husband was cutting timber. A search party scoured the woods and at length found her in an exhausted condition. At the time of her rescue she was about six miles from home.

Increased, and ever increasing attention is being given to the subject of taxidermy on the part of sportsmen, and our pages bear testimony to this desire on their part. Many a fine specimen might be saved for future enjoyment if sportsmen knew a few of the preliminaries necessary to preserve heads for skilled operation. Many, too, who would go so far would be led on till they became experts themselves, and enjoy their battles over again in spending time and abilities in bestowing care and attention upon trophies which cost them much in time, money and hard work to procure. Every sportsman wishes to retain the best of his trophies, knowing full well that the constant sight of them will recall some of the most pleasant episodes in his life's experience. Every sportsman can now carry out his wishes in this respect. If he will send his name to the Northwestern School of Taxidermy, Omaha, Nebraska, he will be supplied with literature which will convince him how speedily others have succeeded in the course he desires to follow and how easily he may follow in their steps, to his own great advantage. At any rate it will do him no harm to make enquiries into the subject and if he will address a letter to the School and mention "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada" he may be assured of the best treatment.

The owner of a Winchester take-down repeating shotgun may have two guns for a little over the cost of one by using interchangeable barrels. For instance, if his gun is fitted with a thirty inch or thirty-two inch full-choke barrel for trap, duck or chicken shooting; he may also have an interchangeable twenty-six inch or twenty-eight inch cylinder-bore barrel for shooting quail, partridges, woodcock, etc. In this way, by using the same stock and action, he practically has two guns for not much more than the price of one. As a close, hard and effective shooter, the Winchester repeating shotgun has no superior. The records of such leading trap shots as C.G Spencer, J. Mowell Hawkins, L. R. Barkley, John R. Taylor, etc. who use Winchester shotguns exclusively, is evidence of this. They have a tremendous sale, there being at the present time over 450,000 in use, and their popularity is increasing by leaps and bounds. This is due to the perfect satisfaction they give. Then, too, the cost for a really first-class gun is extremely low, it being only $27.00 for the single gun and $42.00 for the gun with two barrels, less the dealer's regular discount, which brings the cost down considerably lower. No gun is so effective as the repeater, and of this type of gun the Winchester is the most used.

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Mr. Lancelot A. Purcell, writes from Halifax, N. S.: The other morning in crossing a field on my way to town I stood for some time watching the antics of a dozen crows. These birds stay around all the year and on this particular morning they were making such a noise that it was clear something was disturbing them. When I reached a position where I could see them I saw a sharp shinned hawk darting around them just like swallows will after flies. On several occasions it closed with a crow and both birds fell to the ground. After a time the crows got together like a company of soldiers and when the hawk swept around again they flapped their wings and made noises at him. After a time the hawk, seeing that he could not break the ranks, flew off. I never saw crows act in this fashion before and it was most interesting to see them line up like soldiers. These hawks, it may be well to explain, are the smallest in Northern America and are plentiful in the neighborhood of Halifax. They are no larger than a robin, of a dark grayish brown on back, with a few white feathers towards the centre of the back, breast white with light brown streaks down tail, same color as back, with four white bars across. The female is very much larger than the male.

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The site of the new Saskatchewan University is a matter of hot controversy in the West. The city of Prince Albert is putting up a strenuous fight for the honor of selection, relying largely upon the fact that the surrounding districts afford opportunities for the students to obtain practical courses of instruction in agriculture, forestry and mining. At present there are but two forestry schools in Canada—one at the University of Toronto and the other at the University of New Brunswick and Saskatchewan is ambitious of forming a third one. Strong emphasis is rightly laid upon the opportunities afforded for practical work, and the people of Prince Albert do well to keep this point to the front, particularly so far as regards forestry. There is a great future for forestry in Canada, greater than we have yet realized and this side of the new University should be developed. The Prince Albert district affords a fine opportunity for doing this and conse-

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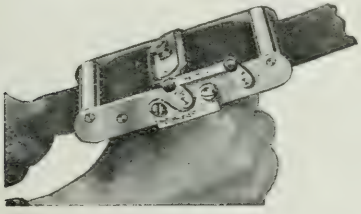
quently the claims of Prince Albert should be well considered before any decision is arrived at.

The great army of those who shave themselves, so vastly increased by the doubly edged safety razors of the Gillette, Ward and Yale type, will receive many additions to their ranks when the Rundel Automatic Stropper comes into wide use. Hitherto these superior razors have suffered under the great drawback that no proper method was provided for stropping the blades. This meant only one satisfactory shave from each blade and a useless waste of blades. This is all changed by the Rundel Automatic Stropper. This stropper is adapted to any double



edge razor blade and by its use blades can be stropped over and over again and made to last a lifetime, while enough blades to last a month can be stropped in a few minutes. The stropper, with best quality horse hide strop, twenty-four inches long, packed in a strong box will be sent postpaid on receipt of three dollars. With the advantages given, the strop speedily pays for itself while the advantages continue. The Rundel Sales Co., of Rochester, N. Y., the owners of the patent, are desirous of placing this useful article with sporting goods dealers throughout Canada and dealers who will write to them for discounts will receive prompt attention.

With reference to items appearing in our November and December numbers dealing with wormy black bass in eastern Ontario waters, we understand that a naturalist is investigating the subject and preparing an official report. So far, the life history of this worm-like parasite has not been worked out but it is believed to be a species of Filaria and occurs in greatest abundance in perch and bass found in waters of Central Ontario, more particularly in rivers and lakes polluted by decaying debris from lumbering operations. It has been found affecting perch and bass in the waters of the Trent Valley system, but has not so far been seen in any fish taken from Lakes Ontario or Erie.

Mr. F. William Deal writes: I have read with much interest the articles in Rod and Gun on the Wild Pigeon. It is twenty nine years ago last March since I bought the farm I now own in Haldimand County, Ont. The Sandusk Creek runs down on the east side of the farm and the first spring I was here a few pigeons came and stayed around the creek all summer. In the fall there was quite a flock of them and I shot my last half dozen of wild pigeons. Shortly afterwards when I was down at the Creek I saw a flock rise off the ground into a tree on the bank which was twenty feet above me. As I shot wild pigeons off and on for twenty five years, before they disap-

peared I should have noticed their reappearance had they shown themselves. I remember noticing a statement taken from a New York paper to the effect that the pigeon had gone to South America in the large forests of which there were few to molest them. A Chicago paper stated recently that "as late as 1876 one nest ground in Michigan was twenty eight miles long by three or four miles wide. It seemed at first as if there could be no end to such a prodigal supply but the birds were netted by thousands and shipped to the great cities by the barrel load until the price fell so low that it no longer paid to ship them and they were fed to the hogs. Such wanton destruction was bound to result in practical extinction."

———

The famous Three in One oil reflects the trend of business for the coming year. On every hand we see signs, positive and unmistakable, that the coming business year should be the very best that the United States has ever known. Manufacturers and jobbers all over the country are beginning to receive the benefit of deferred or held up orders ; also many are opening up new avenues of trade. Perhaps the best indication of the healthy tone of present and future business conditions is evinced by the manufacturers whose products are directly consumed by the great masses of people. For instance, 3 in One Oil is an article of popular consumption. It is widely distributed, being on sale in practically every city, village and hamlet in the land. The 3 in One Oil Company's progressive advertising policy has made 3 in One Oil a household word for lubricating guns, bicycles, and mechanisms, cleaning and polishing furniture, preventing rust, etc. When the general public—"Lincoln's common people" believe that "all's well on the Potomac", they show this belief in their increased consumption of a small priced necessity like 3 in One Oil. The demand for 3 in One the last few months has increased wonderfully. Just recently they shipped an entire carload of 3 in One to San Francisco to take care of the immediate Pacific Coast requirements. The English and Australian trade of 3 in One has also shown a healthy tone. All of this increasing consumption has made it necessary for the 3 in One Oil Co. to add a generous addition to their present well equipped and modern factory at Rahway, N. J. This new addition is just nearing completion and when finished will give the 3 in One Oil Co. the finest oil factory in the United States. For instance, the Three in One Oil Co. now have in successful operation the only two machines in the world that automatically paste labels on square bottles. They are now having built for them a new machine which will be almost revolutionary in character in that it will label their bottles, wrap the same with a booklet, place in a carton and seal the carton. These further modern improvements on the part of the Three in One Oil Co. simple evidence the faith of Mr. Slee, their president, in the substantialness of the business outlook. It also evidences the further popularity and absolute virtue of 3 in One Oil—the one oil compound for which there is no substitute and which is different and better than any other oil on the market—particularly for guns.

———

We have had several enquiries as to the best means of killing and skinning skunks so as to prepare their pelts for the market. Mr. James Falls, an old trapper, gives the following methods as the best, and he has had long experience at the work. (1) If the skunk be poisioned he will not give out any musk. In such a case he can be skinned, though care must be taken not to cut the musk bag. A very sharp knife is required to skin around the bag without cutting it. After skinning, the whole carcass should be buried in the earth. (2) If the skunk has been shot or caught in a trap and has given out his odor, which it keeps only for protection, then bury the animal in moist earth, about eighteen inches deep and for about forty-eight hours. He may then be skinned and no odor will remain on the fur. Another correspondent writes on the same subject: I have found the best way to keep skunks from emitting their fearful taint is to catch them in a box trap and then drown them in the trap. They must however, be carried to the water very gently and put under the water quickly or the precautions will prove

You can make the day longer

by stealing part of the night, but you won't be any stronger unless you eat right.

Food Folly comes back in a nightmare of disordered digestion. Loose Livers come from Loose Living. The Stomach Sadness that comes from Stomach Stuffing is quickly dispelled by a simple diet of

SHREDDED WHOLE WHEAT

the food that puts you on your feet. It is full of nutriment and easily digested by the most delicate stomach. Made in our two-million-dollar sunlit bakery.

Shredded Wheat is made in only two forms, BISCUIT and TRISCUIT—the biscuit for breakfast with milk or cream or for any meal with fresh or preserved fruits. Triscuit (the Shredded Wheat Wafer) used as a TOAST for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Shredded Wheat is the whole wheat cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded and twice baked. It is made at Niagara Falls, in the cleanest, most hygienic food factory in the world. If it isn't made by The Shredded Wheat Company it isn't "Shredded Wheat." The process is protected by forty-one patents in the United States, Canada and Europe. Both the Biscuit and Triscuit should be heated in the oven (to restore crispness) before using. Our new illustrated cook book is sent free for the asking.

THE ONLY "BREAKFAST FOOD" MADE IN BISCUIT FORM.

THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO., LIMITED NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.
Toronto Office: 49 Wellington St. East

1380

of no avail. Another plan is to shoot them through the brain with a .22 rifle but unless instantly killed they will emit their taint. A steel trap cannot be used if the skin is wanted, but if caught in a box trap, drowned or shot they can be skinned like other fur. A trapper catching and handling skunks will have to isolate himself and when he comes out he must burn his clothes. Practically speaking "the game is not worth the candle."

The Honorable James S. Whipple Chief Game Commisrioner of Game, Fish and Forest for the State of New York, called in at the C. P. R. Offices on his way back from a hunting trip in the regions north of Kipawa, on the western boundary of Quebec. Mr. Whipple was accompanied by Mr. John Burnham, the Chief Game Protector of New York State, and Mr. C. E. Johnstone, one of the best known big game hunters in America. The trip has been a succesful one, each of the party securing a fine moose. The Commissioner's was the best, having a spread of antlers just 60 inches—one of the best heads that has come from Kipawa this season. Another point that struck Mr. Whipple on his trip, in addition to the great quantity of game he saw, was the natural re-afforestation which is taking place everywhere in the country he visited. He says that in his own State very little natural reseeding of this conifer tribe takes place. This aspect of our Canadian woods interested him immensely. All three gentlemen have expressed their intention of returning next year. Kipawa will obtain advertisement amongst the right class of Americans, and fully deserves this advertisement, for every hunter that the Tourist Department of the C.P. R. has sent out to this section this season, with one exception, has obtained his legal limit of game. Mr. Whipple has been invited to be the guest of the Quebec Fish and Game Association at their annual dinner and stated that he would do his utmost to so arrange matters that he might be able to attend.

Demar writes : Lined along the embankment near the western end of Victoria Bridge, Montreal, during the whole of Saturday, December, 25th, there were dozens of shooters engaged in firing at Guillemots coming up the St. Lawrence, and some 300 were said to have been bagged. It is only within the last few years that these marine birds have been seen so far up the river. They are a species of duck which when in flight resemble the whistler duck, being black and white. On the coasts of Great Britain they go by many names, but in Canada they are commonly called seacrows, probably from the fact that their bills and those of crows are much alike, and that they are quite as edible.

An invention which should have a great future in Canada is the thermostat, an automatic heat regulator. Everyone knows how persistently the house furnace allows the heat to go up and down, in other words how often, in an ordinary house, the inmates are suffocating or shivering. All this discomfort can be avoided by the purchase of a thermostat and one of the best on the market is that manufactured by the Beers' Brothers

A Dependable Companion

Wherever you go or whenever you go, whether on business or pleasure, be sure to take along a Conklin Pen, and you'll always be ready for any writing emergency. You'll never be held up through lack of ink. When last drop is exhausted fill

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Self-Filling Fountain Pen

again at nearest ink-well by simply dipping in pen and pressing Crescent-Filler. No bothersome dropper, no fuss, no muss, no cleaning up to do. Self-filling, self-cleaning. Won't scratch, blot, balk or skip. There is no other pen in the world like it.

Leading dealers handle the Conklin. If yours don't, order direct. Prices, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00 to $15.00. Send for handsome new catalogue.

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Thermostat Company, Rochester, N. Y. With this machine at work the temperature of the home is kept uniform through every hour of the day and night and with the smallest amount of fuel consumption, the cost of installation being thus met, while the comfort at once experienced is beyond price. Whatever the form of heater employed and the size of the house, it is impossible without a thermostat to maintain uniform temperature. The fact of the instrument being automatic adds greatly to its advantages. All that is necessary is to keep the heater properly supplied with fuel and the grates cleaned and the thermostat will do the rest. Both the consumption of fuel and the temperature are controlled, the only expense attached to its operation being the renewal once in from two to five years of the two dry batteries actuating the motor. The Beers' Brothers Thermostat is extremely simple in operation, its scientific accuracy and completeness making it simple. The Thermostat has been in constant use for fifteen years, is sold under a positive guarantee and can be installed in an hour by any one who can handle a hammer, screw driver and auger. The complete instrument boxed for shipment, F. O. B. Rochester, is priced at $25.00 and one winter's experience means a full return for this outlay.

The members of the North American Fish and Game Protective Association will hold their annual conference this year at Toronto, Wednesday and Thursday, January 20th and 21st, being the days fixed for the gathering. The membership includes representatives from the Canadian Provinces and the States of the Union and reports and decisions of this representative gathering exert much influence upon legislation. A special descriptive account of the conference will appear in our March number.

The well known and flourishing fur house of M. Sloman & Co., 118-120 Congress St. West, Detroit, Mich., have just published a little booklet entitled "Sloman's Ency-

TRADE M.R.M. CO. MARK

SHOT

Uniformity in the manufacture of Shot is one of the most important features.

"M. R. M." brand excels in this respect.

It can always be depended upon to be of good quality, round and well sized.

Our trade mark on each bag is a guarantee of quality.

THE MONTREAL ROLLING MILLS CO.

No Foot or Mouth Disease in the Milk put in

CANADA FIRST

Evaporated Cream

It is Perfectly Sterilized — Makes Coffee Delicious

Manufactured by

Aylmer Condensed Milk Co., Ltd

AYLMER, ONT.

clopedia of Fur Facts and Things Worth Knowing" that should be in the hands of every trapper. In addition to many items of interest and service upon furs and their management, grading, etc., the publication contains a mass of miscellaneous information upon a wide variety of subjects which would prove of use in many cases in the backwoods. It is easy to understand a trapper making the book his "guide, philosopher and friend" in almost every undertaking and consulting it whenever he wanted information upon any subject. It is only by constant use that we can appreciate the vast amount of useful information thus brought together, and the twenty-five cents charged for the book can be saved many times over by making use of some of the numerous hints and suggestions contained therein. The introduction points with pardonable pride to the fine record of the house and at the end there are printed a number of testimonials from satisfied clients. Messrs. Sloman are to be complimented upon such a record and also upon the industry and ability shown in the compilation of the book which should carry the name and fame of the firm into even wider fields.

"A dissatisfied deer hunter" writes stating that he and five friends went hunting last open season at Aylen Lake, going in from Aylen Station on the Grand Trunk Railway Ottawa Division. When at the station they received information to the effect that a party had been hunting with dogs, a few days before the hunting season opened and had lost two of their dogs. When they arrived at their camping grounds on the lake they found entrails of deer on the shore and later on two dogs came into the camp and stayed several days. A man who claimed the dogs visited them and boasted of what he had done, stating that he expected about thirty hunters at his place and a few deer would not come amiss. He further told them that during the previous fall his son went out hunting and killed eight deer by ten o'clock in the morning. The six gentlemen heard this boasting and they were afterwards told that the man was in Government employ either as a game or fire warden

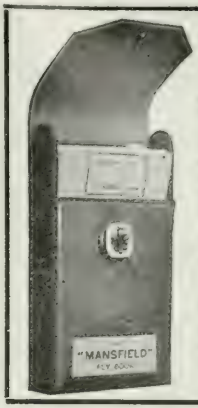
or both. As a result of this illegal clearance of the deer the party only succeeded in getting a very few deer after spending three weeks in the woods and considerable amounts of their hard earned money. No wonder they are dissatisfied and suggest that the Government should send strangers up north in October to see that the game laws are enforced. Only by some such method as this will it be possible to enforce the law and give a square deal to those who while desirous of enjoying a vacation in the woods and securing their share of venison are also wishful to maintain the law.

Flock duck shooting on the lakes of the St. Lawrence was this year a failure owing to the bush fire, smoke and fogs as well as continued calmness. There being so little traffic and so much calm the birds sat still in large flocks. Snipe were plentiful but had an unusual aversion to approaches of less than fifty yards.

Amongst the latest and most useful of the many inventions which have benefitted sportsmen and those going to the backwoods, supplied by the Marble Safety Axe Company, Gladstone, Mich., is the Marble-Haines Knife, designed by Mr. Ashley A. Haines, of "Haines Model Revolver" fame and supplied by the Mar-

ble Company. The knife, which is perfectly adapted to skinning is pleasing to the hand, while its "hang" and feel are both excellent. With a German stag handle and blade six inches long, the weight of the knife is five and a half ounces and the price $2.50.

"Demar" writes :—It is pretty generally conceded that in the intellectual order the elephant ranks next to man. Stories of his usefulness, not only on account of his great strength but of his intelligence we have read all our lives.



Quite a few Canadian Anglers have ordered the

"MANSFIELD" FLY BOOK

and many more would do so, if they knew what a handy, compact, and practical book it is. It is more convenient and serviceable than any book on the market. Fits the pocket better, size 6x3½x1. Book has 12 pockets, holding 1 dozen Flies each. Pocket for Leaders

Made of Calf Skin, sells for $2.50. Alligator, $3.50.

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A Nice Christmas Present.

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Complete Outfit $42.50
Engine only $33. 4-cycle Reversible

This high power 4-cycle motor with batteries, coil, shaft, propeller, tanks and muffler, tested ready to install in skiff or launch. Weight 100 lbs. Bore 3 3-4 in. Stroke 4 in. 1 3-4 h. p. actual. I also build 2 and 3 cylinder and stationary motors.

Walter E. Dunn, Ogdensburg, N. Y.

But let me relate what I, myself, witnessed many years ago in Kingston, Ont. :—We had a circus and the back wheels of the big hippopotamus wagon sank into the soft earth to the hubs so it couldn't be moved by the horses. One of the men, tired of futile attempts, at last addressed a large elephant quietly feeding some thirty yards off "Say, come over here and help us !" His lordship obeyed at once and instead of putting his big forehead against the door, placed his trunk under the rear axle and lifting the hind wheels clear, held them so till the drivers started the horses ; then without waiting for thanks quietly went back to his dinner of hay.

SPORTS AFLOAT

A section devoted to those who brave wind and wave.

The Future of Canada's Cup.

Yacht racing circles have had but one topic for discussion lately—the future of Canada's cup. The R. C. Y. C. have contended that under the deed of gift, Seneca, the Rochester defender, was not eligible to enter the competition and that she was not built under the new scantling rules. The Rochester club have clung to Seneca but offered to allow a new Canadian challenger to be built under new rules, which should omit the scantling restrictions. The R. C. Y C. have asked that the deed of gift should be referred to some yachting authority to arbitrate upon the exact meaning of the wording of the deed. The Rochester Club hold that this is quite unnecessary as the wording is plain and under it Seneca is eligible.

The Rochester Club say : We do not believe the members of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club can seriously entertain the opinion that Seneca is not eligible. We trust that these conditions, as changed by us, will be satisfactory to you and that you will sign and return the same. If there is any question on the part of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club respecting the eligibility of Seneca, we want it raised and determined now. If your club raises this question we offer to refer the question of the eligibility of Seneca to sail under the rules of the Y R.U. to that body itself, the question, however, to be submitted to the Y. R. U. within two weeks and its decision in the matter to be final. Should you deem it a hardship to build a boat under the present rules as to scantling, and you desire it, we are willing, in a spirit of fairness, to agree to eliminate the scantling restrictions entirely for the race."

After meetings and conferences the following telegram was sent to Rochester :

"The Royal Canadian Yacht Club accepts your suggestion to submit the question of eligibility of Seneca to race for the Canada's Cup under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union of the Great Lakes and the terms of the deed of gift of the Canada's Cup to the Council of the Union at the meeting to be held in Detroit, December nineteenth. Kindly acknowledge the receipt by wire."

This action was taken by the joint meeting of the Executive and the Sailing Commitee of the club with Commodore Macdonald in the chair.

The Rochester Club wrote :

"Our position should be clear to you. We refuse to refer to the Yacht Racing Union any question as to the eligibility of Seneca under the terms of the deed of gift. There has been no change in the terms of the deed of gift, and as Seneca was eligible to and did defend the cup in 1907, there can be no possible question as to her eligibility in 1909. The question we have offered to submit will settle the whole controversy. If Seneca is elegible under the rules of the Yacht Racing Union she is eligible under the deed of gift. We do not care to have a clean-cut question involved and complicated for apparently no other purpose than to obscure it. Consider this answer final.

After a conference at Rochester the R. C. Y. C. delegates reported :

"Your delegates are strongly of the opinion that so long as the Rochester Yacht Club hold their present views there is no hope of our getting what we contend is a reasonable interpretation of

the deed of gift, and that in future challenges for the cup we will be open to the answer that we have now received, that the Rochester Yacht Club will be at liberty to borrow a yacht wherever it pleases in the United States so long as the owner thereof is a member, resident, non-resident or honorary, of their club or even if the owner thereof is made an honorary member of their club for the express purpose of using his yacht to defend the cup : in other words, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, if it intends further to interest itself in racing for the cup, must be prepared to race any fast boat on the Atlantic seaboard or elsewhere, whose owner is prepared to lend his boat for the purpose of defending the cup by becoming an honorary member of the Rochester Yacht Club."

The result of the discussion at Toronto was the sending of the following telegram to the Rochester Yacht Club :—

"Clute E. Noxon, Secretary Rochester Yacht Club, Rochester : "Your having rejected the many suggestions of our committee to settle the difference of opinion regarding the intention of the deed of gift of Canada's Cup to an independent tribunal we hereby withdraw our challenge of twenty-third of September, much regretting the circumstances necessitating the same. This action is only taken after deep consideration by our Executive and Sailing Committee.

E. Porter, Secretary."

The Case for the R. C. Y. C.

The following has been issued by the R.C.Y.C.: To the Yachtsmen of the Great Lakes :

Gentlemen : Owing to the publicity given to the controversy between the Rochester Yacht Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club and the inaccuracy of many of the newspaper reports, the Royal Canadian Yacht Club feel that some explanation why they have withdrawn their challenge is due to the yachtsmen of the Great Lakes.

There are two points at issue. In the minds of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, the more important one is the question of the use of yachts in the contest not intended in good faith for use on the Great Lakes. They contend that the spirit and language of the deed of gift clearly indicates that what was in the minds of the donors was to provide a cup for International racing between the yachts of the yacht clubs bordering on the Great Lakes, and to provide a cup for fresh water similar to the American's Cup for salt; and that, had it been the intention of the donors to throw the contest open to all Canada and all the United States, the deed would have said that the contest was to be between yachts owned in Canada and yachts owned in the United States.

The Rochester Yacht Club contend that the deed of gift is not clear as to this point, and they contend for the right to use and draw their defenders or challengers from the American fleet of yachts, no matter where their home port may be or their owners may reside, so long as they are made membars of a Great Lakes' Yacht Club. This we hold, is not the spirit of the deed, and would be most unequal and unreasonable.

The second point, and one less import-

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Compasses	Lamps
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John Leckie
Limited
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ant in our eyes, is the eligibility of the Seneca to race for the Canada's Cup, owing to her not complying with the scantling restrictions now in force in the union, whereas our representative would have to build under these restrictions. Thus, if it was allowed that the Seneca was exempt from these restrictions under the reading of the union rule on this point, she would obtain an advantage which it is not in the interest of sport, or of any amateur contest, should exist, as we take it, the fundamental principal of all true sports is competition on absolutely even terms. We further have contended that the Seneca having been on salt water and owned by a New York yachtsman, her home port being Indian Harbor, she being licensed there at the time of the passing of the scantling rule in 1907, was not exempt as would be a fresh water yacht owned in good faith and kept for use on the Great Lakes. This latter point, however, to our minds, is of lesser importance than the one of eligibility to race for the Canada's Cup of anything but bona fide Great Lakes' yachts, owned in good faith and kept for use on the Great Lakes.

We have gone to the last extreme in our endeavors to persuade the Rochester Yacht Club to leave the point in dispute to a disinterested tribunal, by first accepting their proposal to name the council of the union as arbitrators, and afterwards to the Regatta Committee of either the New York Yacht Club or the Eastern Yacht Club of Boston or any other American Yacht Club that we could agree upon and to abide by their decision. The Rochester Club, however, have rejected our advances, and maintained that they will not abritrate on the first point, but are prepared to leave to the union the question as to the eligibility of the Seneca to race under the union rules, but with respect to the question of her scantling only. As this, however, is a contest for the Canada's Cup, our contention is that the deed of gift of the Canada's Cup must be the instrument to guide those who are to decide, as that instrument says that such challenge shall be made and the matches sailed in accordance with the terms and provisions of this instrument, and that alterations may be made that are mutual to both parties, but only where they do not alter the sense and spirit of this instrument.

On Saturday December, twelfth, we sent a committee to Rochester to confer with the committee of that Club, but as they absolutely refuse to arbitrate the question, we make this statement to you, the yachtsmen of the Great Lakes, to explain why the Royal Canadian Yacht Club withdraws from the contests for the Canada's Cup so long as the Rochester Yacht Club maintains this position.

The New York Sun:—The general feeling among yachtsmen here is that the Canadians are right in their opinion that the Seneca is not eligible. That yacht does not comply with the scantling restrictions, and it would be unfair to race her against a yacht that does do so.

Largest Order For Marine Boats

The W. H. Mullins Co. of Salem, O. placed with The Ferro Machine & Foundry Co. the largest single order ever given for marine motors. This order called for seven hundred engines ranging in size from 3 to 25 H-P and to be delivered before Feb. 1, 1909. Mr. Mullins, President of the concern, is very confident of the prosperous business year and said in reply to a question, that that they would probably duplicate this order by May 1st and would, doubtless, use fifteen hundred Ferro engines during the year.

The Toronto Canoe Club's Annual.

The meeting of the Toronto Canoe Club was the largest and most enthusiastic annual gathering the club has ever had. The club is now in such a prosperous condition that it was resolved to limit the active membership to five hundred and to increase the fees. The following officers were elected:—Commodore, Wm. A. McNabb; Vice-Commodore, Henry H. Mason; Rear Commodore, L. E. Thomas; Hon. Secretary, A. E. Cuff; Hon. Treasurer, Herbert F. Fisher; Executive Committee, G. R. Baker, J. G. Ramsey, A. Young; Committee of Management, S.

A. Sylvester, Harry E. Brasier, A. M. Graham; Aquatic Committee, R. J. Burns T. F. Livingstone, R. C. Blackburn, C. S. Malcolm, H. H. Fullerton, R. F. Wilson; House Committee, G.W. Jose, Geo. S. Moffat, Barton Howitt, Allan Withers Thomas Lalor, jun., J. J. Wickett, W. Sparrow, J. R. Evans; paddling captain, A. McNichol.

Arnst is Champion.

A cablegram from New Zealand dated Dec. 15th says: R. Arnst, of New Zealand today won the sculling championship of the world by defeating W. Webb, also of New Zealand, by eight lengths. Time, 19 minutes and 52 seconds. Distance covered, 3 1-4 miles. Arnst led throughout.

The course was 3 1-4 miles. The following are the results or the previous most important contests:—

1890—P. Kemp beat Neil Matterson.
1891—J. Stanbury beat J. McLean.
1892—J. Stanbury beat T. Sullivan.
1896—J. Stanbury beat C. R. Harding
1896 J. Gaudaur beat J. Stanbury.
1901—G. Towns beat J Gaudaur.
1904—G. Towns beat R. Tressider.
1905—J. Stanbury beat G. Towns.
1906—G. Towns beat J. Stanbury.
1907—G. Towns beat Eddie Durnan.
1907—G. Towns turned over Championship to his brother, C. Towns.
1907—W. Webb beat C. Towns.
1908—W. Webb beat R. Tressider.
1908—R. Arnst beat W. Webb.

The Schofield-Holden Machine Co., Limited, of Toronto, are anticipating the most prosperous year of their existence, as from orders on hand and prospects in view, they expect to be working to the limit till the end of the summer. They have in course of construction twenty-five 20-ft. boats, known as their "Special," whlch will be equipped with the new 8 H.P., 2 cylinder engine, of which they are making a special feature. The boat will be finished in mahogany and will be very roomy, and they claim, the fastest of her size and h. p. in fresh water, attaining a speed of twelve real miles. This boat when completed will sell for $550.00 and Mr. Bob Shaw, the genial General Sales Agent, states that he has purchas-

TAKE

BOVRIL

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BOVRIL gives staying power.

All the prizes of the chase fall to the man with the greatest staying power—the power to push the game to the finish.

BOVRIL builds up a large reserve of strength, which enables the body to respond to the dictates of the will when great effort is required. It is found in the kits of the foremost sportsmen all over the globe.

BOVRIL provides most tasty and nourishing meals in a very short time and with a minimum amount of trouble. It greatly improves Canned Meats, Pork and Beans, Fish, Soup, etc.

BOVRIL contains all the valuable strengthening qualities of beef in a concentrated and highly palatable form.

BOVRIL Limited
27 St. Peter Street, Montreal

ers for fourteen of these boats. Mr. Shaw states, also, that he will be more than pleased to meet anybody interested in motor boats and show them through their well-equipped factory.

A Boatowners' Booklet.

Every boat owner should possess a copy of the catalogue for 1909 issued by the Michigan Wheel Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., giving particulars of their speed wheels, weedless speed propeller wheels, reverse gears and clutches, and general marine hardware. The study of this catalogue which the Company announce as their "travelling salesman," shows every boat owner what experience and attention has accomplished in the way of wheels and gearing and it a marvellous story that is here disclosed. The success of the Company's products is evidenced by the fact that they have had to triple their capacity. This has been done by building a large factory, fully equipped with new and modern machinery and tools, these being specially designed for turning out the Company's production at a minimum cost and in the highest style. As a further result the Company are able to state that they are the largest manufacturers or marine accessories in the world.

Their goods are sold on merits and back of them is the firm's guarantee. Michigan reverse gears and propeller wheels, without which no power boat is complete, have found their way into every nook and corner of the world, and are used on racers, pleasure launches, cruisers, speed and work boats, being equally efficient on all. The catalogue is well illustrated and the information given is sufficient to enable any boating man to see the advantages these wheels and reverse gears give. Indeed the advantages are so clear as to dispel any wonder at the Company's success. Couplings, and bearings, universal joints, deck hardware steering wheels, bells, air compressors, carbureters, marine timers, etc., are a few of the many requisites of the power boatman which are supplied by this firm and which are illustrated and described in the catalogue. A copy of this excellent publication will be forwarded post free to any interested boating reader sending the Company a request for same and mentioning "Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada."

From the private motorist's standpoint a cloud or myth surrounds the actual workings inside his motor which makes the advent of the Brown Two Cycle Compressometer of vast importance to our readers. Elsewhere in our advertising columns is show the Compressometer which might be described as an instrument serving a dual purpose, namely, to accurately register the highest cyclinder compression and the suck or vacuum taking place within the crank case. It has become a well established fact that uniformity in compressions of multiple motors argues well for the even distribution of the working force and the proper balance of the entire engine. The subsequent efficiency therefore bears directly upon the ratio of the compression; and while this compression remains normal during the early operation of the motor, yet vibrations, removal of heads, causes numerous leakages and results tending to lower motor efficiency. Up to the present time when a fault in the engine is suspected, the usual practice is to cut out one or more cylinders by preventing the ignition of the charge and thus, by a somewhat protracted process of elimination, eventually arriving at the fact that one or more cylinders are either not working at all or developing very little power. In the Two Cycle or marine type of motor a double form of compression appears; namely, cylinder and crank case. The crank case, however, performs the important office of holding the vaporous charge, the ascending piston having previously drawn in the same and retaining this amount securely until the downward stroke which drives the mixture to the cylinder or explosive chamber where ignition takes place. The Two Cycle Brown Compressometer is a specially designed spring tube form of registration, containing on one dial calibrations for both cylinder and crank case readings. Each instrument is equipped with two bushings, universal by a movement to a nipple directly connected to the instrument. Bushings of the half inch metric or A.L.A.M, can be supplied for the cylinders, while a regulation one-

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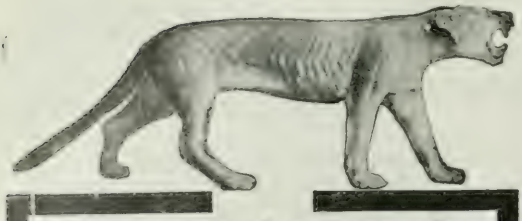

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Birds, game heads, fish, tan skins, make rugs and preserve all trophies. Be a professional taxidermist and command a big income or mount the rare animals or birds which you kill. Hunters! Trappers! Fishermen! Naturalists! All should know the wonderful art of Taxidermy which now may be learned quickly and easily at home and during your spare hours.

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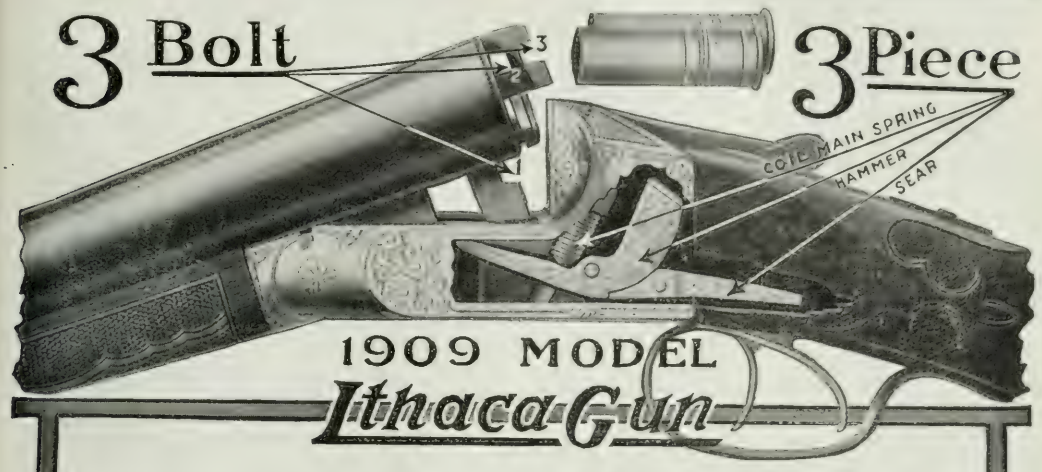
OMAHA, NEBRASKA

eight inch nipple accompanies each Compressometer, for making entrance to the crank case. The registrations occur with such rapidity that a lazy pointer is fitted, which when the charge is exhausted or when vacuums and pressures occur in the crank case, the red hand remains at the maximum reading. It must be borne in mind that the cylinder compression and the crank case pressure—vacuum furnish the general indications of the condition of the motor and the inability of one cylinder while the others develop normally, reveals the condition which demands immediate attention. One weak cylinder causes the motor to pull unevenly and greatly impairs its capacity, as well as applying unnecessary strains. Any great difference in compression obtained demonstrates leaks about head packing, escape about or through spark plug, about or through priming cup, a possible carbonized piston head, loose piston rings or piston ring slots in line or a too early opening of exhaust port. If the vacuum be greater than the compression then the intake port is open insufficiently. If, however, the vacuum be less than the pressure, then the transfer port is opened insufficiently. Any leaks about crank case bushing, packing, hand holes, plugs or bearings will affect the uniformity of readings, and the Compressometer in its action serves to assist you in rectifying mistakes in crank case operation.

The advance sheets of the catalogue of the Syracuse Gas Engine Co. of Syracuse, N.Y., which are before us, certainly present a most attractive appearance, and augurs well for the business of the Company for the coming year. So successful has the operation of the motor for the past year been in every case that the Company finds it practically impossible to improve, and such modifications as are made for 1909 are rather in the way of refinements and additions than in any radical changes. The 1909 Syracuse is therefore, offered to the public in absolutely the same simple positive action design as heretofore, and it is surprising to observe how completely the motor has been rid of small parts, and how absolutely positive is every part of its action. As a matter of fact the motor proper has but the three working parts, crank shaft, connecting rod, and piston, and the pump and commutator are carried by a small counter shaft operated by a single pair of spiral gears direct from the crank shaft. This is the only gear in the motor, and there are absolutely no valves, springs, cams, eccentrics, trip or tumbling rods, rocker arms, sprocket chains, or any other of the small and troublesome features found in the large majority of motors. It is claimed by the makers, and we believe without contradiction, that up to this point it is in fact impossible to get the motor out of adjustment, timer included, and the result is that nothing in the way of troubles can be expected by any possibility outside of fuel and ignition. The type of the carburetor is of the automatic float feed design, and requiring no regulation but the needle valve, and if the gasoline is kept clean there is not the remotest chance of annoyance in this particular. The ignition is equally safe guarded; the highest jump spark being employed, and with the en-



1909 MODEL
Ithaca Gun

Our new "3 Bolt—3 Piece" 1909 Model gun has the simplest and fastest lock ever put in a gun. Some makers claim a three piece lock but do not show or count the main spring—now we both show and count the main spring—see cut above. Please note we have cut out all cocking bars, levers and push rods and hook right on to the toe of the hammer. This not only makes a lock with large strong parts but a lock that works as smooth as oil. We use an unbreakable coil top lever spring, also a coil main spring, which acts directly on the hammer, and a horizontal sear, which makes a very fast lock with a quick, clean, sharp and snappy pull. The hammer has only a half inch to travel as compared with over an inch travel in other guns, which makes the lock 50 per cent. faster. If you are a trap shooter you will readily see the advantages of this lock—we figure it will increase your score 5 per cent. We make dainty little 20 guage guns in all grades hammerless. Send for Art Catalog fully describing our 1909 Model gun. Request special prices on our entire line, 18 grades, $17.75 net to $300.00 list.

Ithaca Gun Co., Dept. No. 13, Ithaca, N.Y.

closed dash type coil of the most effective type. It is little wonder then that the users of The Syracuse, with one accord become its friends, and are running it day after day and week after week without even the semblance of trouble. The motors are not only of the design above mentioned, but are built on the most approved plan, by skilled workmen (no cheap labor being employed) so that wearing qualities and results are of the best. Beyond this there are several special and exclusive features really putting The Syracuse in a class by itself, and among the claims made in their catalogue which seem abundantly borne out by the facts are: extreme length of bearings insuring long wear; positive system of lubrication through a hollow wrist pin, and connecting rod thus lubricating these important bearings by positive action as well as the splash from the base; solid firing chamber removing all possibility of troubles from leaky gaskets combined with a perfectly accessible water circulation system; flexible and most perfect automobile type of speed control; large reserve of strength in all parts to which is added perfect interchangeability without fitting, bearings included, rendering replacements of the simplest character, and their patented combination water-jacketed exhaust combining convenience, economy in fuel and producing additional power, while relieving stress on the cylinders by introducing cold water against the exhaust instead of direct against the firing chamber. Added to all of these things the most exhaustive tests are made before the motors are shipped, and it is the claim of the builders that thus far no motor has passed their rigid inspection, and been allowed to go on the market in any but a perfect condition. We invite the attention of the reader to the cut of the motor appearing in their advertisement on page 17, a glance at which will show the neat, perfect and simple design and construction of the motor. We predict for it a larger sale than ever for the coming year, and that a full share of them will be found in Canadian waters.

AUTOMOBILES AND AUTOMOBILING

An Auto Race in the West.

BY GEORGE R. BELTON.

MOST people unacquainted with the Canadian west would expect to see few automobiles in that country and would expect to find those few in the cities and towns only, where wealth is supposed to be centred. The huge string of Winnipeg automobiles and the numbers owned at the smaller cities and towns would be a surprise to the easterner while a double surprise would await him when the number of automobiles owned by progressive farmers would be counted up. For in many districts there are farmers not only in comfortable circumstances but wealthy and able to afford the majority of the luxuries of life.

THE REO IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE RACE.

Amongst such districts is the favored beautiful plains region adjacent to the town of Neepawa and in that country are found some of the finest farms and most progressive farmers in Canada.

The Neepawa Register, a local paper in the county, noted with some satisfaction last spring that there were several automobiles owned in the district, remarking on the fact that they all were owned by farmers and stated that as an attraction for the town fair the paper would put up a trophy for local competition by the automobiles owned in the county. The idea was received with approval and the King Edward also offered to donate a gold medal for a speed trial at the annual Athletic Meet on the twenty-fifth of May.

The races were looked forward to with considerable interest being the first of the kind held locally, and the fact that well-known and popular neighbors were to compete, each driving his own machine, gave added interest to the affair. Owing to heavy rain on the night of the twenty-third only two machines were on hand at the Athletic Meet, Robt. Kerr and Walter Rowe, both of Springhill, a district some ten miles from Neepawa. The track was in rather poor condition but a good exhibition of speed was given. The race being new to all concerned the directors in charge thought it best to allow only one machine on the track at

a time and the contestants ran against time.

Kerr's machine put up a good race being neatly and safely handled, and being remarked upon as a very good, safe and desirable automobile. When Mr. Rowe started however, it was easily seen that his speed was greater while he handled his machine with as great caution and the decision was in his favor by considerable margin.

For the annual Exhibition the Register put up a fifty dollar cup exhibited in a local jeweller's window for some time and attracting considerable attention. When the day came the track was in excellent condition—though not being built for this style or speeding it is not capable of such tremendous bursts of speed as mark the automobile tracks, and even reasonable racing speed requires careful handling to avoid danger to the driver and possibly to the onlookers.

MR. AND MRS. WALTER ROWE, IN THE REO AT THEIR FARM HOME, SPRINGHILL, MAN.

After some delay occasioned by clearing the track the race was called and three automobiles entered, Walter Rowe, Robt. Kerr and Geo. Kerr, all well known farmers, the former entering his Reo Machine and the Kerr Bros. each entering a Pope-Tribune. It was arranged that two machines should race and the third compete with the winner, the distance to be ten laps of the half mile track ; Dan Hamilton, starter for the horse-races, to start the race and Clarence Ralph to keep time. Owing to the difference in horse-power, a handicap of thirty-five seconds was arranged, Rowe having twenty horsepower and each of the Kerrs fourteen horse power as against the Reo Machine. The bye fell to Geo. Kerr so the first race was between Mr. Rowe and Robt. Kerr.

The start looked promising enough, Mr. Kerr getting away fairly well and Rowe starting to overtake his handicap at almost breakneck speed, but before two laps had been passed Kerr's machine blew out a fuse and had to be pulled in and in making repairs slight damage was done that put the machine out of racing condition. The starter then called Rowe and awarded him the race and almost immediately called him and Mr. Geo. Kerr to the starting wire.

This start looked like the promise of a good race and such it proved. Kerr's machine started slower than Rowe's machine had done in the previous race but gained speed quickly and in the thirty-five seconds of the handicap was well around the track. When the starter gave Rowe the word his chance of making up this long stretch between looked rather slim. Yet by the time both had again crossed the wire it was seen that Rowe was steadily eating up the distance between the two, both machines flying past at a speed never equalled upon that track before and requiring careful handling on the sharp turns built only for horse racing. Several times spectators rose excitedly as the wheels at one side seemed to lift from the ground under the sharp turn.

Before the fifth lap the crowd was speculating or even betting on how soon the Red Reo Machine would pass the dark colored Pope-Tribune and the actual

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GRIZZLY BEAR

Sportsmen, with ambition to add one or two Grizzly Bear to their list of trophies, can be absolutely sure of doing so if they will come to the north-east Kootenay country in British Columbia at the proper season—months of May and June. Parties can be fully equipped by the undersigned. For complete information address

M. Dainard, Guide and Outfitter, Golden, B. C.

neck and neck competition took place on the home stretch directly before the grand stand, the Reo worming its nose and then its whole length passed the other machine in the same steady gain and taking a slight spurt to gain the pole. Then the machines kept fairly close until the last lap when Rowe gave a tremendous burst of speed and increased his lead considerably making the wire in 9.43 for the whole ten laps, Mr. Kerr coming in a few seconds later.

Several leading spectators warmly congratuated their neighbor farmers on the sportsmanlike and gentlemanly race they conducted and thanked them for a speed exhibition that was new to the majority of the crowd and interesting to all, hoping to see an even better competition next year.

Interesting Auto Observations.

TESTING the comparative speeds of various animals by speedometer has been one of the pet diversions of Donald McIntosh, driver of the Studebaker Scout car, now ferreting out a prospective Glidden Tour for the next summer through the West.

Animals both wild and tame are plentiful along Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska roads, according to McIntosh, who declares incidentally that the major part of the tremendous prosperity of the Western farmer is due to the fact that he utilizes the public highway for a feeding ground and promenade de luxe for his domestic animals and poultry.

Incidental to his story of comparative speed of animals, McIntosh says that an average day's hunting with a thirty horse power Studebaker, taking roads as one finds them in Kansas and Missouri, nets him six chickens, one turkey, two guinea hens, a sucking pig and a couple of squirrels. Last week he bagged but one goat to every three sheep, due to the fact that the goat tribe seems to have less curiosity to study the workings of a gasoline engine, judging by the observations up-to-date.

Reverting to the relative speed qualities of different animals McIntosh declares that he was paced for eleven miles by a jack-rabbit over a fine piece of Kansas road near Leavenworth and the speedometer fluctuated from thirty-seven to forty-two miles. Near the town the road improved and the speed of the "scout" was increased to forty-seven miles and the jack-rabbit sulkily jumped a hedge and gave up the road to the Studebaker.

The cottontail rabit, McIntosh declares, does well for about two or three miles at about twenty-three to twenty-six an hour but cannot exceed twenty-eight miles an hour. He is a sprinter pure and simple and never attempts to "go the route" in competition with an automobile.

Of the bovine tribe, observations show that the two-year old steer is most agile. He is capable of about three miles at an eighteen mile pace and hates to be conquered. In this characteristic he differs from the horse, which invariably seeks a side road when chased by an auto. The steer, however, continues straight along the road until exhausted.

In studying the moods of domestic fowl, McIntosh, who has toured in thirty or more States, declares the goose belies its reputation for lack of wisdom. Invariably the goose steps from the road on approach of the automobile, while the chicken loses its mental equilibrium and cannot decide whether to race the car or

select one side of the road or the other.

The turkey will stand on its dignity as long as possible—sometimes a trifle too long—but it is not as cautious as the goose.

The comparative receipts of last week's "hunting trip" seem to bear out McIntosh's theories. Not a goose was bagged during his travels in Kansas. In the researches through Missouri the Studebaker scout party hope to obtain statistics on the relative speed of the mule and other animals native to that commonwealth.

COMING EVENTS.

February 6-13 — Chicago National Automobile Show, National Association Automobile Manufacturers, New York City. S. A. Miles, manager.

February 18-25—Canadian National Automobile and Motor Boat Show, Toronto, R. M. Jaffray, Manager.

March 6-13—Seventh Annual Boston Automobile Show; Chester I. Campbell, Manager, 5 Park Square, Boston, Mass.

No more convincing proof of confidence in their product could be imagined than the offer of the Electrical Specialties Ltd., of Toronto, to refund the purchase price if, in the opinion of the purchasers, their X cells do not prove superior to all others. Judging from several indications this faith is more than justified. Large contracts have been awarded to the Company for 1909 with the result that during the closing months of the year, when the battery business is subject to usual depression, the factory was run with the same number of work people as were employed during August, when the season was at its height. The Company also announce a new departure commencing with the New Year. A larger type of cell is now added to their output, the No. 8 size, the dimensions being 3 1-2 x 8 in., weight 5 1-2 lbs. This will be found specially adapted for very heavy ignition work, stationary gas and gasoline engines and pole changes for telephones. No. 6 cell is now marketed under two labels—one called the Telephone Special with orange color made specially to fill the demand for a battery to give lasting satisfaction in telephone service; and the other with the navy blue label to be known as X Cell Igniter, and specially constructed to produce the reliable hot spark necessary for satisfactory ignition work. With their up-to date factory and prompt shipments it is clear that the Company can anticipate a long career of future prosperity.

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Headquarters for Commercial Travellers, Sportsmen and Tourists. Good comfortable rooms and excellent cuisine. Free Bus meets all trains.

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Spring is the Best Time

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Bear Shooting.

Sportsmen wishing to make a sure thing of getting one or two bear can do so by writing to **Manager Hotel Revelstoke, Revelstoke, B. C.**

Full information will be given as to best time to come, where to go, guides, etc.

New Michigan Record

The record from Kalamazoo to Jackson, Mich., is held by a Jackson car, driven by Scheifler, with three passengers, and was made when the roads were in bad condition. The distance of sixty-eight miles was done in two hours and fifteen minutes, the best time previously being 2.28. There have been many efforts made to cut the record, but the Jackson time of 2.15 still holds good. The time was made with four passengers and baggage. It is notorious that this piece of road, which parallells the Michigan Central tracks the greater part of the way, is one of the worst in the middle western country, and tourists who are wise avoid it as far as possible.

The "Autobuggy", has at last made its appearance in Canada. William M. Gray, son of Robert Gray, of the Wm. Gray & Sons Co., Ltd., Chatham, Ont., has completed an attachment which can be added to any buggy, producing on test runs a speed of twelve to fifteen miles an hour. Willie Gray, a boy of seventeen, is developing a genius for invention to a wonderful degree. He is said to have acquired this taste from his grandfather, William Gray, founder of the Wm. Gray & Sons Co., whose reputation in the carriage line is the standard of excellence in Canada. Wm. M. Gray has also during the past few years completed a number of inventions in the electrical line, and has a brilliant future before him. The above sketch was taken in the factory yard after a trip through the crowded streets of Chatham, showing that he had perfect command over same at all times, and also acquiring a speed of fifteen miles per hour.

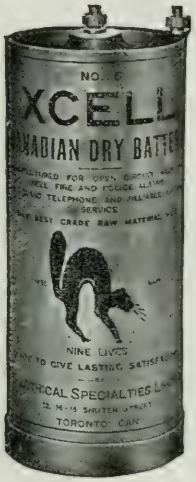
The "Good Enough Habit.

"The automobile owner is developing a habit that is likely to become very expensive. It is known to the heads of repair shops as the 'good enough,'" said Charles Matheson, President of the Matheson Automobile Co., makers of the Matheson cars. An owner finds his car is not running perfectly and makes some repair or adjustment which will do for the time. He knows that it is not what it should be, but the car runs and he thinks that it will do. Things go from bad to worse, and the car has to go to the repair man. Then the owner is put into a bad humor when he is forced to pay dearly to have his car fixed. One of our agents said that this 'good enough' habit needed the attention of the manufacturer, as the owner was prone to blame the construction of the car when he himself is at fault."

American Experience.

David Fergusson, mechanical engineer, of the George N. Pierce Company has just returned from abroad where he visited the principal automobile factories of England and France and inspected the new models of the leading German and Italian makes.

As a result of his observations Mr. Fergusson says that two tendencies in



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Three standard sizes, Nos. 6, 7 and 8.

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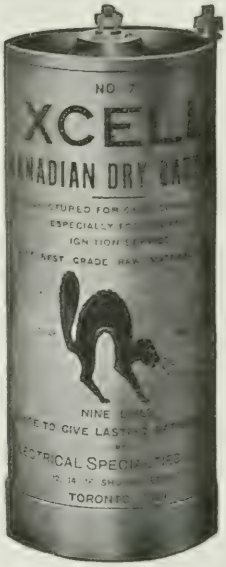
See the Latest Tests showing the efficiency and low cost of our X CELLS.

Of course, you know, they have NINE LIVES.

These tests prove that



X CELL IGNITORS excell all others

ELECTRICAL SPECIALTIES, LIMITED

TORONTO

UP-TO-DATE FACTORY **PROMPT SHIPMENTS**

construction stand out prominently above all others. The first is the wide adoption of the shaft drive among makers who have, heretofore, produced none but chain driven cars and the other is the abandonment of ball bearings for crankshafts in favor of plain bearings.

"From present indications," Mr. Fergusson says, "not over two years will pass before every maker of any great prominence in Europe will have abandoned for good the chain drive and installed a shaft drive in all of his models. This movement is not confined to the makers of any one country but is noticeable equally in England, France, Germany and Italy. Some manufacturers have confined the shaft drive to their new and usually lighter powered models, retaining practically their former construction for high powered cars. The change to the shaft drive for their high powered cars is only a matter of a short time. Other makers, on the other hand, have made the change throughout their line at the same time. There has not been a single change from the shaft to the chain drive that I have heard of.

The most prominent general tendency aside from the matter of final drive is the reversion to plain bearings. Several years ago two manufacturers, one French and the other German, both of whom stood high in their own countries adopted ball bearings for the crank shaft. The outcome of their policy was watched with a great deal of interest by automobile makers throughout the world. This year marks the definite abandonment by them of their experiment and their return to plain bearings from one end of the crank shaft to the other. This act of theirs is rather gratifying to makers who had always advocated plain bearings and who continued to advocate them at that time. It is not probable that any other makers in Europe will experiment with ball bearing crankshafts after the experience these two makers have had with them.

"So far as actual business goes the foreign manufacturers have had a rather dull twelve months but affairs now appear to be in better shape and a number of factories are running at capacity.

Automobiles on Prince Edward Island.

Local Prohibition Upheld.

According to the report of the committee of the Privy Council approved of by the Governor General on November sixteenth, the Antomobile Act passed at the last session of the Legislature has been declared within the power of the Provincial Legislature to enact. A copy of the report has been received by Lieutenant Governor MacKinnon.

Petitions had been torwarded to the Governor-General from the automobile drivers asking him to disallow the Act on the grounds that it was oppressive and unjust and in excess of local legislative authority. The report says that the Government is not concerned with any question as to the propriety or expediency of the statute. Its effect is merely to prohibit the use of motor vehicles upon the public highways, and the power to do this is unquestionably vested in the Legislature. The report is signed by the Minister of Justice.

The following is the extract from the report of the Committee of the Privy Council, approved by the Governor General on the 16th of November, 1908 :— Chapter 13, intituled,—

"An Act to prohibit the use of Motor Vehicles upon the public highways of this Province.

The principal enactment of this statute is that no person shall use or operate upon a public highway in the Province any motor vehicle.

There has been referred to the undersigned a copy of a new petition of certain residents of Prince Edward Island, owners of automobiles ; also a copy of a petition of the Charlottetown Automobile Company, Limited, both praying for disallowance, upon the ground that the legislation is oppressive and unjust, and in excess of local legislative authority. The undersigned has also received letters complaining of the statute.

Your Excellency's Government for reasons which have been often stated, is not concerned with any question as to the propriety or expediency of that statute.

Its effect is merely to prohibit the use of motor vehicles upon the public highways of the Province, and the power to do this is, in the opinion of the undersigned, unquestionably vested in the Legislature.

The undersigned recommends that a copy of this report, if approved, be transmitted to the Lieutenant Governor of Prince Edward Island for the information of his Government.

Humbly submitted,
(Sgd.) A. B. Aylesworth,
Minister of Justice.

Here's a New Use For a Car.

What Wright Bros. are to the United States, L. J. Lesh, of Montreal is to Canada in the realm of aeronautics. And in Lesh's airship which successfully sailed over majestic Montreal October 30th, the first airship flight in Canada was demonstrated a new, even if limited, field for Ford cars.

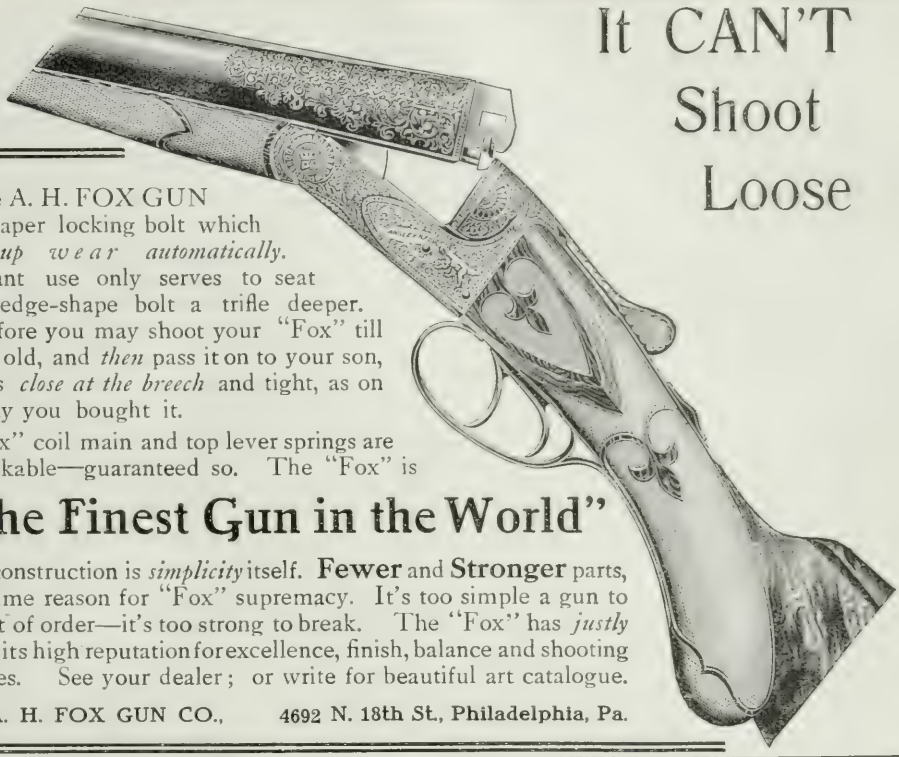
Inventor Lesh not does skim along the ground, gradually rising, but instead, shoots up to a height of a hundred feet or more immediately. Here is where he calls in the Ford.

Hooking the airship to the car, the aviator seated at the helm of his flying machine, the automobile is started. The speed he is then able to attain allows Lesh to tilt the wings of his airship at such an angle as to shoot him up towards the clouds while the speed of the car prevents the resistance of the wind from dashing the airship back.

On the initial trial Lesh is reported to have navigated the car a distance of a quarter of a mile and to have successfully turned and returned to the starting point.

Here's a hint for Wright, for Farman, for Count Zeppelin and those other famous aeronauts.

"Confidentially," added Mr. Ford, "I do not look for a big increase in orders due to this new plan of Lesh's"



It CAN'T Shoot Loose

The A. H. FOX GUN has a taper locking bolt which *takes up wear automatically.* Constant use only serves to seat the wedge-shape bolt a trifle deeper. Therefore you may shoot your "Fox" till you're old, and *then* pass it on to your son, just as *close at the breech* and tight, as on the day you bought it.

"Fox" coil main and top lever springs are unbreakable—guaranteed so. The "Fox" is

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Its construction is *simplicity* itself. **Fewer** and **Stronger** parts, is a prime reason for "Fox" supremacy. It's too simple a gun to get out of order—it's too strong to break. The "Fox" has *justly earned* its high reputation for excellence, finish, balance and shooting qualities. See your dealer; or write for beautiful art catalogue.

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Vanadium Steel.

"Outside of election, to me the most interesting items chronicled in recent issues of the newspapers of the world has been that concerning the acceptance of Vanadium steel by the United States Government. It's the final vindication of Vanadium, continued Henry Ford, president of the Ford Motor Company, and it is interesting to me because it bears out all the claims which caused its use in Ford cars for the past two years and the all Vanadium steel car that the new Model T really is."

Here's the line of progress along which Vanadium steel has travelled to its present supreme position.

Up to three years ago unobtainable in commercial quantities tho recognized as valuable in the manufacture of high grade steel.

Three years ago the discovery of Vanadium deposits in South America, making its commercial use possible.

The Ford announcement immediately following advising that as rapidly as possible Vanadium steel would supersede all other special steels in Ford cars.

The announcement that experiments were being conducted to permit the use of Vanadium steel in locomotive building.

The announcement that better, stronger, longer lived steel rails were possible when Vanadium was used in the steel.

The Davis torpedo made possible by Vanadium steel which reduced the weight of the carrier from a thousand pounds to forty pounds and thereby added a new chapter to the submarine warfare.

And then right on the heels of that announcement comes this latest official report from Washington that the United States Government is increasing its sea fighting and defending ability by adopting Vanadium steel as the material from which its armor plate will henceforth be made.

The money we have spent to perfect Vanadium steel for Ford cars runs into six figures but it looks like money well spent, for no one need now rely entirely on our catalogue for judgment on Vanadium steel—it is the steel backed by the United States Government.

That is why these recent items interest Henry Ford even more than the election items have—its Vanadium steel's and Henry Ford's vindication.

THE TRAP

Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada is the Official Organ of the Dominion of Canada Trap-Shooting Association. All communications should be addressed to W. A. Smith, Editor "The Trap" Kingsville, Ont.

Tournament Dates

March 17 and 18.—Brampton, Ont., Gun Club.

April 9 and 10.—Parkdale Gun Club, Toronto.

Stray Pellets

The Parkdale Gun Club, Toronto, have registered a Tournament to be held on their grounds on Good Friday and the following Saturday, April 9th and 10th. The members of the committee are working hard, with a view of making this one of the best Club Tournaments ever held in Canada, and they bespeak the support of Trap Shooters in all parts of the Dominion to make good their laudable intentions.

In these days of good, reliable guns at moderate prices, carefully prepared and reliable ammunition, accidents at traps are rare. A trap shooter is not long at the game until he has had his bump of caution pretty well developed. The development is materially assisted by the strenuous remarks of his companions, following any breach of the code of safety. Unfortunately, accidents do occur occasionally. At Pottsville, Pa., while testing a new gun, John Croslin, a prominent wing shot of the Schuylkill Valley, was fatally hurt. He was shooting clay pigeons in the presence of a number of friends, when a heavy charge caused the gun to burst. The entire charge and pieces of the gun metal struck the unfortunate man's left leg, tearing it to shreds. At Harrow, Ont., Roland Wright had his gun burst at the breech and his eye hurt, though not seriously, said to have been caused by a defective shell. while shooting at the traps.

John Stocker, the veteran hunter and trap shooter, has removed from his Ontario home to British Columbia. He can shoot moose and deer from his bed, so he is happy and will stay there.

At the fifth shoot of Ingersoll Gun Club for the Dupont trophy, the scores, out of 25 were: Nichols, 23; W. J. Kirbyson, 21; F. W. Staples, 16; Geo. Riddle, 16. Mr. R. E. Day, of London, who has attended all sporting events in Ingersoll for a number of years, and is one of the leading authorities on trap shooting in Canada, as well as one of the best shots, donated a handsome pair of gloves to the person making the highest score. The prize was won by Mr. Nichols with a score of 23 out of 25.

The Grand American Handicap will be held this year at Chicago. A feature of the big events in future will be doubles. The Preliminary Handicap will be at 80 singles and ten doubles; the Amateur and Professional Championships at 160 singles and 20 doubles, the shooter being advanced 2 yards in shooting doubles. In future, application for a registered tournament must be made 45 days in advance of the tournament and a printed programme sent to the secretary-manager of the Interstate Association fifteen days before the shoot. Watch charms will be given instead of trophies at all future tournaments. Contestants may shoot for targets only in all events, except G. A. H., Amateur and Professional Championships. The Eastern Handicap will be held at Buffalo, N. Y., this year.

At the National Tournament at Travers Island, N.Y., D. A. Upson, Cleveland, O., won the preliminary event the first day at 100 targets with 96. The high professional this day was J. A. R. Elliott with a similar score. In the contest for the Amateur Championship on the second day, G. S. McCarty, Philadelphia, won out with 96 ex 100. Elliott again topped the list in his class with 98 ex 100. All the shooting was from 16 yards.

Reporting the Scores

We publish elsewhere, a communication from Mr. Geo. T. Schiebe, score reporter of the Stanley Gun Club, Toronto, which has the true ring about it. We would be glad if club secretaries, generally, would read Mr. Schiebe's remarks carefully, and become convinced that it is a duty they owe to their brother trap shooters to see that the club scores are sent in regularly for publication. We have for years endeavored to meet the wishes of that large and influential body of sportsmen, the trap shooters, by devoting a department especially to their interests. It has been, and always will be, difficult, in a monthly publication, to keep trap reports from appearing stale, especially to the participants in the events recorded, but we are willing to devote valuable space to meet the conditions as far as possible.

It must be kept in mind by those inclined to be critical, that there is no quicker medium in Canada, as yet, outside the daily press, for the dissemination of trap news. It is a recognized fact among shooters that their interests get scant attention from the daily newspaper. So that if your scores are not published in Rod and Gun, they are, probably not published at all. If they are published in your local paper they reach only a limited number of local readers and do not, to any great extent, reach that large class from British Columbia to Nova Scotia, for whom they are of special interest. Then, again, if your scores are published in this department, the reader has in compact and convenient form, a record of his doings at the trap, easy to preserve and handy to refer to from time to time.

We have made it a rule, as far as possible, to have a representative at all the big Canadian meets, and most of the smaller ones, not as a looker on merely but as an active participant, thereby contributing, we hope, to a certain extent to their success. It is not possible, of course, to give personal and special attention to all the trap events and we are dependent very much on the kindness and consideration of the club secretaries. We give freely of our space in boosting and advertising the various tournaments and we only in return, in ordinary courtesy, a prompt report of the shoot. We hope that during the present year and thereafter, club officers will second our efforts in making this department one of interest to the trap shooter.

To facilitate the early report of club scores we have had printed a score sheet for gratuitous distribution to all club secretaries who will make use of them. The Trap Editor will

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be glad to mail a number of these forms to any club secretary applying for them, and we hope the secretary of every live club, anywhere in Canada, will avail himself of this invitation without delay.

Trap Shooting Scores and Reports

Having had some experience in keeping scores for various kinds of sports with which I have been connected I take the liberty of writing a few lines on the subject of "Trap Shooting Scores and Reports" or rather the absence of them. Any person interested in trap shooting has only to look in the daily papers as proof of this, when he will find column after column devoted to the various leading sports and scarcely any mention of what the gun clubs are doing. This order of things could be overcome to a large extent by the united efforts of the clubs themselves in appointing one of their members to see that their scores and any news items that might be of interest to the shooting fraternity was published immediately after each shoot in Rod and Gun, and also in their local daily or weekly newspapers, also publish the date of the next regular or special shoot previous to its taking place. This will keep the name of your club before the public and let them know that you are still doing business. You might as well get all the free advertising you can, as clubs in other lines of sport are not backward in doing the same thing. This also applies to rifle and revolver clubs. In cities where there are several clubs, the report of one does not make much of a show, but if sent in collectively they would make a half column or more with a special heading over them, and thus in a very short time the gun clubs would be getting the recognition they are entitled to. While on this subject a few remarks with reference to the different ways of compiling scores will not be out of place. One way and a very poor one is to put as many names and scores as you can crowd into one line, with the result that the shooter's name appears quite frequently at the end of one line and his score at the beginning of the next. This is always bewildering and hard to make comparisons. Another way is to have each event set in a seperate column, thus showing the number of targets scored in each event, but as this style takes up more space and a longer time to set the type, some of the papers are adverse to publish them in this form. It is undoubtedly the best way to arrange scores for tournaments, as the events usually run in twenty targets. The style that appeals to the writer, which is very simple to make out is to put the name af the shooter, number of targets shot at and number of targets broke in one line and if the paper publishing the score is crowded for space, two names can be put in one line with the same effect as one, thus saving half the amount of space. However, uniformity ought to be the chief aim of all concerned, and I would therefore ask the editor of trap shooting for Rod and Gun to give his opinion with reference to the style he prefers for his journal. Thanking you for the space taken up by me on this subject, and trusting it will awaken some interest in the various clubs of the country.

I remain, yours truly,
GEO. T. SCHEIBE.

Toronto, Dec. 12th, 1908.

An Appreciative Englishman

That the visit of the Canadian Olympia clay bird team to England during the past summer was productive of greater and more beneficial results to Canada than were the winning of Olympic honors and medals, is proven by a letter from a true Englishman to F. A. Parker, president of Parkdale Gun Club, and captain of the Olympic team. This letter expresses a sentiment all admire, and goes to prove that such visits are conducive to the

best interests of the Empire, and foster that true feeling of brotherhood which makes nations.

The letter, which in itself eloquently expresses this sentiment, follows:

"Dear Mr. Parker—I have great pleasure in sending you, under a separate cover, three gold medals and three silver ones, to be competed for in any way you may personally decide in your shooting club.

"I can at once say that it has afforded me the greatest possible pleasure to send you these tokens from beyond the seas, as a sentiment of my good-will to my colonial brethren. We are all sons of the same Empire, and equally proud to be sons of our good King Edward. Anything that tends to strengthen the bonds of brotherhood I am always delighted, even in the smallest way, to do my best to foster.

"As regards Canada, we have only to look back to the Boer war, when your boundless sympathy and practical help was such that it touched all our hearts. With feelings of good fellowship, please accept these medals just as a token of how heartily we appreciate what Canadians have done for the British Empire, and as an individual I send them with every desire that the sons of Canada may feel that we on this side, always have a warm place in our hearts for those we admire so much in the land of the Maple Leaf. In reference to these medals, I only make one condition, and that is, that when they are won that your good wife do me the honor of presenting them in person to the successful competitors.

"My personal experience with Canadians is of the warmest possible kind. I have found their friendship as boundless as the ocean, and their hearts as big as the seas that divide the two countries.

"May Canada prosper and progress with leaps and bounds, so that in a short period of years you may become the brightest jewel in the British crown, and the greatest shots in the British Empire.

Henry Butt.
"Weston-Super-Mare."

"Mr Butt is very fond of Canadians, and, while not a trapshooter, entertained those in our party," said Mr. Parker. "He gave us a great time. His hospitality was unbounded. Above all, he made all us feel perfectly at home and at ease with him. He is an openhearted, loyal Britisher, whom we were proud to meet. We met many fine fellows in England, measuring them up to our own standard of man to man, apart from social or financial position. Mr. Butt's letter will convey to Canadians generally, the type of men we met, and the sentiment engendered by our visit. They met us on the field as sporting opponents, but above all, they welcomed us as brothers in the great British Empire, and were never done enquiring about Canada and discussing Canadian progress."

Mr. Butt is well known to many Canadians. He entertained the Canadian bowlers of 1908 handsomely, and while he is not a trapshooter or connected actively with any of the great organizations, he also paid special attention to the Canadian gunners.

The medals, which are excellent samples of English sporting trophies, will be competed for this winter by the Parkdale Gun Club.

In a subsequent letter, Mr. Butt told Mr. Parker that if he would bring over a team in 1909 or 1910, he would guarantee them a week's shooting. The Parkdale Gun Club have also been fortunate enough in having other gold medals presented for club competition. A. Claude Macdonell, M.P.P., and J. J. Ward, controller, have presented medals which will be shot for this winter.

Canadian Veterans at the Trap

About a hundred interested spectators watched a live bird shooting match on Wednesday afternoon, December 2, on the Page Street grounds, St. Catharines, Ont. The contest was between two old-time rivals, George Rogers, of St. Catharines, aged 73 years; and Charles Bolton, of Niagara, aged 69 years. It was for $50 a side, at 21 live pigeons, 21 yards rise. Dominion rules—single barrel and gun below the elbow. In spite of a botnersome wind and hard flight of birds both men made good scores, and the match was close to the end. The scores were:

Rogers ... ... 011111111011110101111—17
Bolton .... 011111001011111011111—16

Joseph Armstrong, clerk, at the Ellis House was referee; H. K. Woodruff, scorer, and Harry Hall, stakeholden. Bishop handled Bolton, and Rogers was handled by his son.

R. E. Day Wins Dupont Trophy

The Christmas Day shooting match of Springwood Gun Club, London, Ont., at which the contest for the Du Pont trophy was the main feature, provided a fine day's sport for the shots of the city. The handicap event for the trophy was exceedingly well contested, Day winning, only after shooting repeatedly against Glover. The scores:—

25 Bird Handicap Shoot(handicap appears after the name in brackets)—Day 25, Glover 24, Webb (10) 23, Clinger (15) 21, Remington (20) 20, Bryce (20) 14, Brock (15) 14, Parker (10) 20, Simcox (10) 12, J. Brown (15) 19.

Ties—Glover 25, Day 25, Clinger (15) 19, Remington (20) 17, Webb (10) 16.

Glover and Day tied again and in the shoot off Glover missed his first. Day then dropped one and they were tie again. Glover missed his 12th and 15th birds. Day finished his string without a miss, thus winning the handsome hand-painted picture donated by the Dupont Powder Co.

15 Bird Event—Parker 14, Bryce 12, Brock 8, Clinger 13, Bowman 7, Day 15, Simcox 12, F. Gibson 9, Glover 15, Remington 12, Webb 12, J. Brown 11, J. Bissett 14.

15 Bird Event—Glover 13, Bryce 10, Webb 13, Komoka 5, Remington 7, Webb 9, Rooks 11, Armstrong 2, Clinger 10.

Ailsa Craig Shoot

The attendance was very poor at the Ailsa Craig Tournament on account of the snow and the scores suffered accordingly.

Mr. D. Witnerspoon was high amateur in the target event, and Roy Luck of Sarnia, was high in the two regular 10 bird pigeon events, getting 8 out of 10 in each event.

The following are the totals, including the two ten bird events and two miss and out events.

Every one who attended the shoot was well pleased and when they hold another they should have a good crowd. This is the first shoot since the Club organized a short time ago.

Regal shells and Ballistite Powder won high scores in the target event and highest scores in the pigeon events.

	S.	A.	Broke
G. M. Dunk, Pro.		50	39
C. Thomson, Pro.		50	36
R. Luck, Amateur		50	27
T. W. Stewart		50	34
Drf Kennedy		50	25
A. Mahler		50	34
S. Gillies		50	34
J. McGiven		50	31
D. Witherspoon		50	36

LIVE PIGEONS

	S.	A.	Bro
G. M. Dunk		28	22
C. Thomson		20	14
R. Luck		23	18
T. W. Stewart		28	21
Dr. Kennedy		22	12
A. Mahler		24	14
S. Gillies		23	12
R. Fletcher		26	18

D. Witherspoon	26	11
F. Kerr	23	16
J. Triebner	25	18
S. Pedler	10	7
W. Honiston	10	3

TORONTO DOINGS

Stanley Gun Club.

The following were the scores on Nov. 28th.:

	S. A.	Broke
Dunk	85	68
McGill	80	69
Wakefield	100	83
Hulme	90	75
Thompson	55	24
G. Scheibe	70	35
Vivian	90	62
LeRoy	25	18
F. Scheibe	75	52
Edkins	70	45
Dr. Ten Eyck	35	26
Ely	25	21
Halford	50	33

The prize winners in Class A at twenty-five targets were: McGill, 24; Wakefield, 22; Hulme, 22; Vivian, 22; Ely, 21. In Class B—F. Scheibe, 16; Halford, 15; Edkins, 13.

Mr. D. LeRoy of the Picton Gun Club was present and participated in several events.

Members from any of the city or out-of-town clubs or those interested in trap shooting will be welcome any Saturday afternoon during the season at their club grounds, foot of Saulter street, East Queen-street, just below the railway tracks.

Following were the scores on Saturday, December 5th, 1908:—

	S. A.	Broke
McGill	95	73
Hulme	80	56
Buchannan	35	27
Aibert	45	33
G. Scheibe	85	33
Vivian	50	34
Schofield	75	40
F. Scheibe	70	37
Sparrow	30	15
Dunk	95	66
Dr. Ten Eyck	35	28
Halford	60	26
Edkins	60	36
Martin	25	15
Sawden	25	22
Nasmyth	10	3

In the Class A. and B. handicap of 25 targets, for silver fern pots, the following were winners:—

Class A.—Vivian 19, Ten Eyck 19, Buchanan 18, McGill 17, Martin 15.

Class B.—Sawden 22, Albert 20, Edkins 15, F. Scheibe 14, G. Scheibe 14.

The regular weekly shoot of the Club was held on the grounds Dec. 12th, when a l turnout of members was present. Considering that most of the members shot from 17 and 18 yards, some very good scores were made. Quite a few visitors participated in the different events. The following were the scores.

	S. A.	Bro
Dunk	110	95
Thompson	65	44
F. Scheibe	85	48
Farmer	75	8
Hulme	80	66
Hogarth	50	8
Sheppard	35	10
McGill	105	72
Vivian	50	4
Wakefield	75	63
Buck	40	24
G. Scheibe	90	48
Albert	50	34
Ross	45	26
Joselin	60	43
Sparrow	35	17
Townson	35	17
Mason	50	30
Halford	60	36
Ten Eyck	40	26
Ely	65	51
Edkins	50	26
Martin	25	12
Johonnot	25	7

In the handicap shoot at 25 targets, the winners in Class A were: Vivian 24, Ely 19, Hulme 20, Buck 19, Wakefield 18. In Class B: Albert 19, Halford 17, G. Scheibe 17, Farmer 17, Edkins 11.

The attendance at the Stanley Gun Club has been increasing from week to week since the opening of the season. Saturday, Dec. 19, was no exception, when a good programme of events was pulled off. In the handicap shoot the prizes consisted of cut glass and the winners in class A were: Jennings 22, Wakefield 20, Joselin 20, Dr. Ten Eyck 18 and Ely and Vivian tied with 17 each. In class B. Albert 18, Richardson 17, Sawden 15, Leno 15, Thomas 15. The complete score for the afternoon were as follows:

	S. A.	Broke
Jennings	75	61
Dunk	60	54
McGill	115	70
Hulme	80	58
Joselin	95	69
Buchanan	50	1
Hogarth	65	18
G. Scheibe	75	42
F. Scheibe	75	47
Ely	85	63
Wakefield	100	70
Albert	50	28
Vivian	40	30
Townson	45	29
Douglas	20	7
Mason	45	21
Dr. Ten Eyck	35	26
Richardson	25	17
Sawden	25	16
Edkins	50	24
Leno	25	15
Thomas	25	15

There was a strong wind blowing off the lake, and as the shooters were handicapped from 16 to 19 yards, some very good individual scores were made. Geo. Dunk, professional, averaged 90 per cent. for the day.

Following are the scores made at the Stanley Gun Club shoot, Saturday afternoon, Dec. 26th.

	S. A.	Broke
Hulme	70	49
Houghton	50	40
F. Scheibe	60	28
Vivian	55	35
Wakefield	70	51
Massingham	45	32
Douglas	45	26
Ten Eyck	35	24
Albert	45	27
Mason	35	24
Ely	35	1
Joselin	60	49
Black	10	2
Hogarth	45	22
Sawden	45	22
Scholefield	45	14
Lundy	35	8
Sockett	35	21
G. Scheibe	70	36
Edkins	50	28
Leno	35	21
Jennings	25	22
Richardson	25	14
Thomas	25	7
G. Hirons	25	13
Pendrick	50	29
Dr. Van Duzer	25	14
E. Hirons	25	14

In the handicap shoot at 25 targets, the winners in Class A were: Jennings 22, Mass-

Ingham 20, Joselin 20, Ten Eyck 19, Mason 18; in Class B., Houghton 20, Douglas 16, Hogarth 15, Richardson 14, G. Scheibe 14.

The annual shoot of the club held on New Year's day, witnessed the largest turnout of members so far this season. Twenty dollars in prizes, donated by the club, was competed for during the afternoon, each contestant shooting at 50 targets. The complete scores were as follows:

	S. A.	Broke
Hulme	110	90
Hogarth	100	38
Jennings	95	81
Dunk	95	78
McGill	85	51
G. Scheibe	85	40
Wakefield	75	62
Edkins	75	42
Albert	75	41
Scholefield	75	59
F. Scheibe	75	36
Taylor	75	47
Vivian	70	59
Ely	60	47
Joselin	60	43
Sawden	60	46
Ten Eyck	60	43
Houghton	50	39
Stephens	50	35
Chapman	50	42
Mason	50	28
Myers	50	24
Avrill	50	23
Bennett	25	17
Wells	25	15
Sheppard	25	13
LeRoy	15	9
Jarvis	15	8

The regular Saturday afternoon shoot on January 2nd, was fairly well attended, considering the large turnout they had on the holiday. The high averages for the day went to George Dunk and George Vivian, with an average of 90 per cent., the former getting 24 out of 25 and the latter 15 straight and 22 out of 25 at 20 yards. Mr. George McGill, one of the most regular attendants at the club, and also an excellent shot, will be greatly missed during the next three months, as he intends spending the winter in California. Ten umbrellas were offered by the club for competition in the handicap event. The following were the scores made:

	S. A.	Broke
Dunk	140	125
McGill	125	94
F. Scheibe	90	44
G. Scheibe	80	37
Hulme	75	58
Mason	70	37
Ely	65	52
Edkins	60	40
Massingham	60	33
Halford	60	40
Vivian	55	50
Wakefield	50	32
Hogarth	50	17
Richardson	50	26
Ten Eyck	40	32
Sawden	40	29
Albert	40	24
Martin	25	17
Thomas	25	14

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Parkdale Gun Club

At a spoon shoot held on the Parkdale Gun Club grounds, Dec. 6th, two events of 15 birds and one of 25were shot. In the 15-bird events the winners were Pickering 15 and Parker 13, while in the 25-bird event the spoon went to Marsh, with a score of 21. The score:

Targets —	15	15	25
Marsh	13	12	21
Fenton	10	10	16
Pickering	15	10	17
Parker	12	13	18
A. Wolfe	10	10	19
B. Orr		11	17
McAdam	10	12	
I. Devins	12	6	
Hooey	12	12	
Hicks	10	9	
Walton	11	8	

Owing to the cold and stormy weather on New Year's Day, the number of shooters that turned up at the Parkdale Gun Club was not as large as expected. However, those whose sporting proclivities are paramount enjoyed a pleasant afternoon. The lucky ones who carried home the fowl were: A. Godson, A. Wolfe, G. Masson, G. Smith, W. Fenton, F. A. Hooey. Scores:—

Targets—	20	20	20
Smith	13	17	14
Fenton	17	15	17
Parker	15	15	16
Godson	20	15	14
Pickering	16	15	14
Hooey	17	14	17
G. Wolfe	15	16	15
Matthews	16	13	12
A. Wolfe	19	16	16
Masson	18	19	15

Truly Saturday, Jan. 2nd, was a banner day at the above club, weather conditions being ideal a large and enthusiastic crowd of shooters turned out to enjoy a good afternoon's sport. It being a holiday for the employees of the T. Eaton Co., some came out——no names mentioned—to demonstrate that they were not as big "dubs" as their confreres were inclined to stamp them, and from the way they made havoc with the birds we would not be surprised to hear of some challenges being issued. The scores for live birds were not obtained. The winners in events 3 and 4 were Hooey, McAdam, Knox, Pickering and Parker. Following is a list of the shooters and their scores:—

Events—	1	2	3	4
Birds—	10	25	20	20
Jennings	9	21	16	17
Fenton	8	21	17	17
Parker	6	18	19	19
Joslyn	7		16	17
Walton	8		15	16
Knox	6		18	14
Hooey	5		18	19
Pickering	10		13	19
McAdam	5		18	17
Davidson	10		16	16
A. Wolfe	6		16	18
Godson	6		12	15
Griffiths	5			
G. Wolfe		21		17
Williams		11		17
Montgomery		18		15
Stigman		15		
Keraghan		13		
Winton		18		
Blake		20		
Fibs		20		
Hugell		25		
Bowman		25		
Bush			11	

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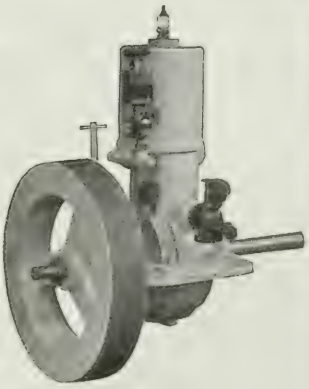


Albert Bell Propellers

Bronze and Iron, Solid and Reversible.

None Better

MANUFACTURED BY

ALBERT BELL ENGINE WORKS
DUNNVILLE, ONT.

DUNNVILLE, DEC. 18, 1908

I have run a "BELL" Motor in my launch for three years, and cannot speak too highly of it.....I have had no trouble whatever with my engine. We have all kinds of Canadian and American engines coming into our waters here, and from close observation I am satisfied that the "BELL" leads them all. Yours truly,

O. E. WILLSON.

Hamilton Happenings

There was a splendid turnout of members on the Hamilton Club grounds on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 19th. Several events, including a spoon shoot at 25 targets, were pulled off. In spite of a strong breeze, excellent scores were made. The winners of the spoons were as follows:—Class A., Geo. Beattie and A. D. Bates. Class B., Thos. Crooks and Jas. Maxwell. Class C., Mr. Eckford, Calgary and H. Barnard.

The complete scores for the afternoon are given below:—

	Targets.			
	10	25	10	10
Geo. Beattie	8	23	7	10
A. D. Bates	8	22	9	
No. 23	4	8	8	
W. Wark	6	18	7	
J. Hunter	8	17	9	7
W. R. Davies	8	21	10	9
Mr. Eckford	6	18	7	8
Wm. Hendrie	4	12	8	
Thos. Upton	7	18	9	
Dr. Wilson	9	20	7	9
C. Thomson (pro)	10	22	10	9
Rich	8	20	6	8
Beach	4	9	4	5
E. Sturt	7	17	8	
Barnard	5	12	5	9
J. Maxwell	9	22	4	
Thos. Crooks	4	22	5	8
Borland	5	10	6	7
Franks	4	5	5	
Choates, G. C.	4	19	9	9
W. Barnes	8	19	8	8
Horning	7	20	7	8
Bowron	6	18	6	
Watson	2	11	5	5

Waterloo's Succesful Shoot

The Waterloo Gun Club held a successful shoot on Thursday, Dec. 18th at West Side Park. There were shooters present from New Hamburg, Berlin and Bloomingdale and over 300 pigeons were used in the different events.

The following are the scores:—

Sweep No. 1—6 birds—E. F. Seagram 6, A. E. Hergott 6, Mr. Scully 5, Mr. Bowman 5, Mr. Becker 5, W. Witt 4, G. A. Bruce 3, W. Marshall 2.

Sweep No. 2—10 birds—Seagram 9, Bruce 9, Bowman 9, Witt 8, Scully 8, Hergott 8, Marshall 7, Becker 6, Hummel 4, Kuntz 3.

Sweep No. 3—10 birds—Seagram 3, Scully 8, Bowman 8, Witt 8, G. Kuntz 8, Hergott 7, Bruce 6, D. Kuntz 5, H. Kuntz 3, Marshall 4.

Sweep No. 4—Scully 6, Bowman 5, D. Kuntz 5, H. Kuntz 5, G. Kuntz 4, Seagram 3, Witt 2, Bruce 2, Marshall 1.

Recapitulation — Seagram 27, Scully 27, Bowman 27, Witt 22, Hergott 21, Bruce 18, G. Kuntz 15, Marshall 14, Hummel 12, Becker 11, D. C. Kuntz 10, H. Kuntz 9.

NO COLD HANDS
THE ONLY WAY to clean vehicles is with the "Ideal" Carriage Washer. Price of Washer, without overhead, ex. prepaid, $3.00. Price of Overhead Revolving Hose Arm, ex. prepaid, $12.00. Fits any hose. Uses any sponge. Order now. Discounts to dealers. Canadian patent for sale. An alluring money making opportunity. Ask for Catalog No. 7.
IDEAL
Ideal Carriage Washer Co., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

Ingersoll Events

The annual shoot for the Elliott Trophy was pulled off by the Ingersoll Gun Club on New Year's Day. The silverware goes to W. J. Kirbyson, who scored 88 out of a possible 100. The weather was none too favorable for shooting and the scores in general were not up to the mark. The shoot was at 100 blue rocks, and was confined to the members of the local club. The trophy which is donated by W. J. Elliott of the Chronicle, was won in 1907 by Jack Staples, and in 1908 by R. B. Harris. This year's winner, W. J. Kirbyson, is also leading in the series for the Dupont trophy, and has made the most consistent scores during the year. Five contestants tried their skill as follows:—

W. J. Kirbyson	17	17	17	19	18—88
H. W. Partlo	16	17	14	16	15—78
Geo. Nichols	13	12	16	16	16—73
R. B. Harris	13	11	13	15	17—69
F. W. Staples	11	15	9	9	5—49

Woodstock's Annual

The Woodstock Gun Club held its annual New Year's shoot on New Year's day. The day was fine, but the cold weather interfered to some extent with the shooting, but all enjoyed a fine afternoon's sport. J. Maynard again won the Dupont medal from Roy Smith by 4 rocks, the former breaking 11 and the latter 7 out of 15. This makes Maynard's third win of the medal and it now becomes his property. The final shoot for the Dupont Trophy between Dr. Kay of Otterville and W. Bonnett of the local club resulted in another win for the doctor, who broke 44 to Bonnett's 42. The final score for 200 targets being Kay 172, Bonnett 164. Some good sport was had out of the sparrow shoots and the little fellows proved that they were fine dodgers, for quite a few escaped to roost on the farmers' barns in the vicinity. Following are the scores:—

10 sparrows—Ed. Dutton 5, J. Hartley 6, Bonnett 5.

5 sparrows—Dr. Welford 2, J. Dutton 1, R. Smith 1, Mueller 2, Maynard 1, Kay 1.

6 pigeons—Dr. Welford 4, E. Dutton 4, J. Dutton 3, Kay 3, Mueller 3, Walker 3.

10 blue rocks—Maynard 4, E. Dutton 3, Kay 7, Hampson 5, Bonnett 6.

15 blue rocks—Kay 13, Bonnett 13, Hampson 9, Mueller 6, E. Dutton 6, J. Dutton 6, Farlow 6, Maynard 7, Walker 6.

10 blue rocks—Kay 8, Bonnett 9, Farlow 5, Kenny 4, E. Dutton 4, J. Dutton 7, Smith 4, Welford 8, Mueller 4, Hampson 6.

The new Marlin Trap Gun has just been announced. This is the first exclusive model made by the Marlin Firearms Company for trap work, and is described by the makers as follows:—The trap gun is a 12-gauge take-down, 6-shot repeater, built with expert knowledge of trap-shooting requirements. No expense is spared to make this gun the best handling, best shooting, most efficient trap gun in the world. It has a hand-made butt stock of imported Circassian walnut, finely modelled, with the superb London oil finish and fine checking; it has the simplest, strongest, quickest repeating mechanism, with highly polished operating parts; it has the Special Smokeless Steel barrel, unequalled in shooting ability. The high quality of material and workmanship make it handsome, harmonious and distinctive, yet the excessive, expensive ornamentation has been eliminated, allowing the gun to be sold at the moderate price of $38.00 catalogue list—less at your dealers. It will also be made with buttstock of any desired length and drop, at a slight addition in charge. A descriptive folder, with a large illustration of the gun in colors, will be sent to any of our readers who will address a postal card to The Marlin Firearms Co., New Haven, Conn.

The Greatest Prize Winner

Premier of Shot Guns

If the Lefever is not the premier of shot guns, why does it win nearly all shot gun shooting prizes?

Here is a list of the victories won by the Lefever in 1908 alone:

The Preliminary Handicap at the Interstate Association Eastern Handicap, Boston, Mass.
Tied in the Professional Championship at the Grand American Handicap at Columbus, Ohio.
Won the Amateur Championship of Western Canada.
The Grand Canadian Handicap.
The Amateur Championship of Canada.
The WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP at Olympic Games, England.

Lefever Shot Guns

Enough advantages over other high-grade guns are told of in the Lefever catalogue to amaze anyone not using the gun itself. How a tight joint is insured with dovetailed fastener and self-compensating bolt; how strain is taken off the hinge-joint; how faithful workmanship is spent on all parts; how steel is used which brings honor, not discredit, upon the names of the great European makers—all are to be read and seen in a beautiful catalogue worth sending for.

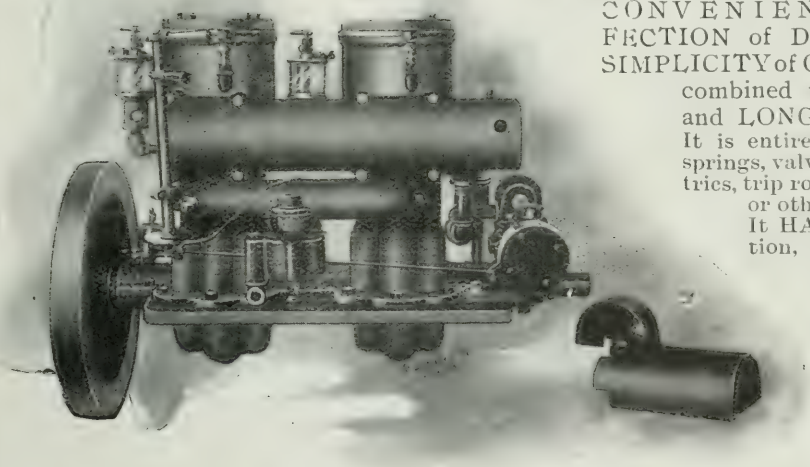
LEFEVER ARMS CO.
20 Maltbie St., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

THE SYRACUSE

2 cycle 3 port marine engine stands PRE-EMINENTLY for QUALITY, CONVENIENCE, PERFECTION of DESIGN and SIMPLICITY of OPERATION, combined with POWER and LONG WEAR.

It is entirely FREE from springs, valves, cams, eccentrics, trip rods, rocker arms or other Small Parts. It HAS Positive Action, Flexible Automobile Control, Solid Firing Chamber and Condensing Water Jacketed Exhaust (Patented.)

It will be worth while to write for descriptive catalogue.



SYRACUSE GAS ENGINE CO.

CHERRY ST. AND LEXINGTON AVE. See Advertisement for Agents on Page 26. SYRACUSE, N. Y., U. S. A.

Third Annual

Automobile, Motor Boat and Sportsmen's

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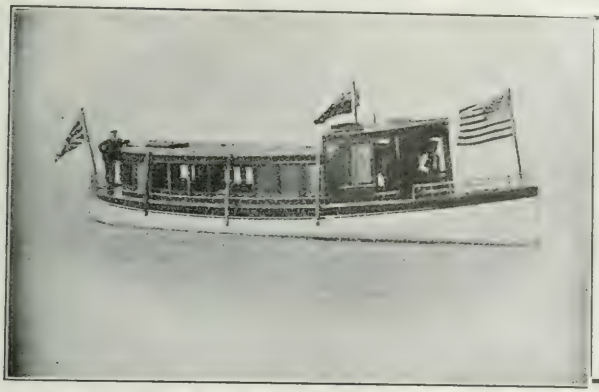
R. M. JAFFRAY, Manager



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Rowboats and Canoes

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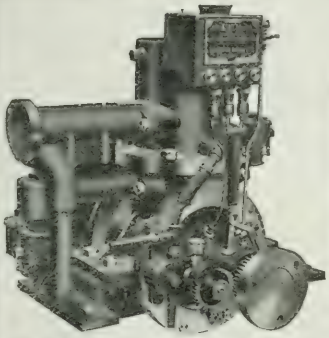

The "AJAX" Single Cylinder Motor

"AJAX" PATENT MARINE MOTORS

The **"AJAX"** is a very simple, slow-running motor, on the two-stroke principle and is thus far superior to four-stroke motors for marine work. Each "AJAX" Motor is fitted with a patent system of exhaust scavenging which gives it an immense advantage over other two-stroke motors and results in a considerable saving of fuel. They are very simple in operation and control, and can readily be fitted to any pleasure or commercial boat.

"AJAX" Marine Motors are made in various sizes from 2½ to 21 b. h. p. with one, two or three cylinders.

Write at once for complete Illustrated Catalogue to

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The highest grade 10 cent cigar in Canada.

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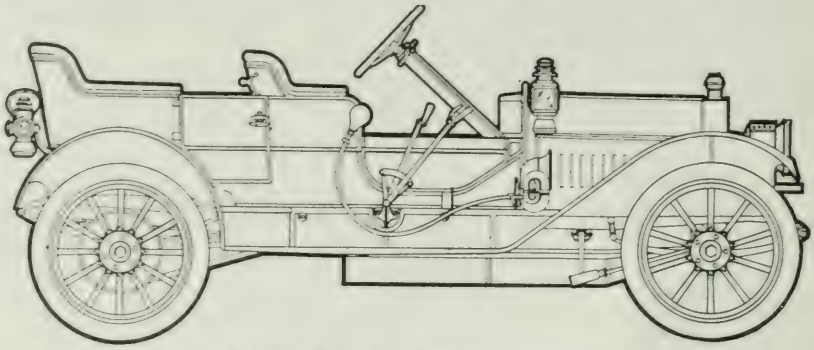
Harris, Harkness & Co., Makers, Montreal, Que.

1909 Oldsmobile



MODEL "D" (BABY TONNEAU)

We take pleasure in announcing the appearance of our new '09 Model "D." This is a four cylinder touring car built on the same general lines of previous Oldsmobiles, but with many valuable improvements both in appearance, riding qualities and appointments, while it would be impossible to employ better material or workmanship in their makeup.

When we say the list on this new model is the same, viz., $3,000.00, as of our previous cars of this type, we believe you will readily realize that we are presenting a proposition which you cannot afford to pass up without investigating it.

This car may be had with a regular touring car body or with a "Baby Tonneau," the latter making a light car for carrying four passengers only.

In addition to our Model "D" we will market a 20-25 H.P. five passenger touring car at $1,550.00, of which more will be said later, and a 40 H.P. Gentleman's Roadster at $3,000.00, as well as our regular six cylinder car at $4,750.00.

Detail information of any of the models given upon request. Address Dept. R.

Oldsmobile Company of Canada
LIMITED

80 King Street East, TORONTO, ONT.

FREDERICK SAGER, Manager

SAVAGE

IF you want to get infected with *rifle-itis* in its worst form, just invest its small price in this three-pound Savage. You will take it along where you never thought of carrying a rifle before—put it in your suit-case; slide it under the buggy seat; sling it behind the saddle. It will coax you into tramping miles and miles and make out-door exercise a sport.

We can't begin to describe the rifle here. "What is the Junior?" on a postal card brings all the facts.

'04 Junior Rifle

It shoots 22-cal. long, short and long-rifle cartridges; feeds itself, cocks and ejects automatically; all the working parts are in the bolt action; has full-size stock of solid American walnut—not stained maple. 18-inch barrel is *browned*, not blued, and is fitted with both open and peep sights. Beautifully finished.

That postal should be mailed right away.

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1909 ANNOUNCEMENT

THE Buffalo Gasolene Motor Co. beg to announce the issuance of their new handsomely illustrated 48 page catalogue, fully listing and describing their complete line for the season of 1909.

The complete "BUFFALO" line for 1909 includes eleven sizes of our Regular Type of medium weight medium speed engines, universally known and used and which have created the "BUFFALO REPUTATION," eight sizes of our Slow Speed Heavy Duty Type, the original Heavy Duty engine, which has become so popular within the last two years, and our new type light weight high speed machine, built in four and six cylinder sizes—6¼ inch x 6¾ inch.

REGULAR TYPE, 2 to 100 H.P., 2 to 6 cylinder
HEAVY DUTY TYPE, 4 to 54 H.P., 1 to 6 cylinder
HIGH SPEED TYPE, 50 and 75 H.P., 4 and 6 cylinder

1909 catalogue ready for mailing January 15th and will be promptly sent free to interested parties on request.

BUFFALO GASOLENE MOTOR CO.

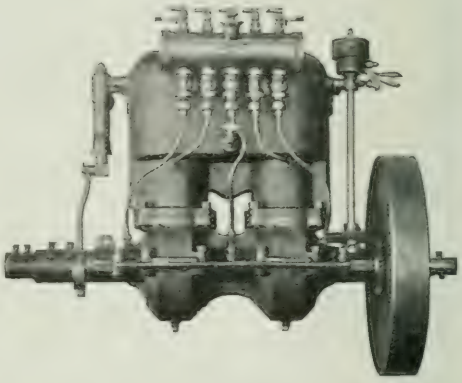
1218-1230 NIAGARA STREET, BUFFALO, N.Y.

Waterman Marine Motors

Unsurpassed for simplicity, reliability, durability. Few parts. Easily understood and most reasonable in cost.

MODEL A

2 cylinder—2 cycle; built with the cylinders and head in one piece; no joints to leak. Cylinders quickly removeable. Ignition is jump spark. Plunger pump insures perfect circulation of water in cylinder—can be fitted to use as bilge pump. Can be reversed instantly while running, and runs with equal power in either direction. Equipped with Schebler Carburetor and rotary timer and multiple sight feed oiler. Designed for all types of pleasure and commercial boats. Many Model A motors have records of 5 years' actual service without calling for one cent for repairs.



6-8 h.p. 150 pounds. 10-12 h.p. 200 pounds.

(ACTUAL POWER, NOT MOTOR POWER)

The best motor ever built, quality, price and equipment considered. "From start to finish" this Waterman Model A is a motor that will give the service expected every time, and the user will escape the many annoyances and troubles so common to gasoline marine motors. This is because of the correctness of the scientific principle it embodies; the exceeding simplicity; it is easily understood by even the inexperienced folk; there are so few parts; there is nothing to get out of order; and it is constructed from the very best materials, by thoroughly skilled mechanics. Every one fully and specifically tested before shipment. Send for Catalogue A. It pays to be on the right side.

CANOE MOTORS The Waterman Canoe Motor is the only specially designed Canoe Motor on the market. We make them in 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders, and ship complete, ready for installation. If you have a Canoe send for Catalogue K.

OUTBOARD MOTOR We have the only Outboard Motor on the market, a little 2 h.p. (40 lbs.) motor that you can attach to the stern post of your boat in 5 minutes, without any tools. Can be detached just as quickly. Giving satisfaction everywhere. Attached to row boats, dories, sail boats, etc. 5 years' experience and now entering 4th year on the market, demands your confidence in its practical merits. Send for the Catalogue C. We urge you to investigate the Waterman Marine Motors. You don't buy a motor every day—you don't want to pay for mistakes. A Waterman Motor will not disappoint you. All our Motors are equipped with Schebler Carburetors.

WATERMAN MARINE MOTOR CO.

1531 FORT STREET WEST, DETROIT, MICH.

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We build a complete and up-to-date line, both opened and cabined. Our 21 foot special 5 foot beam is a beautiful model, equipped with a 4 h.p. 2 cycle engine, for $375. Don't fail to send for catalog.

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to Chicago, all points West, California and the Pacific Coast are operated three times a week from Boston, Mass., over the Boston & Maine, Central Vermont, and Grand Trunk Railways, via Montreal and Toronto, through the famous electrically operated St. Clair Tunnel, leaving Boston Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 11.30 a.m., Montreal 10.30 p.m., Toronto 8.00 a.m., following days, arriving Chicago at 9.25 p.m., making close connection with various lines for all points West.

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BROWN COMPRESSOMETER

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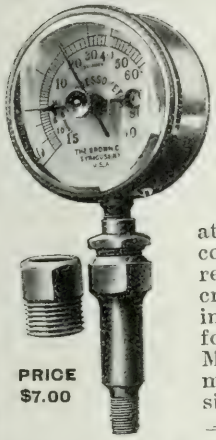

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Assists in determining the lagging cylinder and permits location of leaks through bearing, stuffing boxes, etc. Maximum hand remains at the highest point of compression. Positive readings of vacuums in crank case. Innovation in motor testing. Made for auto engines also. Makes unification of multiple cylinders possible.

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3 in One is the only perfect gun oil you can buy. Cleans out the barrels. Especially good when smokeless powder is used. Oils the mechanisms, polishes the stock, and positively prevents rust on the metal in any climate and any kind of weather. Use before and after shooting.

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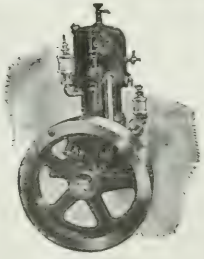

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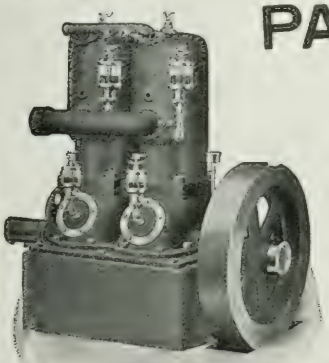

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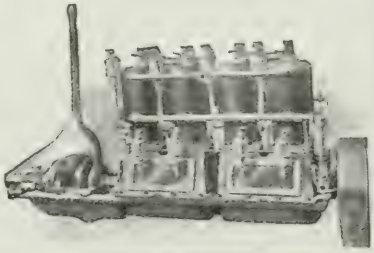

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BARGAIN—Winchester-Lee Rifle 25 Calibre, New. Stock is damaged. Price $22.00 with $15.00 worth of cartridges, or will trade for Auto-Shotgun or Rifle. Write all. Gordon MacMillian, Marion Bridge, N. S.

FOR SALE—English Bloodhound puppies, 4 months old, fully pedigreed, 2 bitches, 1 dog; cheap if sold at once, to make room. C. H. Hall & Son, King City, Ont.

FOR SALE—22x4 ft. 10 inch gasoline runabout, 7 1-2 H.P., 2 cyl. 2 cycle engine, speed 10 miles, splendid sea boat and lots of room, one of the smartest boats of her size on the lake; cedar hull, built 1907. Price $400 L. C. Lockett, Kingston, Ont.—1t.

SPORTSMEN, come our way for the best hunting and fishing country, on the North Shore of Lake Superior. Moose, Caribou and Bear, numerous; also Trout, Pike, Pickerel, and Bass weighing from 1 to 7 lbs. was caught at our camps last year. Only one day's travel by canoe from the Canadian Pacific Railway. Twenty-four moose seen in twelve days from our camp door in October last year by American sportsmen. We furnish everything. White guides are only employed by us Write for particulars in regards to our hunting country. Address, Gray and Armstrong, Schreiber, Ontario, Canada, Box 31.

SNOW—Set wolf, fox, otter and mink methods cheap. Jesse Bently, Arlington, Vt.

WANTED—Subscriber would pay a reasonable price for a Snow Owl in good condition for purpose of taxidermy. Write stating price expected. W. R. Bishop, London, Ont.

FOR SALE—Oldsmobile Runabout in good running condition, practically as good as new. —P. O. Box 204, Woodstock, Ont. tf

FOR SALE—Hunting Preserve of 17,000 acres of woods, savannas, marshy and meadow land, near coast of North Carolina, with fifty-seven miles of water front. Game in abundance, including wild geese, ducks, quail, snipe, bear, deer and fox. Sportsmen who purchase small interest in the company before 1910 will have full privilege of hunting and a room in the club house. For full particulars address, Atlantic Coast Forest Preserve and Improvement Co., 934 Tremont Building, Boston, Mass.

FOR SALE—Motor boat and engine plant complete, all machinery new and up-to-date, full line of models and patterns; one of the best locations in Central New York. The owner is unable to give the business his personal attention and will sell at a sacrifice. For full particulars write A. T., care Rod and Gun, Woodstock, Ont.

TYPEWRITERS—You save 50 to 75 per cent. buying your typewriter from us. Remingtons, Smith-Premiers and many other $100 to $125 rebuilt typewriters at $15 to $50. State make you prefer.—The Typewriter Rebuilders, Box 235, Hochelaga, Province Quebec.

FOR SALE—Troubles and Remedies, five cents for postage.—Guarantee Motor Co., Hamilton, Ont. 1t

THE FAMOUS Sullivan Hook and Reel Guard is handled by the D. Pike Co., King St. East, Toronto, Ont. Send thirty-five cents. tf

FOR SALE—A twenty-one foot launch, a high class, finely built family boat, up to date, stylish, safe, cannot be equalled, will accommodate ten people, has a motor that can be relied upon at all times, viz., a five horse power Royal, bore 4⅜, stroke 5 inch, 690 revolutions per minute, made by Royal Equipment Co., Bridgeport, Conn., equipped with Wizard magneto, a prized acquisition to any summer home. For price, etc., apply Box "Royal," Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, 414 Huron street, Toronto.

FOR SALE—An eighteen foot motor boat beam four feet, eight inches, seating capacity for from six to eight people, speed of from six to eight miles per hour, specially suitable as a campers launch, two horse power Racine engine installed, an exceedingly fine outfit at a low price. For full particulars address Box "Racine," Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, 414 Huron street, Toronto.

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THE SYRACUSE MARINE ENGINE

Introduce it and it will sell itself.

It is so perfect in Every Particular that you will not have to apologize, but will Make Friends of Your Customers.

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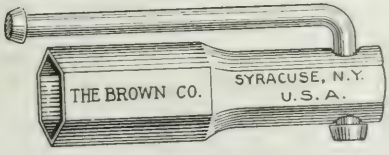

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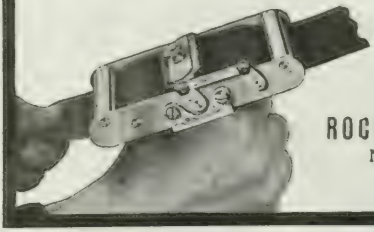

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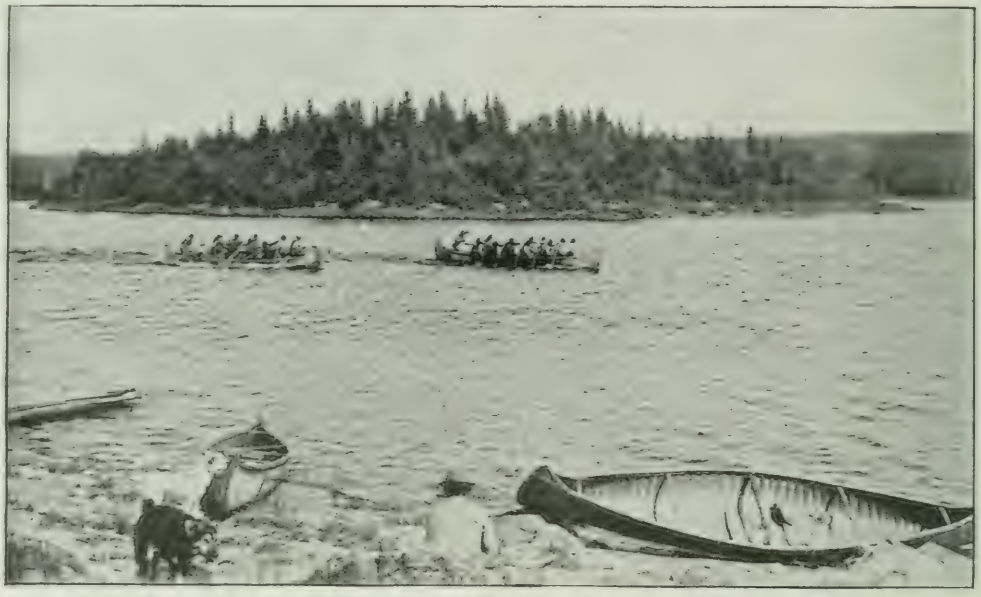
VACATIONS 1909



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MONTREAL, JAN, 15TH, 1909.

Dear Sir,—

Winter is upon us, but winter is the time to make preparations for the coming year. Let us know what kind of holiday you anticipate taking in 1909, and we will suggest the localities best suited to your needs, and which we know will satisfy you in every way. It is always a pleasure to give information regarding fishing, shooting, camping, canoeing, accommodation, guides, outfits, etc.

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Tourist and Industrial Agent.

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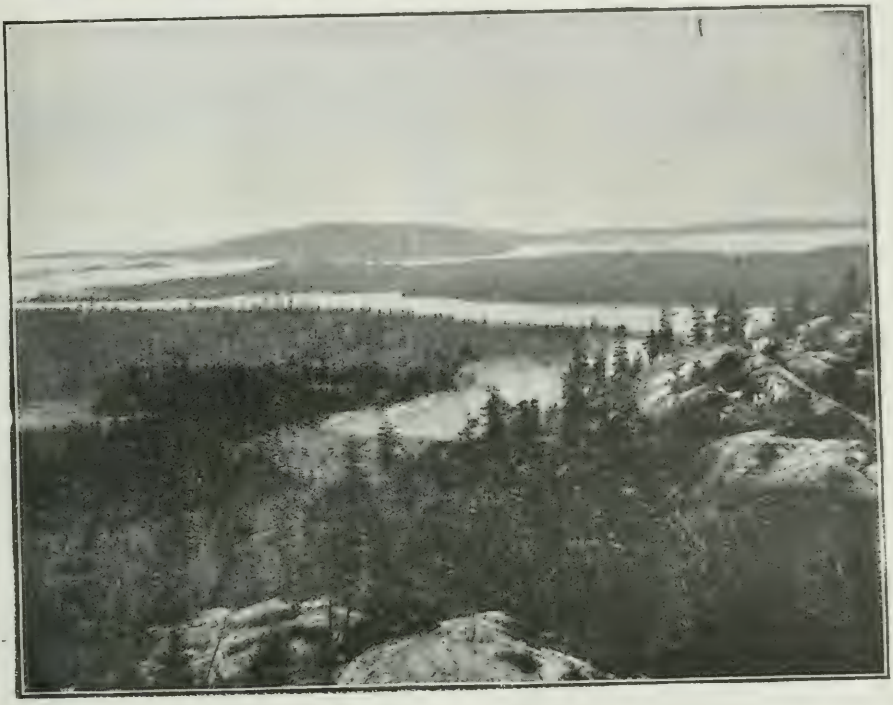

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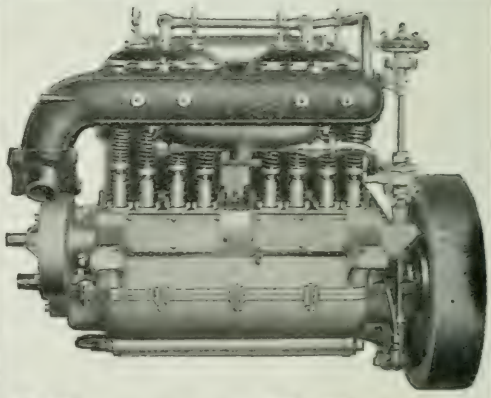

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6 cylinder vertical 4 3-8 x 4 3-4.
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The 4 cylinder horizonal opposed motor is designed specially for commercial trucks. Centre Crank Oiling Device or Constant Level Splash System. All motors 4 cycle. Write for Free Booklet.

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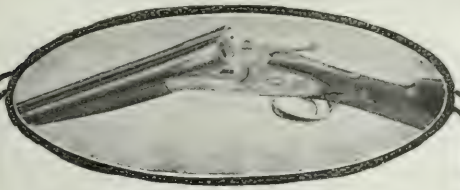

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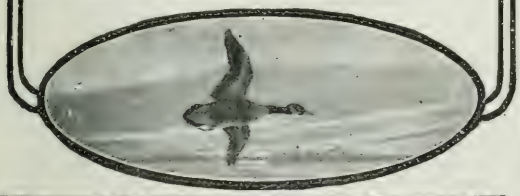

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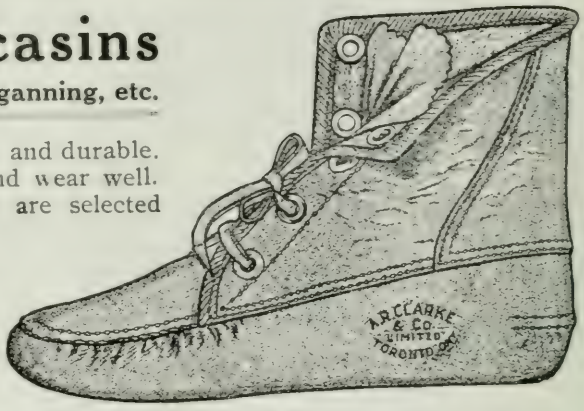

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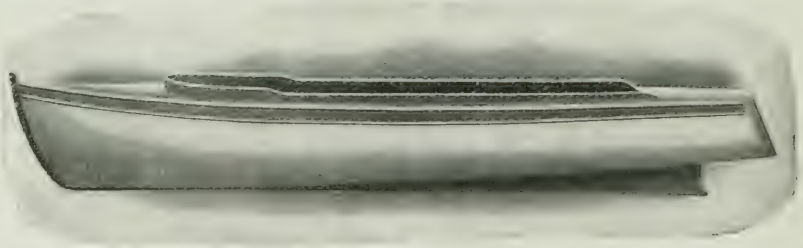

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We build Launches and Motor Canoes of all sizes. Write and tell us what you want and we will surprise you with our price.

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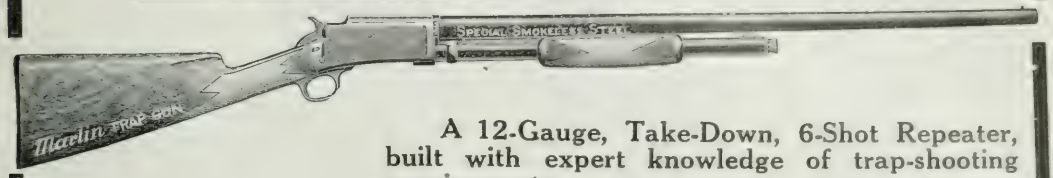

A 12-Gauge, Take-Down, 6-Shot Repeater, built with expert knowledge of trap-shooting requirements.

No expense is spared to make this gun the best handling, best shooting, most efficient trap gun in the world. It has imported Circassian walnut stock, hand made, beautifully modeled; with fine checking on grip and forearm. It is handsome, harmonious and distinctive, yet the excessive, expensive ornamentation has been eliminated, allowing the gun to be sold with **Smokeless Steel** barrel at the moderate price of $38.00 catalog list—less at your dealers.

Made to individual measurements for discriminating shooters at a slight additional charge.

Every man who shoots over the trap should know this gun—send a postal today for circular giving a large illustration and full description—or send three stamps postage for complete catalog of all Marlin repeaters.

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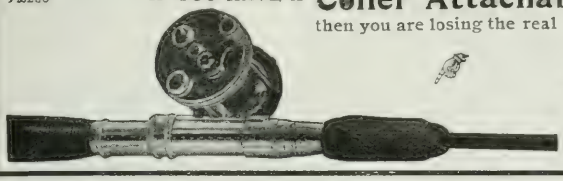

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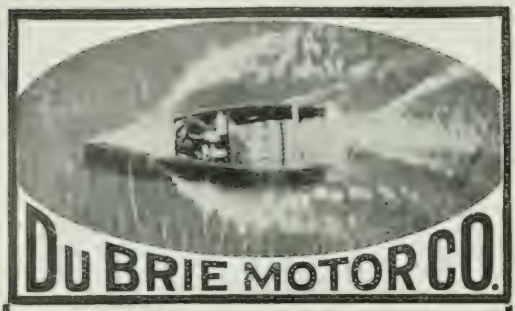

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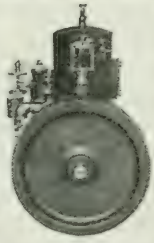
The DuBrie Motor Company's motors for 1909 will contain some new features that you will want to know about because they will save you money in buying a motor. They will maintain the same excellence of manufacture and equipment that make them the very best you can buy. They are reliable, economical, powerful, simple. They are producing their power at the maximum of economy and at the maximum of everything else that is necessary in a boat engine. They are the ideal motors for any kind of boat.



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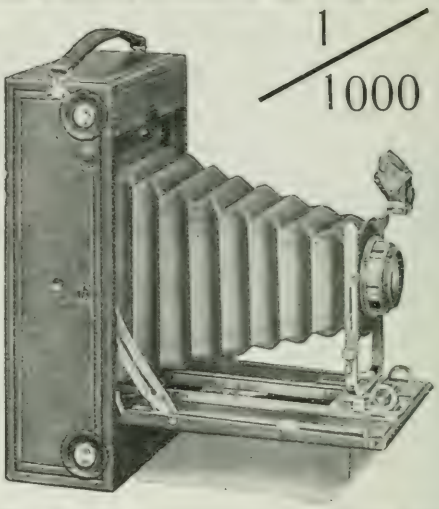

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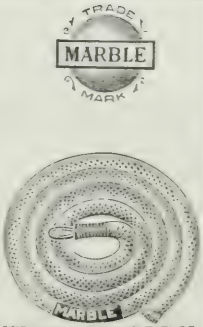

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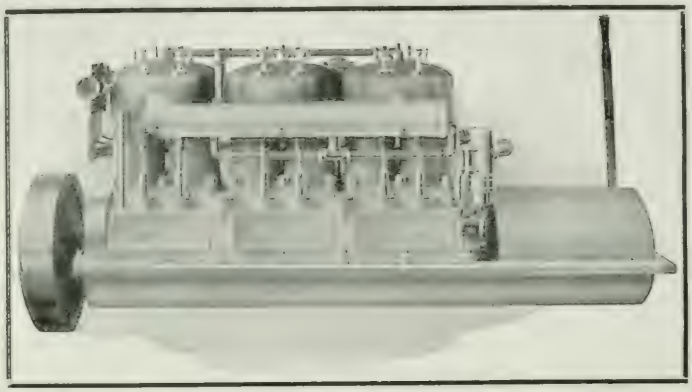

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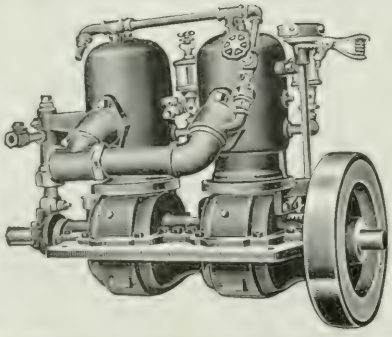

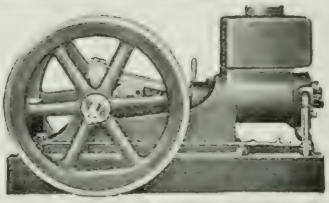

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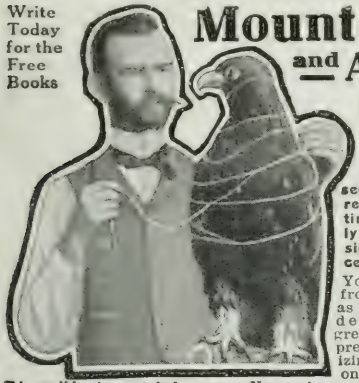

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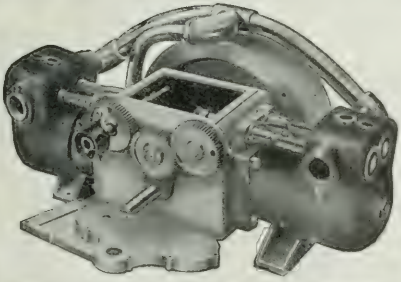

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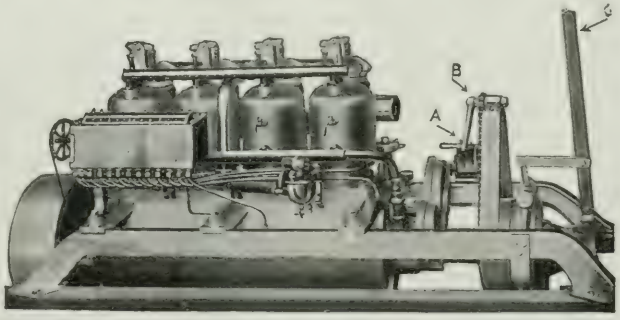

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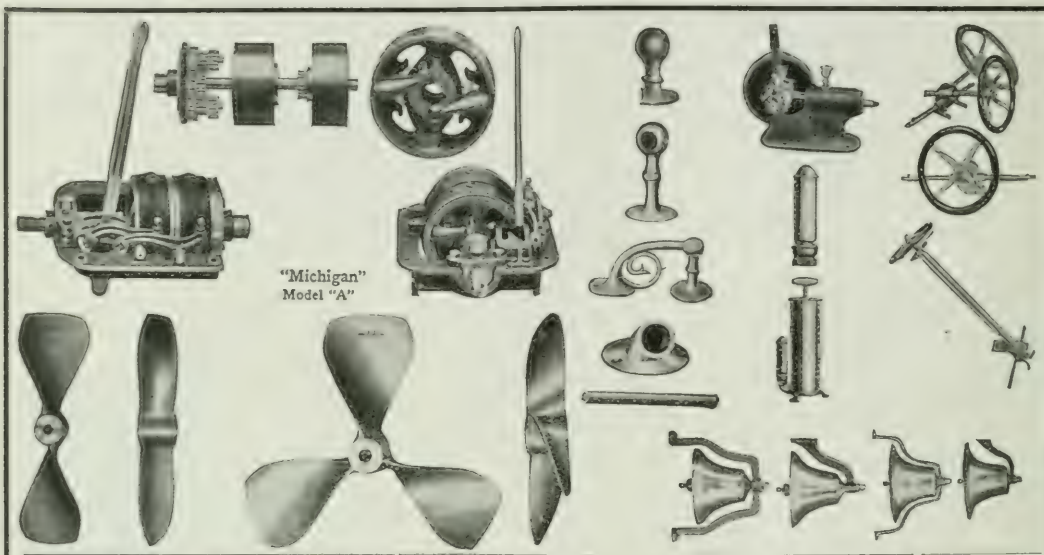

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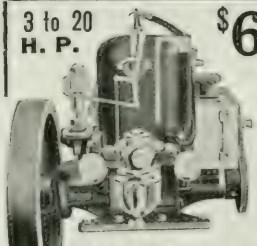

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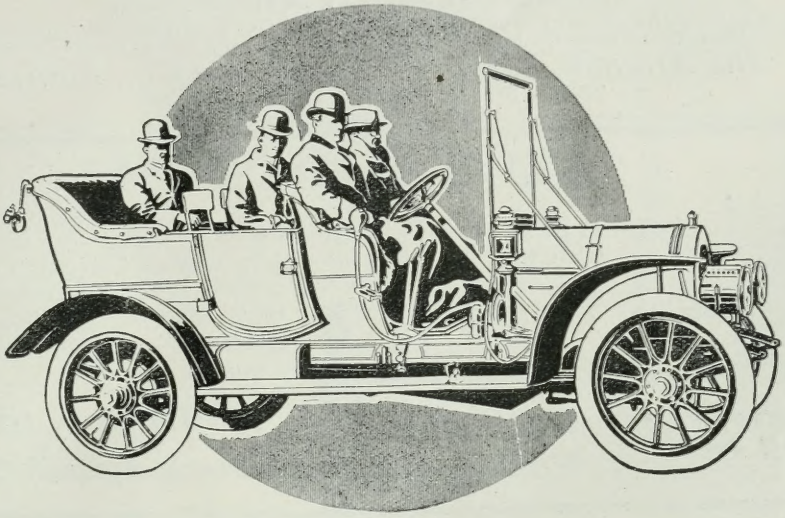

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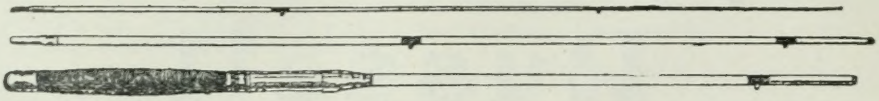

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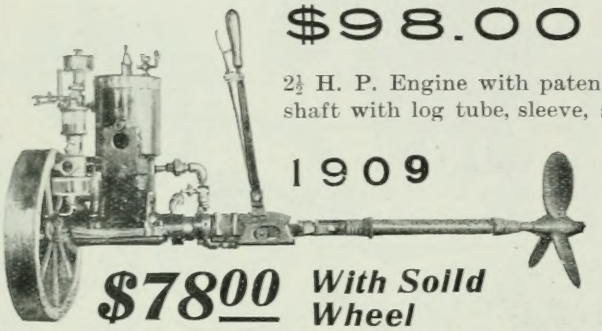

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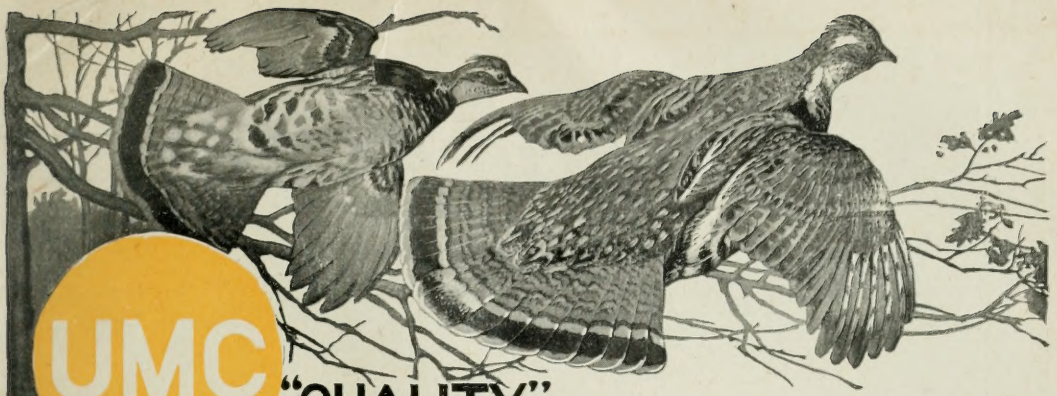

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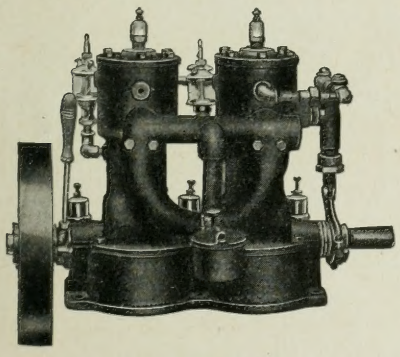

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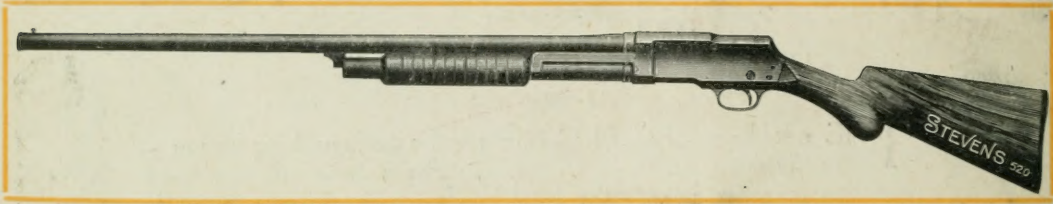

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